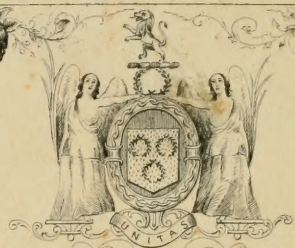
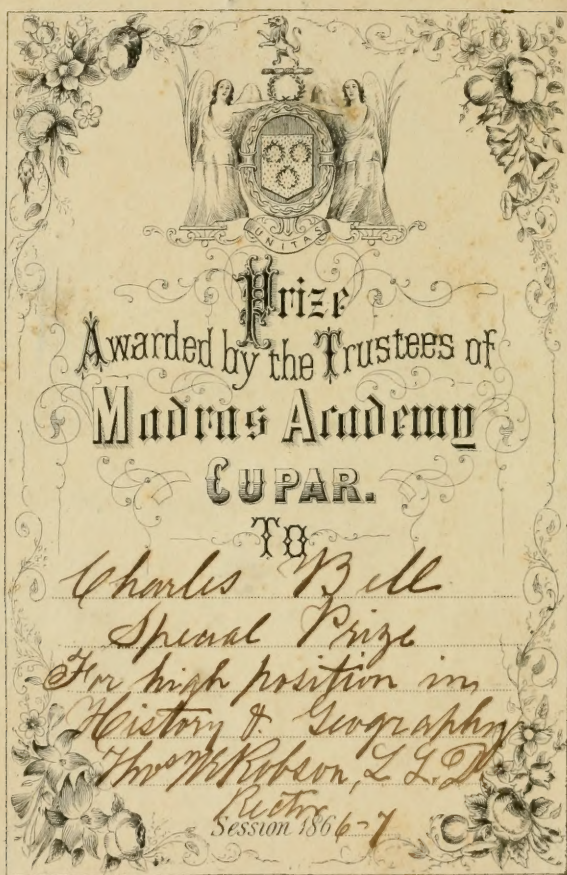


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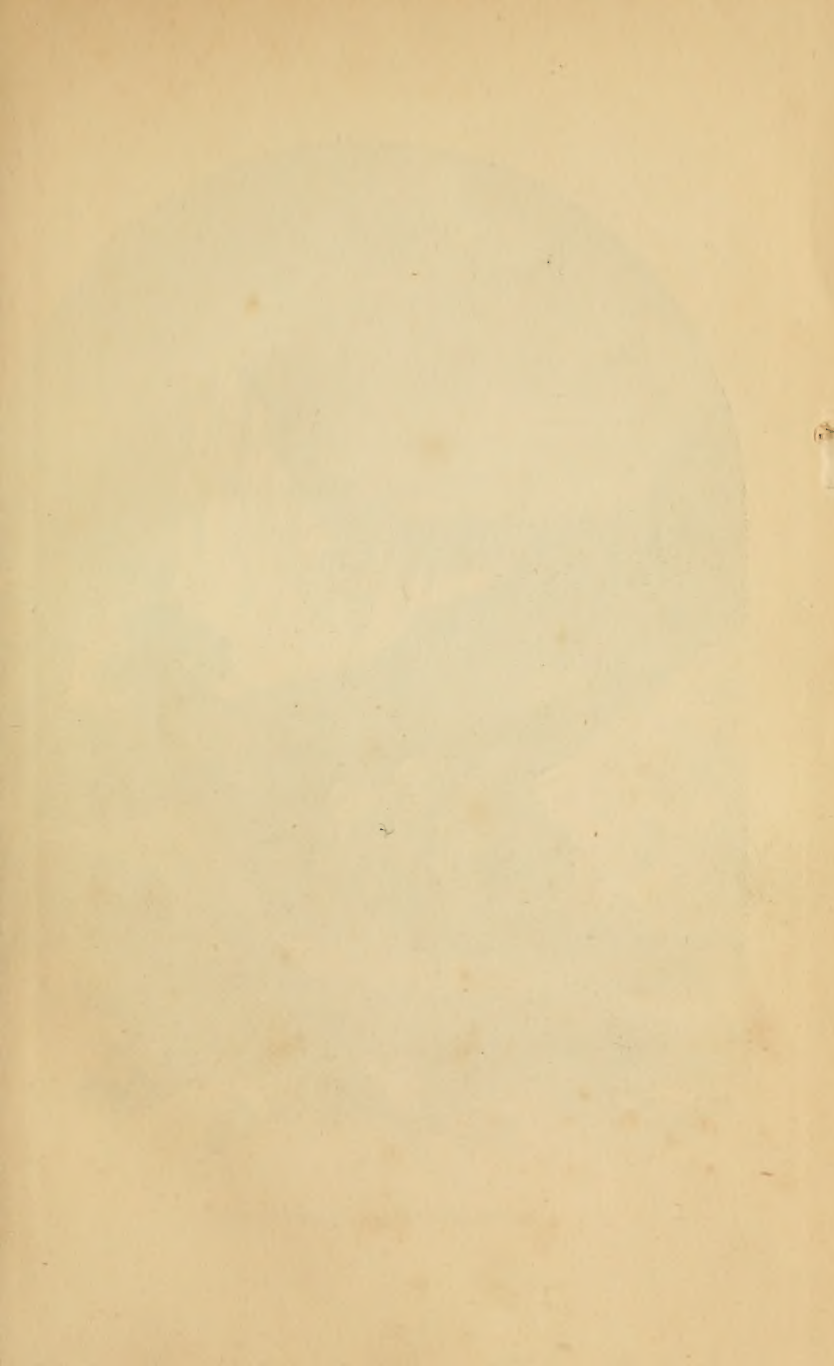


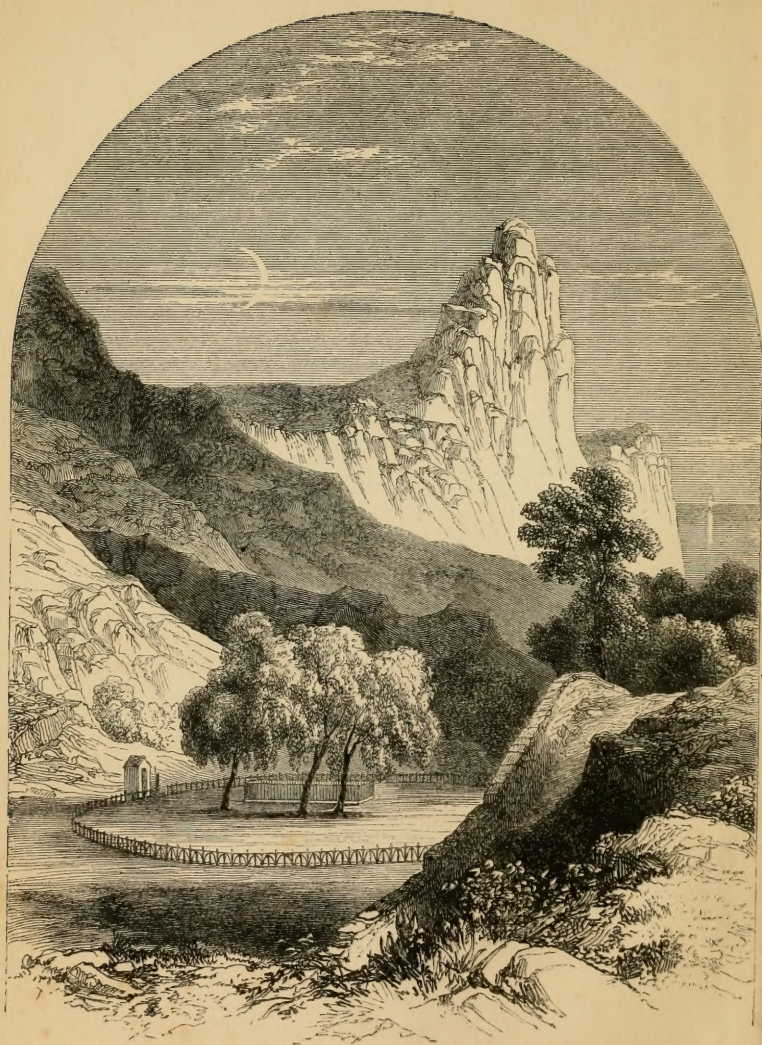
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HISTORICAL
AND
LITERARY CELEBRITIES.





NAPOLEON'S GRAVE AT ST HELENA.

HISTORICAL
AND
LITERARY CELEBRITIES

BEING BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

SELECTED FROM

CHAMBERS'S PAPERS FOR THE PEOPLE.



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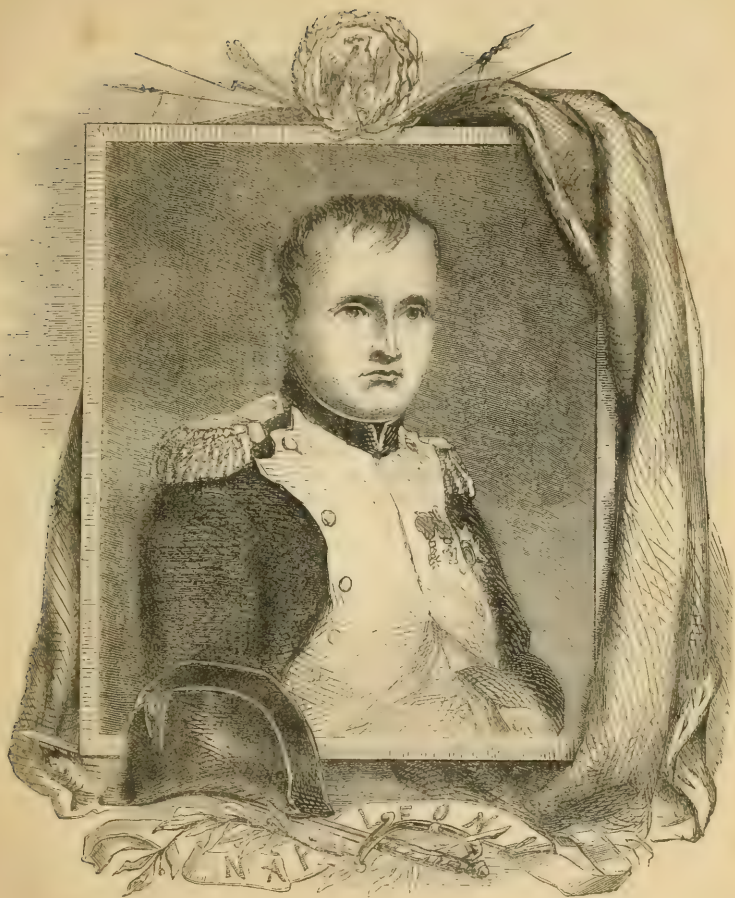
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HE last relic of the Buonapartes was found in the person of an old ecclesiastic, a wealthy canon of the Abbey of San-Miniato. The chief of the stock took refuge in the small island of Corsica, and settled at Ajaccio, among whose rude nobility his descendants were enrolled, and even admitted to all the privileges then accorded to that jealous distinction. In spite of the heroic efforts of the celebrated Paoli to preserve the independence of Corsica, it passed under the dominion of the crown of France, after which it was assimilated in its internal administration to the other provinces of France, and had provincial states composed of the three orders of nobility, clergy, and commonalty or third estate. It

likewise preserved a supreme magistracy of twelve nobles, in whom the government of the country was vested; and to this high tribunal Charles Buonaparte was attached as assessor, a place preparatory to his elevation into the Council. This Charles was the only son of Joseph Buonaparte, the eldest of three brothers, the two other of whom died without male issue. He inherited the family property, which was not very considerable, consisting of a house in Ajaccio, and a small estate on the shore of the island, where a dilapidated villa served as a summer residence. As is usual in southern climates, he married at the early age of nineteen, and won for his wife from numerous competitors the reigning beauty of the world of Corsica, the young Letitia Ramolino, who was remarkable not only for her personal charms, but also for the courage and fortitude of her character. In 1779 the *noblesse* elected him the deputy of their order to the court of Versailles, and in this capacity he was obliged to make frequent journeys into France, which, notwithstanding the liberal grants he received from the government of Louis XVI., appear to have reduced his fortune within the narrowest limits; for upon his death at Montpellier in 1785, whither he had repaired in the vain hope of being relieved from the malady which afflicted him—cancer in the stomach; a disease often hereditary in families—he left his widow in very straitened circumstances, and dependent in a great measure for the support and education of her children on their uncle the Archdeacon Lucien, who was head of the chapter of Ajaccio, and who cheerfully undertook to perform the part of father to the bereaved orphans.

These were no fewer than eight in number, the survivors of thirteen whom the fruitful Letitia had borne to her husband, although, at the time of his death, she had not completed her thirty-fifth year. Five were sons, and three daughters, the eldest of whom, Joseph, was seventeen years old, and the youngest, Jerome, only two months. The second son was Napoleon, the third Lucien, and the fourth Louis; the three daughters were Marianna Eliza, Pauline, and Caroline, also called Annonciada, who was nearly three years old at the death of her father. In his visits to France, Charles Buonaparte had taken with him his two eldest sons for the benefit of their education; Joseph being placed in a school at Autun, with the view of following the ecclesiastical profession under the patronage of Marbœuf, Archbishop of Lyons, brother of the governor of Corsica, who, as a friend of the family, was on his part instrumental in procuring the introduction of Napoleon into the military school of Brienne, whence he was afterwards removed to that of Paris. This second son was always a favourite with his father, who delighted to regard him as the future hero of his race; and the young Napoleon himself was fondly attached to an indulgent parent, whose loss he long deplored, regretting, above all, that the mournful consolation of attending his deathbed had been denied to him, which fell, on the contrary, to the lot of Joseph and the Abbé Fesch, a half-brother of their mother. In the succeeding years, Lucien likewise received his education at Brienne and at Aix in Provence; and when the mighty era of 1789 dawned, all the sons were assembled in Corsica, where the cause of the Revolution was from the first embraced by its inhabitants with the greatest ardour. The young Buonapartes were among its most eager partisans; and Lucien, in particular, who was only sixteen years of age, distinguished himself as an orator in the popular clubs of the island. Joseph had abjured the priestly calling, and having entered into the civil service of the department, was enabled to assist his mother in

the management and maintenance of the family. Napoleon held a commission from the king of France as a lieutenant of artillery, and was remarkable chiefly for his love of solitude and the laborious studies in which he passed his time. Already he had ceased to look upon Corsica as his country; France opened to him a wider theatre for the play of his aspiring spirit, and he readily merged his feelings of patriotism in the ambition of partaking the dangers and the glories of the new competition about to arise from the crash of feudalism.

It was very different with the old patriot of the island—Paoli. As a venerated champion of freedom, the National Assembly of France had invited him to return from his long exile in England; and in 1792 he reappeared among his countrymen with all the lustre of a name endeared to them by his services and his sufferings. He was hailed with a boundless enthusiasm, especially by the mountaineers, who revered him as their tutelary chief. In Ajaccio he was received with triumph, and Lucien Buonaparte records with exultation that he pronounced a discourse before him which, by its touching pathos, drew tears from the honoured veteran. So lively, indeed, was the impression made upon him by this fervent orator, that Paoli took him to his residence of Rostino, and kept him near his person for many months, during which he sought to instil into the mind of his pupil, as the latter himself relates with grief, that England was the only land of real freedom, and the British constitution far superior to any which the legislators of France were likely to frame. Notwithstanding his veneration for the patriotic sage, Lucien was too zealous for the credit of France and the virtue of republicanism to admit the force of this doctrine, and he began to entertain suspicions of the orthodoxy of Paoli in the precepts of the revolutionary code. This first alarm was verified when the execution of Louis XVI. aroused the indignation of the virtuous patriot, and stirred him to an open denunciation of the sanguinary monsters who were disgracing the sacred cause of liberty. Paoli declared he would no longer belong to France, neither he nor his brave mountaineers; and he called upon the sons of his old companion in the war of independence, Charles Buonaparte, to join him in a fresh struggle against a more terrible tyranny than had ever yet oppressed the island. But to this appeal the Buonapartes were deaf, for their ambition lay in the very opposite direction; and Paoli having summoned around him an army of mountaineers, prepared to march on Ajaccio, which was the only town that had refused, at his command, to lower the tricolour flag. His rage, if we are to credit Lucien, was principally directed against the Buonapartes, and he ordered them to be taken *dead or alive*. Joseph and Napoleon were both absent at this critical moment; Lucien had proceeded to France as the head of a deputation to crave succours from the Jacobins; but the heroic Letitia, who had in earlier days fought by the side of her husband, was fully equal to the task of providing for the safety of her younger progeny. In the dead of night she was aroused by intelligence of the approach of her exasperated enemy, who was intent, above all, to seize her person as a hostage for the submission of her sons; and, escorted by a village chieftain named Costa, she hastened from the city to seek refuge in the fastnesses of the hills and forests. Under the shade of darkness, amidst a small band of faithful followers, she marched with her young children, and before daylight reached

a secluded spot on the sea-shore, whence from an elevation she could see her house in flames. Undaunted by the sad spectacle, she exclaimed, 'Never mind, we will build it up again much better: *Vive la France!*' After a concealment of two days and nights in the recesses of the woods, the fugitives were at length gladdened by the sight of a French frigate, on board of which were Joseph and Napoleon with the deputies of the Convention on a mission to Corsica. In this vessel the whole party at once embarked, and as no hope remained of finding security in Corsica, it was straightway steered for France. Marseilles was its port of destination, and there it accordingly landed the family of exiles, destitute of every remnant of property, but unbroken, it would seem, in courage and health. Madame Buonaparte was fain to receive with thankfulness the rations of bread distributed by the municipality to refugee patriots. Joseph speedily received an appointment as a commissary of war; and he and Napoleon contributed to the support of the family from their scanty allowances; but there is no doubt that, during the first years of their residence in France, these obscure exiles, who even spoke the language of their adopted country with difficulty, suffered all the inconveniences of a sordid penury.

France was at this time a prey to all the horrors of civil war, as well as to the dangers of a foreign invasion. The principal cities of the Republic had revolted against the central authority of Paris and the bloody domination of the Jacobins, and among the rest Marseilles was distinguished in the great federalist movement. But the reduction of Lyons, and the terrible vengeance inflicted on it, restored the supremacy of the redoubtable Committee of Public Safety. Many thousands of the inhabitants of Marseilles fled in terror on the approach of the Jacobin forces, and sought protection in Toulon, which had not only cast off the yoke of the Convention, but called in the aid of the British and Spanish fleets to uphold the desperate cause of royalty. In this general flight, however, the Buonapartes did not participate, since they in truth belonged to the triumphant faction.

This was a connection which may principally be ascribed to Lucien, who was by far the most hot-headed of the family, and who, by dint of inflammatory harangues, had recommended himself to an administrative appointment at St Maximin, a small town a few leagues distant from Marseilles. Here he assumed the name of *Brutus*, and in conjunction with a renegade monk, who styled himself *Epaminondas*, exercised a petty dictatorship, filling the prisons with unfortunate victims, as suspected royalists and aristocrats. But it is his boast that, with unlimited power in his hands, and at so youthful an age, he shed no blood, notwithstanding the influence of the examples around him. He even opposed the mandate of the commissioners, sent by the Convention to restore its authority at Marseilles, for the removal of his prisoners to be tried or rather guillotined at Orange—an act which exposed him to the anger of the commissioners, Barras and Fréron, and nevertheless failed to save him from the imputation of being a *Terrorist* when the day of reaction arrived. In this revolutionary career Lucien was of service to his family: Joseph, who continued to reside at Marseilles with his mother, was of too mild and unobtrusive a character to gain credit with the powers of Jacobinism,

whilst Napoleon was as yet an unknown subaltern, jostling among the crowd of rivals for preferment. In the person of the Abbé Fesch, who had accompanied his sister in her exile, the positive danger was incurred of harbouring a priest, then the most obnoxious to popular wrath of all delinquents. However, when the portents of the storm were gathering, the abbé prudently discarded his clerical robe, and sought a safer calling as a keeper of stores in the army of General Montesquiou, who, in the autumn of 1793, overran the country of Savoy. It was at a later period of the same year that an event occurred which laid the foundation of mighty changes, involving not only the fortunes of the Corsican refugees, but deranging the destinies of all the nations of Christendom.

Toulon alone of all the revolted cities still held out against the victorious banner of the Republic. The energies of the government were directed against it with the greater virulence, that the flag of England, the most hated of the foes of France, floated on its traitorous ramparts. General Carteaux was despatched to undertake the siege at the head of a force amounting to 30,000 men of all arms; but carrying on the operations with less vigour than suited the impatience of the sovereign Committee, he was displaced, and succeeded by Dugommier, who had been provided by the celebrated Carnot with a detailed plan for his guidance in the reduction of the place. During the temporary absence of the senior officer in command, and in a happy moment of inspiration, Dugommier confided the charge of the artillery to the young engineer of Ajaccio, who had been recently promoted to a colonelcy of brigade, and who recommended a plan of operation so much more feasible than the one dictated by the Committee, that it was at once adopted, with the preliminary sanction, nevertheless, of the Representatives on mission with the army. This plan consisted in carrying the more distant forts which commanded the harbour of Toulon, instead of pursuing the attack against the main body of the place. It was calculated that they would thus insure either the destruction of the hostile fleet, or its hasty removal out of range of the guns. In either case, the reduction of Toulon was certain and immediate without much waste of blood, since it would be no longer tenable by the foreign garrison, which constituted the chief means of its defence. The plan being finally determined upon, Napoleon applied himself to its execution with his characteristic ardour; and such was his exercise of scientific skill, combined with a personal heroism remarkable even in those days of matchless daring, that on the eighteenth day from unmasking his batteries he was enabled to carry by assault the fort called Little Gibraltar, the possession of which gave the republican arms that decisive predominance he had contemplated. Lord Hood immediately evacuated the harbour with his ships; the garrison prepared for a gradual abandonment of the defensive posts; the wretched inhabitants flocked to the quays, imploring protection from their fugitive allies; the galley-slaves burst from their chains, and commenced a general plunder; the arsenal was set on fire, and the huge vessels of war roared with the flames of devastation; the raging conquerors rushed into the devoted city, and then was consummated a scene of horror which it is impossible for the pen to describe.

Such was the achievement by which Napoleon Buonaparte first emerged from among that swarm of youthful heroes who in this famous era had flung

themselves into the service of France. In this early stage of his career he met two young soldiers, still struggling against the frowns of fortune, whom he attached to himself by the notice he took of their cool intrepidity in the midst of danger. These were Junot and Duroc, who retained for him ever afterwards an affection and admiration which were wholly independent of his waxing fortunes. The Representatives of the Convention and Dugommier freely acknowledged the value of Napoleon's services; and the Committee of Public Safety, which rewarded and punished with equal promptitude, at once elevated him to the rank of general of brigade. He was henceforth attached to the army of the Alps under Dumorbion, who, being old, and diffident of himself, willingly relinquished to his more vigorous lieutenant the conduct of a campaign which, owing to the rugged nature of the country and the absolute destitution of the soldiers, was beset with unusual difficulties. To this army were delegated the same commissioners who had superintended the siege of Toulon, all men of note and influence in the Republic at the time, and two of whom at least manifested a perfect appreciation of the merits of the new commandant of artillery. One of these was the younger Robespierre, brother of the chief dictator among the ruling decemvirs; the other was Barras, who affected military knowledge, and was fresh from the massacres of Marseilles: the third commissioner was Salicetti, himself a Corsican, but nourishing a bitter envy of his rising countryman. The first, indeed, formed with Napoleon an intimacy which had nearly led to momentous consequences. Although the atrocities of the Jacobins were extremely revolting to him—for his temperament was utterly averse to their horrible system of government—Napoleon was not insensible to the advantage of cultivating a friendship with the brother of their most potential leader, whose favour was the surest avenue to distinction. Moreover, the younger Robespierre, who was really estimable for many virtues, laboured to convince him that Maximilian was far from being the bloody tyrant his actions seemed to indicate. It is not singular, therefore, that Napoleon turned his eyes with some predilection towards one so capable of promoting his interests, and whom he might suppose an involuntary agent of bloodshed, or at least not so vulgar and complete a villain as some of his colleagues. Thus he became connected with Robespierre, who entertained the idea of conferring on him the command of the Parisian sans-culottes in lieu of the miserable Henriot, whose blustering incompetence he had the sagacity to detect. The proposition was even made to him by the younger brother, who repeatedly urged him to accompany him to Paris, whither he himself was recalled by the perils beginning to threaten the continuance of the existing dominion. But Napoleon resolutely resisted all such solicitations, for however Robespierre might have imposed on him by professions of moderation, he could not consent to wear the actual livery of such a master, whose character of sternness and implacability he was not anxious to encounter too closely. 'There is no honourable place for me at present but the army; the time is not yet come, *but it will come, when I shall command at Paris,*' are the prophetic words which Lucien does not hesitate to put into his mouth on this occasion. Yet notwithstanding his refusal to identify himself with Robespierre, he was involved in the downfall of that monster; and after the glorious 9th of Thermidor (27th of July 1794), he was arrested as an adherent and partisan of the fallen

tyrant.* Being cast into prison with other more avowed Terrorists, he narrowly escaped the death which awaited them under the violence of reaction; but he was eventually set at liberty through the force of his own remonstrances and the plaintive pleadings of his humble friend Junot. Nevertheless this release did not prevent the loss of his rank in the army, and of all the other fruits of the brilliant reputation he had won: at the age of twenty-five he was thrown as an outcast upon the world, ignominiously expelled from the profession in which he had already begun to gather laurels. His brothers shared in the reverses of the moment: Joseph saved himself by a temporary retreat to Genoa, but Lucien incurred the horrors of the incarceration he had so liberally administered to others, albeit he protested against so ungrateful a return for the boon of life he had usually granted to his victims.

This may be considered the second phase in the calamities of the illustrious House of Buonaparte. Whilst all France was ringing with the joy of its deliverance from the detestable thralldom of murderers, the heaviest gloom hung upon the hopes of those forlorn strangers in the land. Proscription and degradation were now their lot, in addition to the poverty from which they had partially emerged. In this extremity Joseph became the prop and support of the family, by his marriage with the daughter of a wealthy merchant of Marseilles named Clary. By the dowry he got with his wife, he was raised into almost affluent circumstances, and obtained a position which enabled him to be of essential benefit to his mother and the children still remaining under her charge. Lucien had been liberated from the prison of Aix after a detention of six weeks, during which he escaped almost miraculously the massacres then perpetrating by the Royalists on the imprisoned Jacobins in the southern departments of France, and he returned to Marseilles from his incarceration in very dismal plight. He, too, had contracted matrimony during his residence at St Maximin, where the daughter of an innkeeper called Boyer had fixed his wayward affections. Unlike his eldest brother, however, he received no fortune with his partner; and in the existing condition of his finances she proved rather an inopportune encumbrance. But he was fondly attached to her, portionless as she was, for she was very beautiful and very amiable, and his sanguine temper found consolation for present indigence in visions of future prosperity.

After his discharge from the army and from captivity, Napoleon had proceeded to Paris, with the view of claiming from the new government reparation of the wrongs he had suffered. His former friend Barras was now in an influential station, in consequence of the important part he had borne in the overthrow of Robespierre. But although he experienced from that personage a friendly reception, he derived no advantage from his advocacy, if it were ever sincerely exerted, which it probably was not, since Barras might well dread to implicate himself by too earnest a recommendation of one involved in the odium of *terrorism*. Being, as is well known, unsuccessful in his suit, and denied further employment, the extraordinary youth who carried with him the destinies of Europe fell into the condition of an

* Napoleon accused Salicetti of provoking his arrest by his vile machinations, and he subsequently revenged the perfidious deed by facilitating that personage's escape from the vengeance of the Convention after the event of the 1st Prairial (20th May 1795).

almost houseless wanderer of the streets, and even contemplated at one time making an escape from his wretchedness by flinging himself into the Seine. It was not till public affairs took a new turn that fortune once more stood his friend. The Convention was about to close its stormy existence after promulgating a new constitution for France, by which an executive government was created of five directors, with a legislature divided into two chambers, one to be called the Chamber of Ancients, the other the Chamber of Five Hundred. By supplemental statutes, two-thirds of the old Conventionists were to form part of the new legislature, and against this provision the Reactionists protested with vehemence. The sections of Paris were furious in their opposition; and failing to intimidate the Convention by menaces, they resolved to coerce it by an armed insurrection. To meet this threatened danger, the Convention appointed Barras to command the forces at its disposal, which consisted of about 6000 troops of the regular army; and he, calling to mind that energetic officer whom he had known in the campaign of the Maritime Alps, wisely judged that he was better qualified than himself to conduct the military operations fitted for the occasion. He accordingly applied to Napoleon, who was forthwith nominated to be second in command. A subordinate part, however, was not suited to one of Napoleon's temperament, and he at once assumed the principal direction of affairs. As the Sectionaries far exceeded in numerical strength the army of the Convention, he determined to act strictly on the defensive, and with this view surrounded the National Palace with cannon, and intrenched his soldiers on all the approaches which led to it. On the morning of the 13th Vendémiaire (5th October 1795) the insurgents assembled to the number of 30,000 men, and about three in the afternoon appeared with their heads of columns on the Place du Carrousel, the open square in front of the Tuileries. Instantly Napoleon opened upon them a terrific discharge of grape-shot, which staggered, overthrew, and routed them. The battle was neither long nor obstinate; the Sectionaries could make no head against the tempest of balls vomited against them by their pitiless and scientific enemy. Retreating in affright, part of them attempted to make a stand on the steps of the Church of St Roch in the Rue St Honoré, but Napoleon followed them with his murderous guns, and made dreadful havoc. Shortly the insurgent army was in open flight; the insurrection was suppressed, and the Convention victorious. The conqueror was hailed with acclamations by the grateful Assembly, and in reward of his services he was nominated general of the Army of the Interior.

Henceforth the path of fortune lay wide and smooth before Napoleon. Happy accidents almost poured upon him, and none was more singularly auspicious than that which introduced him to a wife. As a consequence of their defeat in Vendémiaire, the reactionary citizens of Paris were deprived of their arms, which were delivered into the possession of the general of the Army of the Interior. One day he was applied to by a boy not more than ten years of age for the restoration of his father's sword, which had been seized in the general search, although its owner was long since dead. The ingenuous earnestness of the youth pleaded in his favour, and Napoleon not only restored him the sword, but was induced to inquire into the circumstances of the family to which he belonged. His father, Alexander de Beauharnais, had commanded one of the armies of the Republic, but had

lost his head in the Reign of Terror; his mother, Josephine, still survived, having narrowly escaped the same fate by the fortunate execution of Robespierre within a few hours of her intended condemnation. She was a native of Martinique, and was enveloped in a strange interest, from the remarkable prophecies that had been made concerning her. In one of these, delivered by an old negress, she herself put faith with the superstition natural to her clime. It was said that she should witness the death of her first husband, be plunged into the deepest misery, but ultimately be raised above the estate of a queen. That such a prediction had been made there is positive evidence, although of course with about as much actual foresight on the part of the negress as resides in those famed gipsies who, for a corresponding fee, will promise any extent of sublunary grandeur. To Napoleon the lady was recommended by the inimitable graces of her person and manners, and by an influence which she had acquired over Barras, who, having been elected one of the new directors, was now possessed of greater power than ever. As Napoleon aspired to the very highest and most important command in the service of the Republic, it was politic in him to strengthen his pretensions by an alliance fortified with such persuasive ties.

From associations which had their origin in predilections of sundry kinds, individual and professional, Italy was the field on which Napoleon panted to make his great essay in arms. It was a country he had profoundly studied in a military aspect, and at an earlier period he had submitted to the government plans for its invasion, which had been well appreciated, but postponed through the pressure of many conflicting circumstances. He renewed his propositions under the present more favourable auspices, and as they met the approbation of Carnot, who had succeeded to a place in the Directory, and was considered the highest military authority of the day, he received the appointment he so much coveted, and was named on the 1st of March 1796 generalissimo of the Army of Italy. This army was both the least numerous and the worst provided of all those arrayed by France in that eventful year for foreign aggression and domestic warfare. Young Hoche had 100,000 men assigned him for the subjugation of La Vendée; Jourdan and Moreau commanded armies of 80,000 men each on the Upper and Lower Rhine; while Buonaparte had only 30,000 starved and naked troops to realise his daring project of conquering Piedmont, and wresting Lombardy from the Austrians. It is true that the French, by the victory of Loano, under Scherer, in the previous November, had surmounted all the difficulties of the mountain passages, and stood prepared to descend into the Italian plains whenever opportunity might seem to invite them; but for offensive operations, certain supplies at all events are considered indispensable. Now, such was the penury of the French exchequer, that it possessed no means of furnishing such supplies; and during the whole winter these valiant troops had been exposed to hardships and privations which severely tested their fortitude as well as discipline. Even in spring, the utmost efforts of the government were incompetent to feed or clothe them adequately; and all that could be effected was to provide them with such stores of munitions as were absolutely necessary to enter upon a campaign. Means of transit were almost entirely wanting, for the system of forced requisitions was of

no avail in a mountainous country from which the meagre cultivators had fled in dismay. But in that extraordinary era armies were subsisted and moved in a manner which defies calculation; and the martial enthusiasm of the soldiers made amends for deficiencies which would have paralysed more methodical and mercenary hosts. Once across an enemy's frontier, the French were at ease, for they carried with them the boon of liberty, and held themselves justified in living at the expense of the disenthralled populations. To propel his army from the Alpine range into the fertile valleys below, Napoleon received from the Directory the sum of 2000 louis-d'or in specie; and never surely was so gigantic an undertaking contemplated with such slender resources. Yet he was animated with a fervour and self-confidence which set at nought all impediments: and he said joyously to his friends as he started, 'In three months you will see me again at Paris, or hear of me at Milan.'

Two armies were opposed to him—one of Piedmontese 20,000 strong, and the other of Austrians 35,000 strong, between which he poured with his emaciated complement of 30,000. Already, under the revolutionary impulse, the tactics of war had been materially changed from the old-established routine; and the generals of the Coalition had suffered untimely reverses, inflicted on them, as they complained, contrary to the rules of art. But such changes were trifling in comparison with those introduced by Napoleon Buonaparte, who struck by blows so sure and rapid, that his enemy was overpowered before he well knew that operations had commenced; and campaigns which, under the old system of even Marlborough and Frederick, would have lingered for years, were decided in a few weeks, sometimes in a few days. Thus he hurled the Piedmontese and Austrians before him on separate routes of retreat with a precipitation which annihilated resistance: in less than two months he had fought six battles, reduced Sardinia to sue for peace, entered Milan in triumph, and expelled the Austrians from Lombardy, driving them across the Adige, and into the fastnesses of the Tyrol. Such a series of exploits, accomplished in so short a time, wrought a boundless amazement, and the hero of them was extolled as a prodigy superior to all warriors of ancient or modern fame. Priestly and royal dominations crouched before him; and the proud oligarchy of Venice sent humble intercessions to propitiate his wrath. Yet his possession of Lombardy was very insecure, for the House of Austria was making prodigious exertions to wrest it from him. Four successive armies of 60,000 men each were pushed down the gorges of the Tyrol and across the Brenta, under veteran leaders of exalted reputation, to dislodge him from his central position of Verona, and thence dislodged, to inflict on him an inevitable ruin. Against these he contended with a union of skill and energy altogether unexampled. The conflicts of Lonato, Castiglione, Bassano, Arcole, and Rivoli, although not attended with the stupendous results for which his later victories were celebrated, must ever be esteemed as the most truly brilliant and marvellous of his military successes. They assured to him the definitive possession of Italy, and enabled him in a subsequent campaign to cross the Noric Alps, and advance within twenty-five leagues of Vienna, where he extorted from the emperor the famous treaty of Campo-Formio, which secured to France all the vast accessions of territory she had gained from the first outbreak of the revolutionary war. At no period of her history had she con-

cluded so glorious and advantageous a peace; and in his double capacity of warrior and pacificator, Napoleon was received in Paris with an enthusiasm befitting the great services he had performed.

The elevation of this member of the family failed not to have a beneficial influence on the fortunes of the rest. After his example, they all dropped the Italian orthography of their name, and to render it more nearly French, wrote it henceforth 'Bonaparte.' Joseph, who had already filled a similar appointment in the Army of the Alps, was named likewise a commissary of war under his brother in Italy. The same favour was conferred on the ex-abbé Fesch, who is accused of having shared in the illegitimate profits of the contractors. Lucien gladly answered a summons to Paris from his irksome retreat at Marseilles, and was forthwith attached in the like quality of commissary to the Army of the Rhine under Moreau, where he made himself obnoxious by his passion for wrangling and disputation, and also by the negligent discharge of his duties. Such, indeed, were his egregious arrogance and incompetence, that he would have been expelled from his employment but for the protective influence of Napoleon, whom he thought fit to join in Italy when his triumphant progress opened so profitable a field of speculation. Young Louis, too, was provided for by the same fostering care, and although only seventeen years of age, with the grade of a lieutenant, was appointed an aide-de-camp to his puissant brother. He had passed a short time at the military school of Chalons, preparatory to his entering the artillery, and having been from the first under the tutelage of Napoleon, he regarded him not only with great affection, but with almost the deference due to a father. Of all the sons, therefore, Jerome alone remained with his mother, whose household was further reduced in 1797 by the marriage of her eldest daughter Eliza with Felix Bacchiochi, a countryman of her own, and at that time a captain of artillery. This match was highly disapproved by Napoleon, who justly considered himself the head of the family, and already arrogated a right of disposal over his dependent kinsfolk in matrimony; but he nevertheless promoted his new brother-in-law, making him first a colonel, and then a general of brigade. In the same year Joseph, and in the following year Lucien, were returned to the Council of Five Hundred as representatives of the district of Liamone in Corsica, from which Paoli had once more fled. Subsequently to the 18th Fructidor (4th September 1797), when the Directory, with the connivance of Napoleon, established a virtual despotism in France, Joseph was despatched as ambassador of the Republic to Rome, whence he shortly retired, in consequence of a popular tumult, amidst which he nearly lost his life, and for which the recalcitrant pope suffered the penalty of deposition. Thus the Bonapartes began to form an important power in the state, and already no post in the government was deemed too exalted to occupy the talents or satisfy the claims of their resplendent chief.

But the time was not yet come for his participation in or assumption of the government; he must yet gather fresh laurels, and the country be overwhelmed with disasters, ere he could aspire to seize supreme authority in the Republic. It was not at a period when he had raised it to the pinnacle of greatness it would voluntarily accept him for a sovereign; a season of calamity was needed to point him out as an indispensable instru-

ment of salvation. His position at Paris was irksome both to himself and to the Directory, and it was equally the wish of both that he should forthwith betake himself again to active employment. The Directory was intent on invading England or Ireland, and at no period could such an enterprise have been attended with a better chance of success; accordingly it had nominated Napoleon general of the Army of England, the opportune death of Hoche having removed a rival who alone could have stood against him in the lists of competition. Napoleon had a different project of his own, which was more agreeable to those early fancies he had so fondly indulged. In Egypt he saw the commencement of his visionary subjugation of Asia, or his dethronement of the Ottoman sultan, and an expedition to conquer it was sufficiently plausible to be defended on the ground of interest to France. The possession of Malta and Egypt was a prodigious step towards the accomplishment of the grand traditionary scheme of rendering the Mediterranean a French lake, whilst, by opening the readiest route to India, it would facilitate the destruction of England in a more certain manner than by a direct invasion. Upon these arguments he maintained the superior merits of his project, and the Directory was obliged to yield to them a reluctant acquiescence. He embarked on his extravagant but magnificent enterprise, accompanied by the largest naval and military armament that had ever crossed a wide expanse of sea; and before the aim of his expedition was known to the world, he had planted the republican banner on the hitherto impregnable ramparts of Malta, as well as the ruined towers of Alexandria, and the glittering minarets of the city of the Caliphs. The battles of the Pyramids and Mount Tabor, fought on fields of such imperishable and hallowed recollection, shed a lustre on the French arms which was all the brighter for the distance of the scene, and for the unknown regions that had witnessed them. The French were thrown into raptures, for the predominant idea of their Revolution had now become military glory and conquest, to the exclusion of all earlier chimeras touching liberty and fraternity, and the reverses they were sustaining in Europe gave to the tidings a character of peculiar consolation. The Directory was composed of vulgar and violent men, who displayed an insatiable self-love in aggressions on the neighbours of France. Soon its detestable usurpation drew upon it the indignation of combined Europe, and its desolating armies were driven back with infamy into the confines of France itself. But for the inveterate cupidity of Austria, and the astounding imbecility of England, the Republic must have been overthrown; as it was, it was reduced to a state of depression and misery unexampled among the retributions that have been visited on the sins of nations. In this dismal crisis all eyes reverted to the indomitable hero who had already elevated France to such a pitch of grandeur, from which she had fallen the moment his sword was withdrawn, and who alone still upheld the fame of her victorious flag; when at the critical moment the desired saviour appeared, and converted the gloom of his disconsolate countrymen into the joy of an anticipated redemption.

Never was a country so ripe to receive a master, fitted to curb its licentious factions, and to restore its vitality, as France in the latter part of 1799. For ten years she had been engaged in a career of revolution, and at the end of that time her fervent prayer was for the institution of a despotism to relieve her from the greater horrors of anarchy and a social dissolution. The

master she required in her necessities she found in the person to whom her hopes had instinctively turned—in Napoleon Bonaparte. On the 9th of November, the Revolution of the 18th Brumaire, the last of the series since 1790, constituted him First Consul of the French Republic, with an almost absolute executive authority. His brother Lucien was of great assistance in accomplishing this object, displaying in his capacity of President of the Council of Five Hundred a firmness and courage which secured the success of the project when almost on the point of failure. Two subordinate Consuls were at the same time created, together with a Senate, a Council of State, a Legislative Body, and a Tribunal. All the chief appointments were vested in the First Consul, who had consequently abundant means of rewarding his friends and partisans. The policy he pursued was the beneficent one of amalgamating parties and interests, and of substituting for the violent systems of preceding governments one of conciliation and clemency. The measures he took for the restoration of order and tranquillity were singularly judicious and effective, and in a short time he wrought an incredible change in the condition of France, which joyfully threw itself into his arms, reposing confidently on his superior intelligence and capacity. But internal ameliorations were of secondary importance to the still greater object of delivering France from the pressure of foreign enemies, and to this Napoleon directed his unremitting energies. His overtures for peace being contemptuously rejected by the inflated governments of England and Austria, he prepared to strike a blow which, by its force and suddenness, should confound them, and annihilate their pretensions. With an army, of whose very existence they were ignorant, he crossed the great chain of the Alps, and debouched into the plains of Italy, directly on the rear of the Austrians, who were beyond the Apennines, contemplating an immediate invasion of Provence. These, precipitately retrograding, to regain their communications, he encountered and vanquished on the memorable field of Marengo, through which event he again became, in the course of a few days, complete master of Italy. Austria was smitten to the heart by so unlooked-for and miraculous a disaster, and she sent an envoy with plaintive propositions to treat of peace. England strove to revive her palsied courage by dint of subsidies, and she was induced, with desperate resolution, to try the fortune of another campaign. This proved equally calamitous, and nothing remained for her but to submit to the will of the conqueror she had unwisely defied. At Luneville, accordingly, on the 9th of February 1801, she signed a treaty infinitely more disadvantageous to her than that of Campo-Formio, and one which assured to France an aggrandisement wholly inconsistent with the old balance of power in Europe. Nevertheless, to this sad termination of all her struggles against the Revolution, England herself was reduced to accede: placed in melancholy isolation against the power of the colossal Republic, she, too, succumbed, and concluded a treaty at Amiens in March 1802, in order to gain at least a temporary respite from the afflictions of war. Thus did Napoleon lift France from an abyss of degradation to the very highest rank among the nations of the earth; and whilst he endowed her with this envied supremacy, he healed the festering sores of her internal maladies, and conferred on her a peace and prosperity she had never known since she embarked in her wild crusade against kings, nobles, and priests. Commensurate was the gratitude of her enraptured people, who

were ready to testify it by any inordinate expression agreeable to the ambition of their benefactor and idol.

During the short interval between the 18th Brumaire and the peace of Amiens, Napoleon appears clothed with a majesty and glory which throw far into shade the lustre of monarchs cradled in royalty. Not only did he beat to pieces the formidable coalition arrayed to extinguish France, but all his conduct in this happy era of his life was marked by a wisdom and beneficence which stand in dazzling contrast with the folly and iniquities of his subsequent career. In his restoration of religion alone, against the inveterate prejudices formed in the course of the Revolution, he rendered to a benighted land the greatest good it could receive, but which it would certainly not have accepted from any hands save his. Yet rarely has the intoxication of power been so quick and overwhelming in its corruption of the heart and the understanding as in the instance of this extraordinary individual. He almost straightway became the slave of passions that grew in their evil intensity with every gratification which fed them, until they reached a height which overmastered his reason, and transformed him into the very curse of humanity. The arrogance of the language he used towards foreign courts, particularly the British, was altogether insufferable; whilst he seized upon dominions with a recklessness that showed him regardless of all guarantees imposed by good faith, policy, or public law. Thus he rendered relations of peace impossible with him, unless on the part of miserable trucklers like the king of Prussia; and he again drew upon France the combined hostility of three-fourths of Europe. But in the interior he had manifested his sovereignty by two deeds, very dissimilar in their complexion, but equally striking in their tendency and effect. Enraged by the conspiracies of the Royalists to destroy him, he seized a young prince of the House of Bourbon loitering upon the confines of his expanded realm, and, in the mere spirit of revenge and bravado, wickedly put him to death. Encouraged by the admiration and homage of the whole nation of Frenchmen, he constituted himself their Emperor; and amidst an adulation exceeding the abjectness of degenerate Greece, established an empire unmatched for the rigour of its despotism and the splendour of its emblazonries. To consecrate this culminating phase of the Revolution, he summoned to Paris the head of the Catholic church, and exhibited to the astonished world the spectacle of a pope anointing in Nôtre-Dame the plebeian but august warrior, who had rectified indeed the errors of intolerant democracy, but still left the Papacy shorn of the territorial grandeur it had laboured so hard in bygone ages to secure.

Among all the vices of Napoleon's character, he cannot assuredly be charged with want of affection for his family, since he displayed towards those connected with him an attachment and regard which were often detrimental to his interest. His wife Josephine was particularly dear to him, although her conduct on many occasions was far from being blameless. His letters to her at every period of their union are replete with expressions of the warmest devotion; and if at any time she failed to reciprocate his love, it was through a wayward levity which left her scarcely mistress of herself. He was supremely happy in her society, for her disposition was of the sweetest and most amiable character; and her influence over him was always exercised to kind and benevolent purposes. That she had

borne him no children was a subject of inconsolable regret, but he cherished those of her former husband as if they were his own. These were two—a son and daughter—Eugene and Hortense. Both of them possessed in an eminent degree the attractive qualities of their mother; and Napoleon heaped upon them continual evidences of his affection. Eugene had acted as his aide-de-camp both in Italy and in Egypt; at Marengo he had commanded a brigade of the Guard; in 1804 he was made an imperial prince and arch-chancellor of state; in 1805, immediately after Napoleon's coronation at Milan, he was nominated viceroy of Italy, and subsequently Prince of Venice, and heir of the Lombardo-Venetian crown. Hortense was designed by Napoleon to be given in marriage to his favourite aide-de-camp Duroc, whose handsome person and gallant bearing had already won her girlish admiration. But Josephine artfully opposed this arrangement, from a natural anxiety she laboured under of drawing still closer the ties that united her with her husband; for her want of children to Napoleon had already become the theme of opprobrium on the part of Joseph and Lucien, who laboured assiduously with their brother to impress upon him the expediency of a divorce. On this account she was intent to bring about a marriage between Louis Bonaparte and Hortense, through which she hoped to defeat the insidious suggestions of her enemies. But serious obstacles stood in the way of her accomplishing her design; for the young couple had an absolute antipathy to each other, and they were respectively in love with other persons. Louis had become enamoured of Josephine's niece—Louise-Emilie, daughter of Francis, Marquis de Beauharnais, her first husband's elder brother—without, however, engaging the young lady's affections in return. This Francis de Beauharnais was an emigrant, and consequently an alliance with him was to be shunned by a brother of Napoleon, who was then only a general of the Republic, and bound to be careful of exciting distrust in his zeal. Accordingly, to prevent mischief, the general despatched his brother hastily from Paris; and just previously to starting for Egypt, married Mademoiselle Beauharnais to Lavalette, one of his aides-de-camp, for whose safety she afterwards figured in a romantic adventure. Louis, whose character was naturally of a pensive cast, took this disappointment grievously to heart; and, joined to an infirm state of health, it produced in him a melancholy which preyed on him all the remainder of his life. He never ceased to mourn the loss he had sustained; and when the proposition of a union with Hortense was made to him, he recoiled from it with abhorrence. He resisted all persuasions with a settled determination; and it was only by much skilful manœuvring that Josephine at length succeeded in extorting his consent. She had wrung from her daughter, too, an unwilling acquiescence; and on the 4th of January 1802 the ill-assorted knot was tied—the gloomy countenances of the affianced belying the factitious joy of the courtly retinue that graced their inauspicious nuptials.

Joseph, whose abilities were mediocre, but who was of the tractable disposition which Napoleon preferred in his dependents, stood high in the favour of his predominant brother. On him had been conferred the honour of concluding the famous treaties of Luneville and Amiens, and also the equally famous Concordat with the pope. He was named a grand officer of the Legion of Honour on the institution of that remarkable order; and

on the establishment of the Empire, he became, in common with all his brothers, an imperial prince. At the same time he was created Grand-Elector, as was Louis Constable of France. The fate of Lucien was somewhat different. After the 18th Brumaire, he had been appointed Minister of the Interior; in which office he displayed great activity, but was frequently embroiled in angry discussions with the First Consul. He naturally plumed himself on the merit of his services in the critical conjuncture of Brumaire, and aspired to play a much more important part in the administration of affairs than Napoleon was at all disposed to allow him. He was of an impetuous and unbending character, full of personal pretensions, and unsuited to act in subservience perhaps to any master, much more so to his own brother. Hence they had repeated quarrels; and on more than one occasion Lucien flung down his portfolio in a passion, exclaiming that he would no longer serve such a despot. Once, in a paroxysm of rage, he dashed his watch on the floor, and crushing it with his heel, cried out, 'You will one day be smashed to atoms as I now smash this watch; take warning in time, or you will not have a restingplace for your head, and you will involve all your family in the same ruin!' This was a very good prophecy, doubtless, as it turned out; but such scenes rendered the longer continuance of Lucien in the ministry impossible. He was accordingly sent as ambassador to Spain, where he again contrived to draw upon himself the anger of the First Consul. Contrary to his instructions, he participated in the treaty concluded by the infamous Godoy with the court of Portugal, by which the invasion of the latter kingdom was averted, to the inexpressible mortification of Napoleon, who was still engaged in negotiations with England, and was intent to occupy Portugal as a make-weight in the adjustment of terms. The court of Lisbon paid for the boon 30,000,000 francs; and it is said that Lucien received about 10,000,000 for his share of the spoil. It is certain he returned from the embassy with a prodigious fortune, the acquirement of which cannot be accounted for on any other supposition, since it was the only opportunity he ever had of amassing wealth. Although recalled in disgrace, Napoleon afterwards put him into the Tribunate, where he was of use in passing through that reluctant body the measure for the institution of the Legion of Honour, of which he was himself also appointed a grandmaster. From this time he began to live in great splendour, furnished sumptuously a magnificent hotel, and commenced the collection of one of the finest galleries in Europe. He became a marked patron of the arts, and might have continued to flourish in dignified affluence, but for his unhappy aptitude to offend his imperious brother. He set himself in opposition to him in all family matters, and inspired even the placid Joseph to assume a mutinous demeanour, prevailing on him to refuse, first the presidency of the Senate, and next the dependent crown of Italy. But it was by his own marriage he irritated Napoleon to the highest pitch. His first wife, the daughter of the innkeeper at St Maximin, having died, he married in 1803 a widow, Madame Jouberteau, a very beautiful and accomplished woman, but of tainted reputation. This alliance Napoleon insisted upon his dissolving; and upon his positive refusal, he threatened him so roughly, that Lucien thought fit to withdraw to Rome. There he took up his permanent abode, purchasing a large estate at Canino, living in ostentatious luxury, and enjoying the intimacy of the benignant pontiff

Pius VII. The exile of Lucien has been often ascribed to his disapproval of Napoleon's assumption of the imperial dignity; whereas, in reality, he had always been an advocate of that step, and was much more urgent for its adoption than seemed meet in the eyes of more discreet partisans. But he henceforth displayed a blind animosity against the Emperor, and even reared his children in principles of hatred against the dominating member of his house.

It was not to be supposed that Napoleon, even had he felt little regard for his mother, would have allowed her to remain in obscurity at Marseilles after he had attained supreme power in France. But he entertained towards her a very affectionate remembrance, for he rightly attributed to her early lessons the foundation of his greatness. Upon the event of the 18th Brumaire she removed to Paris, where, however, she lived in a very retired manner, which was equally in accordance with her own tastes, and agreeable to the wishes of the First Consul, who could not venture at that time to give the females of his family any distinctive rank or prominence. From the trials and misfortunes to which she had been exposed, she had acquired a provident disposition, and rigidly condemned superfluous expenditure on the part of her children, saying, with a foreboding gesture, that they knew not what they might come to notwithstanding their present prosperity. She took part with Lucien in his quarrel with Napoleon, and, greatly to the chagrin of the latter, followed him to Rome, displaying in her conduct the sternness and independence which were characteristic of her. When upbraided by Napoleon with an undue partiality for Lucien, she answered sharply that an unfortunate son would always be the most dear to her; which she proved to himself afterwards by a memorable devotion. Shortly after the creation of the Empire, however, she was induced to return to Paris, whither the new Emperor invited her by tender solicitations, and offers of a splendid establishment. In truth he settled upon her an annual income of 1,000,000 francs (£40,000), assigned her a separate court, and gave her position as *Madame-Mère*, equivalent to the title of Empress-Mother. She took up her residence in the sumptuous mansion furnished by Lucien, but she was far from maintaining the princely state and hospitality of that self-banished magnate. She adhered to the frugal habits she had formed in adversity, not from an ignoble love of gold, but from a dread she could never discard, that poverty and want might again become the portion of the family, and that all her savings would be needed in the hour of calamity. 'Who knows but I may have one day to keep all these kings and queens?' she was accustomed to remark, even in those halcyon days when fortune wore her serenest smile, and crowns glittered on the heads of her rejoicing sons and daughters.

Of his sisters, Napoleon was fondest and proudest of Pauline, who, with a sad accompaniment of vanity and frivolity, had emerged into womanhood a very paragon of beauty. At the age of sixteen, she had displayed a very reprehensible taste in a warm attachment she formed for Fréron, one of the bloodhounds of the Committee of Public Safety, and who superintended the operation of the guillotine at Marseilles until the death of Robespierre. Fortunately saved from the pollution of a union with such a wretch, and her reputation becoming endangered by the crowd of admirers she encouraged, her brother hastened her marriage with young Leclerc, an officer of

humble origin, but of considerable promise, whom he immediately elevated to the rank of general. Pauline was by no means inclined to this union, and in fact, when her husband was appointed in 1801 to head the expedition to St Domingo, she refused to accompany him, and it required all the authority of Napoleon, who wished to silence the calumnies of his enemies by so signal a proof of his faith in the success of the enterprise, to compel her compliance with conjugal duty. She went out to the Antilles accordingly, and by her enlivening entertainments, struggled for a time against the desolations of pestilence; but after the death of Leclerc, she gladly escaped from so dismal a scene; and carrying back his embalmed body and her treasures in the same coffin, she hurried with indecent alacrity to enjoy again the pleasures of luxurious Paris. Never did a more gay or fascinating widow flutter in the brilliant circles of that dissipated capital. Her ambition was to outstrip in attractions the graceful Josephine, whom, with all her beauty, she could never rival in the inimitable tastefulness of her dress. Her displays were theatrical and indelicate, whilst in envy she exceeded the usual measure of female weakness, although in other respects she was full of generosity and good-nature. She often provoked the displeasure of Napoleon, but never failed to pacify him by her blandishments, for he knew she was really attached to him, and he willingly suffered himself to be coaxed into pardon of her follies. Nevertheless he deemed it prudent that she should take again, with all despatch, another husband, who might at least throw over her the mantle of the conjugal name. Accordingly, in 1803 she was married to the Prince Camille Borghese, an Italian of historic name and large possessions. In the following year the Emperor of the French created her an imperial princess, and in 1806 he endowed her with the rich dependencies of Guastella and Piacenza, which she bartered, however, for an equivalent in money, not wishing to exchange the pomps and revelries of Paris for the barren cares of an obscure sovereignty.

Eliza, the eldest of the sisters, was perhaps more esteemed than beloved by her puissant brother. She affected rather the masculine virtues than the softer graces of womanhood, and was distinguished, moreover, for literary propensities, which often impart an air of pretension less pleasing than imposing in a woman of real superiority. She was the first preferred by Napoleon to the dignity of a vassal of his empire, being made by him Grand-Duchess of Lucca and Piombino on the occasion of his coronation as King of Italy. At this extraordinary step, in conjunction with the annexation to France of Piedmont and Genoa, the powers of Europe took just umbrage, seeing in it the commencement of a system which threatened to end in a universal dominion. In after-times he transferred also Tuscany to this 'Semiramis of Lucca,' as Talleyrand in his flattery designated her. He had first given this little state to two miserable puppets of the Spanish Bourbons in exchange for Louisiana; then he had taken it from the survivor, upon the promise of an illusory crown in Portugal; lastly, he had held it before the eyes of Ferdinand to induce his renunciation of the crown of Spain. In short, he regarded the Tuscans, more than any other of his enslaved communities, as a herd of cattle, to be trafficked in any way he thought fit, to be sold and conveyed to an opportune bidder like a gang of American slaves. Nevertheless, the Princess Eliza ruled these unfortu-

nate Italians with a gentle and intelligent sway, transacting the affairs of administration with great industry, and jealously excluding from all authority her husband Bacciochi, who was content to abandon himself to the grosser enjoyments of fortune. In personal deportment she was apt to imitate the abrupt manners of the Emperor; in her government she gave literary tastes to the winds, and busied herself instead with reviews of soldiers—an occupation more germane, as she thought, to a kinswoman of the mighty conqueror.

The youngest sister of the Imperial House was Caroline, and she fell to the lot of Joachim Murat, a cavalry officer who had risen from the ranks, and who, since the event of the 13th Vendémiaire, had been closely attached to the person of Napoleon. Although lacking the perfect symmetry and attractive beauty of Pauline, she was eminently handsome, and of a bold and ambitious character, which rendered her the most aspiring of the whole family. Murat had of himself claims upon the gratitude of the Emperor, who raised him to be a prince and marshal of France, and also endowed him with the anomalous title of Grand-Admiral. But Caroline was continually dissatisfied with the share of grandeur allotted to her husband, and so teased Napoleon with importunate comparisons, that he one day exclaimed to her in a passion, 'To hear you talk, one would really suppose that I had deprived you of the inheritance left by the king your father!' Still, he was solicitous to gratify her cravings, and sought by promises to flatter her hopes and allay her impatience. These he was enabled fully to redeem, and in the end no members of his family were more richly dowered than the vain and empty-headed Joachim with his haughty spouse of ever-insatiable pretensions.

M. Fesch, the half-brother of Madame-Mère, had, with the restoration of religion in France, returned to his original profession, and having been received again by the benignant pope into the bosom of the Church, he participated largely in the ecclesiastical benefits showered upon the Gallican clergy. He left the commissariat with a somewhat unclean name, but does not appear to have made the worse priest on that account. It is true that Napoleon insisted upon his undergoing an ordeal of purification in a seminary before being admitted to a seat in the new hierarchy; but he immediately afterwards nominated him to the archbishoprick of Lyons, and the pope conferred on him the superior grade of a cardinal. He afterwards represented his imperial nephew at the court of Rome, where he gained in a remarkable degree the favour and confidence of the holy pontiff, whose interests he espoused with ardour against the unseemly violence of Napoleon. It is certainly a surprising fact that, after all the extraordinary benefits lavished upon his relatives by the great Emperor, none of them seem to have been actuated by a corresponding gratitude towards him, and that they all more or less thwarted his views, and proved refractory to his authority. Doubtless his arrogance and tyranny became insupportable to them as to all others. Having so poor an opinion of men, that he never supposed them capable of heeding other inducements than those of selfish interest, it is not probable that he conferred favours even upon his nearest relations in a spirit calculated to conciliate affection. However it was, there is no doubt that he found his worst enemies in the bosom of his own family. There was, however, one very decided exception to this rule in the person of Jerome,

his youngest brother, who was not competent, through lack of capacity, to contest his will. This youth he had sent into the navy, hoping to throw some lustre by his presence on that discredited service. Being appointed on a cruise off the American coast, the young sailor got entangled in a match with a lady of Baltimore, a Miss Paterson, whom, in 1805, he brought to Europe as his bride. Napoleon refused to allow her even to land on any part of the continent, and she was obliged to seek a refuge in England. He took his scape-grace brother most severely to task for this outrage on the dignity of the family, and insisted that he should forthwith repudiate so improper a connection. The poor youth was in reality much attached to his pretty wife, and, being instigated by the marplot Lucien, he for some time ventured to withstand the stern commands of the incensed Emperor. He was again hurried off to sea as captain of a 74, and having effected what was then considered a great feat in the French navy—namely, crossed the Atlantic, and got back again without being captured—he was extolled in the columns of the ‘*Moniteur*’ as a paragon of seamen, and as destined to eclipse in fame all the admirals of England, with the barbarian Nelson at their head. Nevertheless, Napoleon changed his opinion touching these prospects of his brother, for he shortly afterwards annulled his marine career altogether, and converted him into a soldier, designing him to gather laurels on a more likely field under his own immediate guidance.

Such being the state of the Bonaparte family at the institution of the Empire, it became of paramount importance with the founder of the dynasty to decide how and by whom it was to be perpetuated. He had himself no offspring, and therefore must choose a collateral heir. In the *first* place, the imperial crown was settled on Napoleon Bonaparte and his direct issue in the male line, with a power of adoption under certain restrictions; *secondly*, on Joseph Bonaparte and the heirs-male of his body; and *thirdly*, on Louis Bonaparte and the heirs-male of his body. At the same time it was provided that the marriage of a French prince, without the consent of the head of the Empire, should entail the loss of all hereditary right in the offending prince and his offspring. This exclusion struck directly at Lucien and Jerome, who were already in the category of delinquents on that score, and they accordingly remained in the Imperial Constitutions debarred from the right of succession. A chance of reinstatement was, however, left them by the dissolution of their obnoxious marriages, and a repentant obedience to the will of the outraged chief. In accordance with the old Salic law of the monarchy, females were perpetually excluded. By this exceptional limitation Napoleon sufficiently marked his dissatisfaction with the truant Lucien, and also with the hairbrained Jerome: against the first he was heartily exasperated; the latter he trusted to reclaim by a course of wholesome discipline.

Having thus settled the foundations of his empire, as he deemed, on an imperishable basis, the warlike Corsican prepared to wage battle against the confederated powers of Europe, and exalt his greatness to a yet more colossal height. The armies of the continent were extinguished by him with a facility which might well inflate him with notions of his omnipotence on earth. At Ulm and Austerlitz he prostrated the Austrian empire; at Jena he dissolved in a day the accumulated dominion of Frederick and the House of Brandenburg; at Friedland he annihilated the martial host of barbaric

Russia; at Tilsit he bound the successor of the savage Romanzoffs captive to his chariot. Then a supreme dominator of the potentates whom he suffered to reign in corners of their former territories, he trod upon their necks with a pride and insolence which have had few parallels in European history. From Naples he expelled the hostile race of Bourbons, and placed on its throne his brother Joseph; in Holland he planted Louis as king; and at Cassel, across the Rhine, over a heterogeneous compound called the kingdom of Westphalia, he fixed Jerome as monarch. Caroline he gratified by making her husband Grand-Duke of Berg, constituting him a sovereign over 300,000 wretched Germans. This system of vassal-ties he completed by the Confederation of the Rhine, in which he enrolled the second-class powers of Germany as his immediate dependents—such as Saxony, Bavaria, and Wurtemberg, whose reigning princes he created kings. Thus he obliterated the ancient German empire, and absorbed the greater part of it within the folds of his exorbitant ascendancy. But even such aggrandisements were insufficient to appease the devouring lusts of his heart. He must needs form alliances with sovereign houses. Accordingly, he united his adopted son Eugene to the eldest daughter of the king of Bavaria; and having compelled Jerome to discard the fair American, he extorted from the reluctant king of Wurtemberg his daughter Catherine as a wife for his graceless majesty of Westphalia. A niece of the Empress Josephine, Stephanie de Beauharnais, he married to the hereditary Prince of Baden; whilst another niece of nearer kith, Mademoiselle de Tascher, being created a French princess for the occasion, was given in wedlock to the young heir of the House of Arenberg. By these courtly alliances he thought to consolidate his sway, to extend the ramifications of his influence, and to wipe away the blots of heraldry from his escutcheon.

After appropriating so large a share of Germany, and the whole of Italy, in which the pope alone still preserved a shadow of the old patrimony of St Peter, it behoved the all-grasping conqueror to culminate his 'system' by the reduction of Spain and Portugal into a corresponding state of vassalage. Of Portugal he deemed himself justly entitled to take possession, because that power had the audacity to trade with Great Britain, a sin in his eyes sufficient to warrant the subjugation of any independent nation. Accordingly, after the peace of Tilsit had relieved him from all immediate solicitude in the north and east of Europe, he despatched Junot with an army to seize Lisbon, whence at his bare approach the degenerate Braganza fled across the Atlantic. As Spain happened to be a very faithful and subservient ally of his own, he could scarcely pursue so abrupt a course with regard to it, and he was therefore reduced to adopt a conduct towards its imbecile monarch and his family which, for baseness and perfidy, surpasses everything in history. It was suffered to succeed for a time. Having entrapped all the members of the Bourbon dynasty into his toils at Bayonne, he consigned them to different prisons in France, allowing them insignificant pensions, which he had the additional meanness not to pay with regularity. It is true that the royal family of Spain was the most degraded and flagitious that could be imagined, the old Queen Louisa especially, and her minion Godoy, Prince of Peace, being perfect samples of all that is detestable in the governors of kingdoms; whilst old Charles IV. was weak and besotted to an inconceivable degree. But if the Spaniards thought fit to tolerate

such rulers, it was no business of Napoleon to depose them, and establish in their stead a usurpation which was yet more odious and revolting to a people not utterly dead to the feelings of honour and patriotism.

In connection with his contemplated seizure of the two Peninsular crowns, Napoleon had held a singular interview with his brother Lucien at Mantua during a journey he made into Italy in December 1807. Notwithstanding his knowledge of Lucien's intractable temper, he was desirous of making him a puppet king like the rest of his brethren, and he proposed at the moment to give him for a sovereignty the realm of Portugal. He had not yet formed his determination touching Spain, still wavering as to the policy of dethroning the reigning dynasty, or of attaching it to him by a marriage between a princess of his house and Ferdinand, Prince of the Asturias, who eagerly demanded the honour and protection of such an alliance. He had therefore a twofold object to attain in his interview with Lucien: *first*, to induce his consent to become king of Portugal; and *secondly*, to obtain from him his eldest daughter to be educated under his own eye, with the view of her being united to Ferdinand in case that scheme was ultimately adopted. But this offer of Lusitanian royalty was clogged with the condition that Lucien should dissolve his existing marriage, which he peremptorily refused to do; and consequently the brothers parted on as bad terms as ever. However, although Lucien withstood for himself all temptation, his wife, with great nobleness of mind, urging him to accede, he agreed to part with his daughter, the first-born of the bar-maid of St Maximin, that she might be converted into a princess under the auspices of her uncle. She was accordingly sent to Paris, and placed with her grandmother, Madame-Mère; but in a very ludicrous manner her sojourn there was cut short. It was part of Napoleon's habits to be for ever prying into the most trifling concerns of those around him, particularly of the women attached to the court, whose actions and discourses were minutely reported to him. Thus, with regard to his newly-recovered niece, he caused her letters to be intercepted at the post-office; and having discovered that the child wrote to her parents in a very irreverent strain regarding himself and her relatives generally, he called together a family-council, before which he laid these terrible communications. The young lady was of a satirical vein, and had touched up with biting humour the foibles of her imperial uncles and aunts, not sparing the old grandmamma herself; therefore, by the unanimous verdict of the council, she was adjudged to be sent back in disgrace to her father, who had instilled into her such traitorous sentiments. The Emperor signed an ordinance for her removal within twenty-four hours; and so ended the magnificent project of a union in her person between the rival tribes of Bourbon and Bonaparte. She returned to Rome, laughing heartily at the indignation she had excited in the dominator of Europe; and poor Ferdinand was put into durance at Valençay, instead of figuring as a monarch in the bedizened halls of San-Lorenzo and Aranjuez.

The inherent vice of the Spanish occupation was rendered fatal to Napoleon by his injudicious choice of Joseph to fill the vacant throne. That honest personage and his estimable consort, Queen Julia, performed the part of royalty at Naples pretty well, and certainly more respectably than their discreditable predecessors. But he was totally unsuited to the proud and irascible Spaniards, to whom the very mildness of his character was a subject

of scorn and reproach. The first great disaster which heralded the coming catastrophe was the surrender of Dupont at Baylen, with an army of 20,000 men, to a horde of undisciplined Andalusians under Castanos. This was followed by the immediate flight of Joseph from Madrid, after a residence in his new capital of only ten days. Then came the capitulation of Junot at Lisbon to a British force, and Europe was in a ferment at events which destroyed the prestige of Napoleon's invariable success. Yet from these primary reverses he rose for a time more triumphant and prosperous than ever. At the magnificent congress of Erfurth, he confirmed the Russian autocrat in his subservient alliance; he poured 300,000 soldiers into the Peninsula, and at Madrid gave back to Joseph in person his reconquered kingdom; at Eckmühl and Wagram he again prevailed over his able adversary the Archduke Charles, and the Austrian monarchy lay at his absolute disposal. Glimmerings of the necessity for the actual subjugation of Russia to sustain his expanded supremacy, prompted him to act with moderation in the peace he made with the Emperor Francis, upon whom, however, he imposed sundry heavy sacrifices. Within a few months of this last conquest and accommodation, he sought to form a closer alliance with an enemy who had hitherto so pertinaciously opposed him, but whom he wished now to conciliate, and rank as one of his future supporters. In March 1810 he made a formal proposition for the hand of Maria-Louisa, the eldest daughter of Francis, and it was joyfully conceded by the humbled cabinet of Vienna. This marriage was necessarily preceded by his divorce from Josephine, which he had determined upon with reluctance, but which he deemed essential to the stability of his empire and dynasty. The new Empress arrived at Paris in April, and the nuptial ceremony was performed with extraordinary pomp in the palace of the Tuileries. The felicity of Napoleon was at its summit when in the following year she was delivered of a son, the destined heir of all his greatness, and who received in the cradle the majestic title of King of Rome.

But the lowering portents began to accumulate apace. The solemn anathemas of the pope, whom he had at length made prisoner at Grenoble, he might affect to deride, though they were not without effect in kindling the conflagration by which he was to be consumed. But the simultaneous flight of two of his brothers struck him with a mortal disquietude, and exhibited in a palpable light the intolerable tyranny of his rule. Lucien was warned that the imperial vengeance was about to fall heavily upon him, and with the assistance of Mûrat, who had succeeded Joseph as king of Naples, he made arrangements for proceeding to America; but being captured by a British cruiser, he was carried to England, where he remained until the termination of the war. Louis refused any longer to be an instrument of oppression in Holland, and under the shelter of night, fled from the Hague into Bohemia, where he obtained an asylum from the Austrian government. He left behind him an abdication in favour of his son; but Napoleon immediately absorbed the Dutch Netherlands into the French Empire. From Jerome at the same time he took a considerable share of the territories he had assigned him, and administered to him severe lectures on the dissolute courses which he pursued. He often reviled him in opprobrious language, and harshly upbraided him with his total want of courage, capacity, and virtue. To increase these fraternal

afflictions, Joseph was continually demanding to be relieved from the horrors of his situation in Spain; and Joachim, instigated by his ambitious queen, chafed in petulant anger against the humiliations imposed upon him in his tinsel dignity of King of the Two Sicilies.

In 1812 the Emperor of the West set forth on his memorable expedition to chastise the faithlessness of Alexander, who had eventually found his alliance too onerous to be longer endured. With half a million of soldiers Napoleon crossed the Niemen, and through fearful difficulties prosecuted his perilous enterprise even to Moscow, where he attained indeed the acme of his glory, but found arrayed against him the destructive agencies of fire, famine, and frost. He commenced his retreat over the wasted route by which he had advanced, and before he again reached Poland, his army had perished. This was the irremediable disaster which struck him down. But never were the extraordinary resources of his character displayed with such brilliancy as in his gigantic efforts to retrieve it. Myriads of embattled enemies marched to crush him, and populations rose to avenge their long-suffered miseries; but he stood an impregnable bulwark against a world in arms. Still he fought and conquered; the fields of Lutzen, Bautzen, Dresden, attested the superiority of his genius, until ever-accumulating numbers overmastered him; and at Leipzig his power received an incurable stab. Driven back into France, he still showed a hardy front; the campaign of 1814 recalled all the heroism of the renowned 1796; and with 50,000 men, he kept at bay the swarming hosts of invaders, numbering upwards of 300,000. The French, who of all people in the world are least able to endure defeat, were now tired of Napoleon, and began to expatiate on the evils of war and ambition; accordingly, amid a universal hallelujah, the mighty Napoleon was extinguished (1814). In exchange for the empire of the world, he was assigned the island of Elba, to which he was conveyed on board a British frigate. The members of his family were for ever banished from the soil of France: his wife returned to her ancestral home, bearing with her his child; and the white flag of the Bourbons was seen once more waving over the prostrate and repentant sons of the Revolution.

The monarchs and diplomatists of Europe assembled at Vienna to rearrange the soil of liberated Europe. When they were slowly pursuing their task, intelligence reached them that the imprisoned eagle was again upon the wing. Straightway they separated in tumultuous confusion, for the bare name of Napoleon bore with it a terror greater than that of a thousand legions, and they hastened to make preparations for their final deliverance from him. The story of the return from Elba, the triumphant march to Paris, the flight of Louis XVIII., the reign of the Hundred Days—is it not written in imperishable records? Waterloo, the most fatal day for France in all her annals, terminated this fleeting phase of the great drama, and definitively relieved Europe from its oppressor. Then fell indeed the imperial idol without a hope of resurrection: transferred to a distant island, he was consigned to a living tomb under the ban of mankind at large, but still encircled with a halo of historical greatness which never can entirely fade.

In the calamity of 1814 the whole family of the Bonapartes shared with one exception. Joachim Murat had sought, by a timely defection,

to make his peace with the Allies, and by taking part against his brother-in-law, to preserve his throne. In this object he succeeded for the moment, but with little prospect of ultimately securing the advantage he expected. The other members of the family retired into Italy, and chiefly to Rome, where the reinstated pope afforded them a hospitable reception. Even Lucien left his home in England, and joined the circle in the Eternal City, commanding a cordial welcome from his pontifical friend, who looked upon him as a fellow-victim of the same injustice, and who gratified him with the title of Prince of Canino and Musignano. Taught now by experience how entirely dependent they were on Napoleon, the whole of them, mother, uncle, brothers, and sisters, concurred in promoting his return, and none with greater zeal than the refractory Lucien or the light-headed and remorseful Murat. Madame-Mère and Pauline repaired to Elba, where they affected to hold a mimic court, but in reality were the medium through which many of the necessary negotiations were conducted. Upon the successful execution of the enterprise, Joseph, Lucien, and Jerome, followed by Cardinal Fesch, hastened to Paris, and assisted with all their power the re-establishment of the Emperor. Lucien, in particular, distinguished himself by energetic services, and Jerome drew upon himself the eulogy of Napoleon by his intrepidity at Waterloo. The second occupation of Paris by the Allies crushed every hope, and thenceforth all who bore the name of Bonaparte had the mark of proscription set upon them: they became exiles from the land which had witnessed their greatness, and were scattered into various regions as wanderers who had lost their place in the world.

Joseph had accompanied Napoleon in his melancholy journey to Rochefort, with the view of effecting an escape to America. The deposed Emperor was circumvented in that design, but the ex-king of Spain was allowed to prosecute the voyage. He landed at New York in the month of September 1815, and established his residence in the state of Pennsylvania, not far from the town of Philadelphia. He purchased a considerable estate, built a large mansion, maintained a numerous retinue of dependents, and lived in a splendour which surprised the simple denizens of the great Quaker community. The Americans were flattered by his choice of a retreat among them; and as he was uniformly gracious in his demeanour, disbursing money with an unwonted munificence, he commanded their respect and esteem in a very eminent degree. He passed much of his time in agricultural pursuits, and was doubtless happier than in the more bustling periods of his life, although he was denied the satisfaction of the society of his wife and daughters. In 1832 he revisited Europe, where he appeared under the title of the Count de Survilliers, which he had assumed from his first landing in America. Three years subsequently he returned to his transatlantic home, whence he took his final departure in 1841, and repaired to Italy, there to lay his bones in the original seat of his family. He died at Florence in August 1844, at the age of seventy-six, leaving two daughters, who had married their first cousins, the sons of Lucien and Louis Bonaparte.

The activity of Lucien, when debarred from a political career by the severity of Napoleon, had found vent in literary pursuits and antiquarian researches, prosecuted on his domain of Canino. In England, he finished

his grand epic poem of 'Charlemagne' in 24 books, and he subsequently composed another poem in twelve cantos, called 'La Cîrnière,' or 'Corsica Saved.' These works have not elevated him to a place among the epic poets of France, as he fondly expected; and notwithstanding the labour bestowed upon them, and the distinguished name of their author, they have already passed into oblivion; yet they do not wholly merit the contemptuous criticisms they have encountered. Lucien continued during the remainder of his life in the papal dominions, maintaining a splendid establishment in Rome, and affording a bright example to all proprietors by a diligent cultivation of his estates. He was eminently successful in his excavations of antiquities, and formed a gallery of Etruscan relics unsurpassed for its extent. In 1836 he published a volume of memoirs, which certainly reflected little credit on his ability in any capacity. He lived under four pontificates, and died at Viterbo on the 29th July 1840, leaving behind him a numerous progeny.

To almost every individual of the elder generation Italy became eventually an abode and a resting-place. After a residence in Styria and Switzerland, under the title of the Count de St Leu, derived from an estate which he possessed near Paris, Louis, who had been separated from his wife Hortense since his flight from Holland, settled at Florence in 1826, and there he died twenty years after. Jerome had followed his wife into Wurtemberg, where he was at first very ill received by his royal father-in-law, who wished his daughter to discard him as a ruined adventurer. But she clung with true female constancy to her dethroned husband, and at length obtained from her father a grant of land in his favour, and also a patent of nobility, by which he was created Duke of Montfort. He remained for some years in Germany, subsequently roamed into Switzerland—where the Princess Catherine died in 1835—purchased property in the March of Ancona, and fixed his head-quarters, like Louis, at Florence, whence the revolution of February 1848 called him to France. Meanwhile all the females of the family were dead: Madame-Mère at Rome, at the extreme age of eighty-six, on the 2d February 1836; Pauline and Caroline at Florence—the former in 1825, and the latter in 1839. After the tragical end of Murat, who was shot at Pizzo in Calabria on the 13th October 1815, Caroline retired to Trieste under the protection of the Austrian government, and there she continued to reside until 1836. In that town her sister Eliza, the wife of Bacciochi, had died in 1820. The *ci-devant* Grand-Duchess of Tuscany left a son and a daughter—the former being killed by a fall from his horse at Rome in 1833, and the latter married in 1825 to the Count Camarata, a noble of Ancona. The beautiful Pauline alone departed this life without offspring. As Napoleon had died at St Helena in 1821, the whole original Corsican stock was now extinguished, save the youngest of all—Jerome, formerly king of Westphalia, and at present governor of the Hôtel des Invalides at Paris.

No family, plebeian or patrician, has ever become so truly cosmopolitan as that of the Bonapartes through the ramifications of alliances. Except that not one of them is united to a native of France, they have been distributed in all the principal countries of the world—Italy, Germany, Russia, Sweden, Portugal, Great Britain, and the United States. The children of Lucien surviving at his death were three sons and several daughters

The eldest son, Charles, now Prince of Canino, married Letitia, the eldest daughter of his uncle Joseph, and at present is in the forty-seventh year of his age. He has distinguished himself by researches in natural history, and in particular by an extended edition of Wilson's American Ornithology. The appropriate section of the British Association is pretty regularly honoured with the presence of a little, middle-aged, dark-complexioned gentleman, the very image of the great Emperor, seated in the midst of books, papers, and specimens, to which he makes frequent reference in the course of the proceedings—an extraordinary position for a man who is in more respects than one the representative of Napoleon Bonaparte, but one which probably is not the less productive of a happy life. The two younger sons—Pierre and Antoine—were compelled to flee from Rome in 1836 on an accusation of murder; for which the former was condemned to death, but his sentence was commuted by Pope Gregory into one of banishment. They retired into the United States, whence they returned in 1838, and Pierre has since been elected a member of the French National Assembly for the department of Corsica—in which capacity he has rendered himself more notorious for his pugnacious propensities than for his political wisdom. Of the daughters, Charlotte, the eldest, she who was intended to be the wife of Ferdinand VII., married in 1815 Prince Gabrielli, a Roman noble; the second, Christine, a Swedish count of the name of Posse. This latter marriage was dissolved, and Christine then became the wife of Lord Dudley Stuart, a younger brother of the last Marquis of Bute. Letitia, the third daughter, likewise married a British subject, Mr (now Sir) Thomas Wyse, who, as member for the city of Waterford, is favourably known for his exertions in the cause of education. This union was unfortunate; and it is reported that certain romantic incidents arising out of it have been embellished in a novel by the Viscount d'Arlincourt, called '*Le Pelerin*.'

By the charming Hortense, who excited in him so unnatural a repugnance, Louis had three sons, the eldest of whom was reared by Napoleon as his future heir. The child died, however, when he was only four years old; and of the survivors—Napoleon-Louis and Charles-Louis-Napoleon—the latter, born in 1808, alone is still living. The former married his cousin Charlotte, daughter of Joseph; and after taking part in the revolutionary disturbances at Rome in 1831, died of inflammation at Forli. Both the sons had clung to their mother, who with difficulty extricated the youngest from the consequences of the abortive enterprise at Rome, and retired with him to the castle of Arenenberg in Switzerland, where she had previously fixed her residence, and brought up with maternal care her two imperial scions.

Previous to his repudiation of Miss Paterson, Jerome had a son, who accompanied his mother to America, and has since married in that country. The admirable Catherine of Wurtemberg bore him three children—two sons, and a daughter. Jerome Napoleon, the eldest, born in 1814, was remarkable for his extraordinary resemblance to the Emperor; but died in 1846, without having distinguished himself in any way. Napoleon, the youngest, born in 1823, has been elected to sit in both the National Assemblies of France since the last Revolution, and is known as a member of the party called the Red Republicans. The daughter, Letitia Matilda, married in

1841 a wealthy Russian nobleman, Count Anatole Demidoff, with whom she passes her time between St Petersburg and Paris.

The unfortunate Murat left two sons and two daughters. The eldest, Achille, born in 1801, ex-Crown Prince of Naples, has run through a very chequered career. He emigrated to America like so many of his family, and became a naturalised citizen of the States. He practised as a lawyer in Georgia, took to himself a wife, and purchased a tract of waste land in Florida. The revolutionary tocsin of 1830 brought him back to Europe, and he served in Belgium as colonel of the Foreign Legion. He returned to America; but the heaving portents of the times induced him once more to revisit Europe, where he died, just previous to the last revolutionary outbreak. His brother Lucien, born in 1803, accompanied him to America, where, after preliminary studies, he took post among the legal fraternity of New York, and married a demoiselle of that state. Discontented with so ignoble a lot, he also made his way back to Europe, and now fills the more appropriate position of a representative of the French people. The two daughters of Joachim and Caroline are married to Italian magnates: the younger, Louisa, to Count Rasponi, whose patrimonial homestead lies in the exarchate of Ravenna.

Eugene Beauharnais, viceroy of Italy, had, immediately after the events of 1814, repaired to the court of his father-in-law, the *good* king of Bavaria, who received him with open arms, and showered upon him every benefit in his power. He conferred on him the principality of Eichstadt, and gave him the title of Duke of Leuchtenberg. Eugene died from the effects of an accident in 1824, in the forty-fourth year of his age, leaving six children—two sons, and four daughters. Most of these have made what may be called fortunate matches. The eldest daughter, Josephine, is the present queen of Sweden, having married Oscar, son of Bernadotte, in 1823. The second is the wife of a German prince, titular of Hohenzollern-Hechingen; the third married Don Pedro, ex-emperor of Brazil, and thereby became the mother-in-law of her own brother; the fourth married a certain Count of Wurtemberg. Of the sons, Augustus espoused in 1835 the young queen of Portugal, Donna Maria, daughter of Don Pedro, but he unfortunately died shortly after the nuptials; the youngest, Maximilian, now Duke of Leuchtenberg, obtained in 1839 the hand of the Grand-Duchess Maria, daughter of Nicholas, autocrat of all the Russias. To complete the medley of nationalities involved in the Beauharnais connection, the daughter of Stephanie, Grand-Duchess of Baden, and niece of the Empress Josephine, has been united to a Scotch nobleman, the Marquis of Douglas, only son of the Duke of Hamilton, ranking as one of the highest among the British peerage for historical ancestry and vast possessions.

Notwithstanding all these diversified and brilliant unions, the name of Bonaparte had fallen into a species of oblivion until the Revolution of 1830, which overturned the crude dominion of the restored Bourbons. Amid the conflict that ensued in France, the young Napoleon was put forward by a party as the legitimate claimant of a revolutionary crown; but overshadowing considerations served to stifle his pretensions. He had remained under Austrian tutelage since the fatal era of 1814, and though treated with great affection by his grandfather, pains had been taken to rear him as a German, and as little as possible as a Frenchman. The unfortunate youth, neverthe-

less, conned his father's wonderful history, and secretly longed to follow in his footsteps. He early betrayed the delicate constitution which hurried him to a premature grave; and cut off from his natural associations, and formed in so anomalous a mould, it was better perhaps that he should die. How melancholy a position for the son of Napoleon to be an officer in a German army, or to be the mediatized lord of Slavonian serfs, under such a title as that of Duke of Reichstadt! On his death in 1832, a singular competition broke out—Who thereby became the representative of the Emperor? Joseph certainly was alive, but he had wisely abjured all idea of political strife. Lucien, it is suspected, was not inclined to undergo a similar negation; and if his eldest son Charles had been more energetically disposed, instead of being immersed in his congenial studies of natural history, he might have exhibited a more active prosecution of his claims. Louis was obliterated, as if he had descended into a cloister; but his surviving son, Charles-Louis-Napoleon, or, as he called himself, Louis-Napoleon, was not a person to forego any pretensions he derived from his birth. By the *Senatus-Consultum* establishing the Empire, the limitation, after the failure of direct heirs, was to Joseph and Louis, and their respective heirs-male. Under this provision Louis-Napoleon assumed the position of head of the family and heir of his imperial uncle, Joseph and Louis being set aside as *effète*, and he prepared to make known his succession by a startling manifestation.

Endowed with considerable activity of mind, and stirred by a restless ambition, his first endeavours were to invest his name with such a degree of lustre as literary efforts might suffice to win. Thus he composed in Switzerland an essay on that confederation, and a work on artillery, which gained him a certain measure of applause, and the honorary citizenship of the canton Thurgau. He seems to have at length felt that in masculine daring and enterprise alone could he hope to acquire personal distinction. In a work he had published, intended for the political atmosphere of France, and entitled '*Réveries Politiques*,' he manifested republican tendencies mingled with a leaven of the imperial régime, attempting therein to embody perhaps the fantastic creation imagined by Lafayette of 'a monarchy surrounded by republican institutions.' With this as his manual of politics, Louis-Napoleon proceeded to tamper with the fidelity of the garrisons along the eastern frontiers of France, and it appears that he received much encouragement, particularly in that of Strasburg. A Colonel Vaudrey and several other officers of the 4th regiment of artillery—that in which his uncle had first served—were gained over. Early in the morning of the 30th October, 1836, he made his appearance at the Austerlitz barracks, where that regiment lay, and was received by it with the greatest enthusiasm. It followed him with the utmost cordiality to the Finkmatt barracks, where he was to make a similar attempt upon the infantry. But by some unlucky chance, the person who was to have announced his coming did not duly precede him. He came upon the troops comparatively by surprise, and in the crowd it was difficult to distinguish him. Through this cause, and his want of all resemblance to the great Emperor, he failed in his effort at a personal appeal. Colonel Taillandier adroitly turned the tide against him by denouncing him as an impostor. A dreadful tumult ensued; but, deserted even by the bulk of

the artillerymen, who had hitherto attended him, he was soon compelled to yield himself a prisoner.

The government of Louis-Philippe, although there was abundant proof that this had been a dangerous attempt against it, treated the young enthusiast rather with the pity due to a madman than the severity usually shown to a conspirator. He was punished merely by a voyage across the Atlantic in a frigate appointed for the purpose. Being disgorged on the soil of America, he soon found his way back to Switzerland, where, on the 3d October 1837, he closed the eyes of his devoted mother Hortense, Duchess of St Leu. Irritated by his unexpected reappearance within a year of his traitorous adventure, the French government procured his expulsion from Switzerland, and he retired to England, whence, in the year 1840, he made a new attempt against France.

At this time, by the generosity of Louis-Philippe's government, the remains of the great Emperor were about to be transferred to Paris. The excitement of the day gave Louis-Napoleon the conviction that the crisis had at length arrived for his effecting a revolution in France in the style of that of his uncle in 1815. With General Count Montholon, General Voisson, and upwards of fifty other followers, he sailed in the City of Edinburgh steamer for the French coast, and early in the morning of the 6th August effected an undisturbed landing at a village about two and a-half miles from Boulogne. They entered the town, shouting 'Vive l'Empereur!' and distributing a manifesto, in which it was declared that the dynasty of Orleans had ceased to reign, and M. Theirs was announced as chief of the Provisional Government at Paris. The scheme was disappointed by the fidelity of the troops and national guards, by whom the party was speedily overpowered. It has always been stated that the prince, as an important part of the arrangements for this enterprise, had brought with him a tame eagle, imagining that it would help to revive the recollection of his uncle among the troops; but it appears that the animal had been seen by accident at Gravesend, and bought by one of the followers of the prince, who himself was ignorant of its existence. The expedition was nevertheless in all other respects so ridiculous, that mercy was again shown to its chief, who, after a trial before the Court of Peers, was sentenced to perpetual imprisonment in the fortress of Ham. This clemency was the more remarkable, that Louis-Napoleon, in his assault upon the barracks at Boulogne, had shot a soldier, who died the same day.

After enduring his imprisonment for nearly six years, the prince succeeded in effecting his escape by a clever disguise, and returned to his obscure life in London. Before proceeding on this last expedition, he had issued a preparatory work entitled '*Idées Napoléoniennes*,' in which he expounded not only his own views on manifold important topics, but those also of his deceased and illustrious uncle. In this singular production he makes the Emperor talk after a peculiar fashion, discoursing largely on glory, liberty, popular sovereignty, division of property, and many other matters of complex character. He would represent the *beau idéal* of a monarch suited to France. A man encircled by military glory he must be, but withal truly benevolent and philanthropic in his sentiments; maintaining stupendous armies and fleets, yet anxious to alleviate the burthens of taxation, and devoutly attached to peace; a little despotic at times, but with a rare love of national liberties,

and especially of their best guardian—the independence of the press. But it is objected to this elaborate compound of monarchical virtues that the military element is found obtrusively preponderating: and as Louis-Napoleon placed his principal hopes on the army, this preference was probably marked by design. Whilst in Ham, he beguiled the time by compilations of a different complexion. In the ‘*Fragments Historiques*,’ he assimilates the revolutionary episodes of France and England, showing all the Bourbons to be exact parallels of the Stuarts, and keeps up a running commentary on himself in the character of the Duke of Monmouth. In a tractate on the question of sugar, which forms a sort of corn-law controversy in France, he is unpleasantly divided in his sympathies. As an imperial creation, he upholds protection to the native beet-root; but being a grandson of Josephine, he is extremely favourable to the interests of West-India planters: accordingly, he labours to demonstrate his equal solicitude for the antagonist causes. In another work entitled ‘*L’Extinction du Pauperisme*,’ he handles the most difficult subject of modern times, but fails to emerge from the impracticable theories of the visionary school. He expatiates on the merits of agricultural colonies, but without giving any more feasible plan than the enthusiast Fourier. The development of manufactures also is a favourite notion of his, and this he thinks, contrary to the doctrines of economists, will be materially aided, if not effectually accomplished, by the use of artillery—a sentiment which is probably not ill adapted to the notions of the people over whom the writer longed to exercise authority.

During his residence in London, Louis-Napoleon attracted no regard from men of any eminence in the walks of literature, or science, or politics. Even in polite society he held no distinguished place. The report of a London journal on his private life is probably near the truth:—‘His chief associates were certain gentlemen and ladies bearing aristocratic names, but of questionable character—speculators on the variations of stocks, gamblers, money-hunters, diners-out, haunters of the saloons of second-rate fashion, and of the nameless resorts of vice and dissipation. He was unscrupulous in contracting obligations which were wholly beyond his means of repayment; and his most serious pursuit was the study of alchemy, by which he expected to arrive at the discovery of the philosopher’s stone. So firm was his faith in the charlatan whom he employed to aid him in transmuting the baser metals into gold, that he is said to have appropriated his revenues in anticipation, and to have devoted the first milliard of his gains to the payment of the national debt of France, in order thus to acquire an imperial throne by purchase.’

It was nevertheless the fate of this extraordinary adventurer to attain, in a measure, the object of his wishes. The revolution of February 1848 dethroned the prince who had conducted the difficult government of France for eighteen years. The series of events which quickly followed brought penitence upon the nation, and the necessity was felt for some *personality* apart from the two branches of the Bourbon family, round which the people could rally in their efforts to regain, at whatever cost, a firm order of things. At the close of September, Louis-Napoleon was elected a representative for the department of the Seine by a large majority. He appeared at Paris, and quickly became the centre of a powerful party. On

the 10th of December he was elected President of the Republic by an immense majority over his competitors: the votes for him being 5,534,520 against 1,448,302 for General Cavaignac, the candidate next on the lists. The result occasioned general surprise throughout Europe, mingled with which was a feeling of something like pity for the French people, for so mortifying a termination to their efforts at political regeneration.

At the time when we write (January 1850), Louis-Napoleon continues to rule in France. His conduct has been, upon the whole, more discreet than was expected: it has even given occasion to a general disposition to review his past history in a favourable light; but calm thinkers must yet be far from having confidence in one so evidently animated by mere personal ambition.

It is this last passion which has at once made all the greatness of the Bonapartes, and brought about their failures. And it is just here that they supply a lesson to mankind.

Throughout the whole career of Napoleon Bonaparte, the leading aim of the man is to distinguish himself. His actions are brilliant, but they have no other purpose than to raise himself yet another stage in external greatness. He is never heard to express one generous or confiding sentiment regarding the people over whom he triumphed. On the contrary, his favourite maxim was, that men are to be led by their weaknesses and passions. A rigid imperious rule, centered in his own person, was his one political idea. Even his blood-relations had to take satellite places round him, and reflect his lustre, or there was no place for them within the scope of his power. This entirely selfish and egotistical system succeeded for a while by dint of the extraordinary mental energy and the unfaltering self-confidence of the man; but it was an unsound thing, and came to a great and calamitous downfall. The sentence of the just ruler of the world is read in the utter annihilation of the upstart dynasty which for a little while had spread itself over the nations. You look for it, and it is not. It is not, because, not based on the sole basis of all true personal greatness—'good-will towards men'—it did not deserve to be.

In the extraordinary rise of Louis-Napoleon, the name seems to have been allowed once more a chance of showing itself in a right relation to mankind. The people of France desire to see the nephew of their great Emperor taking the duty of consolidating their republican institutions. If he does so in the self-denying spirit of a Washington, he will secure for himself an illustrious name. The appearances seem rather to show that he aims at securing power for himself. Should this prove to be the case, circumstances may enable him, like his uncle, to prosper for a time; but, as sure as there is a just law presiding over the destinies of mankind, so sure is it that, sooner or later, he must go down again into obscurity.



LOUD have been the praises bestowed upon the illustrious 'Bourbons,' by many historiographers, especially by M. Désormeaux, whose book was printed at the 'Imprimerie Royale,' Paris, in 1788. He recounts in an ecstasy of loyal exultation, that from the parent stock of this great family there had already proceeded thirty-five

kings of France, thirteen of Sicily, twenty-three of Portugal, eleven of Navarre, four of Spain, four of Hungary, Croatia, and Slavonia, seven emperors of Constantinople, one hundred dukes of Burgundy, Brittany, Anjou, Lorraine, Bourbon, and Brabant, besides crowned and ermined vassals of the royal house without number: an enumeration of thrones, principalities, and powers enough to take away the breath of any less enthusiastic man than the historian of the famous house, who had yet power to exclaim exultingly, as he concluded the glittering muster-roll, *Tu regere imperio populos, O Galle memento!* The long list of high, dread, and puissant lords and princes, of serene and august ladies and

princesses, is one for the most part rather to blush for than exult over—to excite grief and indignation rather than reverence or respect. Yet not without pure and bright passages are the leaves which bear the impress of the fightings, victories, perjuries, massacres, by which the Bourbon race distinguished themselves in an age when such things were accounted glorious or venial. Let us not, while glancing over histories which record many acts at which humanity shudders, forget to bear in mind that the world made withal great and real progress during the period in which these men and women reigned—that wonderful results were achieved in their time upon which our own higher civilisation is mainly based and reared. To dwell only upon the vices and failings of governments without looking to discover if there is no bright side to the dark and troubled picture, is only less absurd and disingenuous than the practice of carefully enumerating the persecutions and cruelties perpetrated in the name of outraged Christianity, while the overwhelming balance on the other side—the multitude of broken hearts it has bound up, the tears it has wiped away, the hopes it has kindled and purified, the lives it has redeemed and exalted, and the deaths it has soothed and sanctified—is ignored or overlooked.

The towering fortunes of the Bourbon family, like those of most other royalties, arose out of the natural working of the feudal system—a system which, originating in the necessities of conquest, fell naturally before the advancement of the great body of the people in knowledge and its consequence, power. The kings, or rather military chieftains, who reigned in Europe after the destruction of the Roman Empire, chiefly owed their continually-disputed supremacy either to their actual fame and prowess as warriors, or to their individual possessions in land and command over vassals holding directly from them by the tenure of military service. Private war being permitted, though strictly confined to possessors of fiefs on knightly tenure—contests by the great feudatories, sometimes against the crown, but chiefly among themselves, in conjunction with alliances by marriage, alternately elevated or depressed the relative power of the sovereign and the individual barons. The state was rather, in France and Germany especially, an aggregation of petty sovereignties, a federation of essentially independent despotisms, than a homogeneous kingdom. Every gentleman who held a fief on knightly tenure legally exercised the right of pillaging and imprisoning whomsoever was not sufficiently powerful to resist his authority; and even that of ‘gallows tree,’ held in strict legality to be a jewel of the royal or imperial crown, he not unfrequently usurped and exercised. The people, where they had a choice, generally sided with the monarch against the tyranny whose name was legion; and it is curious to remark how mainly king and people were aided in putting an end to the grosser enormities of the feudal system by the invention of such apparently-unpromising aids to civilisation as gun-powder and fire-arms. So long as knights and barons could issue from their castles, generally built in a naturally strong position, clothed in armour which the arrows of the serfs and common people could not penetrate, and their foray over, retire within their impregnable fastnesses, it seemed difficult to set limits to the duration of such knightly pastimes.

Combats of that period are recorded in which a few score knights routed and slew, without loss or danger to themselves, thousands of naked serfs and common people. But when the naked serf, possessing only the skill to point an iron tube, was placed upon a physical equality with the most redoubtable knight in Christendom, and cannon knocked the impregnable castles about the ancestral ears of the barons, it was time to think of other devices to secure or retain power, and of less violent means of livelihood; and, as Froissart pleasantly remarks, the baronage perforce ceased to rob on the highway (‘*Cessèrent de voler sur le grand chemin*’). One of these great feudatories, with whom war was a pastime, and the attainment of extended power over the community an end which justified any and every species of fraud and violence, was Robert the Strong, Count of Paris, and Duke of France. He had gradually built up his ducal house till it overshadowed the dwarfed and sinking throne of the Merovingian kings of France; and Hugh Capet, his grandson, availing himself with skill and boldness of the feebleness and contempt into which the successors of Clovis had fallen, seized the crown, and by arms and policy so strengthened himself in his usurped seat, as not only to secure the regal authority to himself and immediate descendants, but to transmit it through the Valois and Bourbon branches of his house to our own time—the sceptre of France having been continuously wielded by his posterity, with the exception of less than a quarter of a century which elapsed between the death of Louis XVI. and the accession of Louis XVIII., till the Revolution of 1848. Hugh Capet was crowned at Rheims on the 3d of July 987. The Valois line of his house succeeded to the throne on the 1st of April 1328; the eldest Bourbon branch on the 2d of August 1589; and the younger Bourbons on the 9th of August 1830.

Neither the race of kings in direct line from Hugh Capet, nor those of the Valois branch of the royal house, who descended from a brother of Philip the Fair, need detain us long. Their histories for the most part are chiefly records of fightings, treacheries, intrigues, of no possible interest to the present reader. One great name, however, gleams out of the crowd of mediocrities, and claims a passing notice. We, unimaginative peoples of the north, have, it is well known, a constitutional objection to saints, insisting upon their being strictly confined to the primitive age of the church; and this may perhaps be the reason why the name of St Louis has been so depreciatingly treated by certain English writers, for it cannot be seriously or justly denied that St Louis was in every sense a great monarch, and a wise, enlightened man, ruling his people with a courage, sagacity, firmness, and gentleness of which the world has seen but few examples. Louis XI., too, of whom Sir Walter Scott in his ‘*Quentin Durward*’ has stamped so vivid and revolting an impression upon the reading world, however individually hateful or contemptible, was a great monarch: he governed France wisely and well; and spite of his *Plessis-les-Tours* atrocities, and his wretched superstitions, must ever be accounted one of the ablest, as unquestionably he was one of the most popular, kings that ever ruled the destinies of the French people. The nobles, it is true, detested him; for he curbed their insolence, and restrained and curtailed their privileges. Louis XI. not only disliked, and, as much as possible, avoided war, but refused to allow the seigneurs of France the unlimited right of chase over everybody’s grounds,

to which they held themselves entitled by right of birth! 'A terrible state of things,' remarks Philip de Comines, 'for men who knew only how to hunt and fight.' No marvel the king should only esteem himself safe from such gentry within his castles, and surrounded by his Scottish guards! His life, amidst all his gloomy grandeur, was, as one might expect, a most unhappy one. 'I knew him,' writes Comines, 'and served him in the flower of his age, and in his great prosperity, yet never saw I him free from toil of body and trouble of mind.' It may be doubted if governing, to any man really capable of it, and of estimating its terrible responsibility, can be other than a burthen to him—his diadem but a crown of thorns, his life an unceasing, thankless martyrdom! Louis XI., on whom the title of 'Most Christian King' was first conferred by the Pope, was succeeded by Henry VIII., a boy so imbecile that his father declared he should be satisfied if his son could only attain such a degree of learning as would enable him to translate and rightly comprehend the Latin sentence, *qui nescit dissimulare, nescit regnare*. Anne, the young king's eldest sister, and the wife of the Sire de Beaussu, who afterwards succeeded to the titles and estates of the Duke of Bourbon, governed the kingdom with remarkable ability during Henry's minority; not as regent, for the states-general, summoned to decide between her and Louis of Orleans, who had married Jeanne, Louis XI.'s youngest daughter, right to that office, did not confer the title on her; but 'Madame,' as she is called, remained possessed of, and exercised with great benefit to the people, the royal authority.

The chief efforts of the sovereigns of France, it may be briefly stated, were directed during many years to fuse the disjointed feudalities, duchies, of the realm, into one compact and harmonious whole. They gradually succeeded. Normandy was broken into subjection to the French crown, and ultimately all the independent jurisdictions of Brittany, Burgundy, Bourbon, and others, were annexed to the monarchy. The pretensions of the English kings to the diadem of France, spite of the dazzling efforts of our Edwards and Harries, the names of whose 'glorious' victories still survive in song, and the sacrifice of innumerable 'vulgar' lives, for whom Fame has no trumpet, not even a wooden one, were finally set at rest; and at the accession of Francis I., contemporary with our Henry VIII., Calais alone remained to England of all that had been so dearly purchased, and, as we now perceive, so fortunately lost. Very sacred and precious in the eyes of the English people seems to have been this slight trophy of persevering and stupendous folly; for it may be doubted if the persecutions of Mary, in whose reign it was regained to France, contributed to her unpopularity in any degree like the loss of that place—the gate of France, as it was called. So keenly did the impressionable heart of Mary feel the stroke, that she declared the name of Calais would at her death be found written on it!

The reign of Francis I. is mainly remarkable in the eyes of the observant student of history for the spectacle it exhibits of the almost total absorption of the feudal, by the process we have previously glanced at, in the monarchical power. Standing armies raised by the authority of the king now first constituted the chief force of the realm, instead of the more or less independent levies of the barons. Charles V., king of Spain and emperor of Germany, successfully pursued the same policy. Francis still

holds a somewhat conspicuous place in the galaxy of French kings; but warlike, rash, volatile, he left slight beneficial impress upon the nation he was called to govern. It was in this reign that the branch of the royal house with which in these pages we are more immediately concerned came into especial notice. This branch, that of Bourbon, was descended from Robert, Count de Clermont, sixth and youngest son of St Louis, who married Beatrice of Burgundy, heiress of John of Burgundy, Baron of Charalois, and Agnes, Lady of Bourbon, daughter of Archambault, Sire de Bourbon. The great accession of property acquired by this marriage, together with his appanage of Clermont, rendered him the most powerful feudatory in the kingdom. The family name of Bourbon he assumed as the patronymic of his race. Louis, the eldest son of Robert, was the first who bore the title of Duke of Bourbon, which figures so prominently in the annals of France. Peter, the sixth duke in descent from Louis, dying without male issue in 1503, the estates devolved, by virtue of the original entails, on Charles, Count de Montpensier, head of the collateral line of Bourbon-Montpensier, then only fourteen years old. It had been the object of the deceased duke to get these entails modified in favour of his daughter Susannah, who was betrothed to the Duke d'Alençon—a prince of the blood in close proximity to the throne; but after his death, to avoid the disputes that would have ensued from conflicting claims, his widow, Anne of France, gave Susannah in marriage to the young Montpensier, who immediately assumed the style and dignity of Duke of Bourbon. This is the celebrated Constable Bourbon, who, living in an age crowded with memorable events—the disruption of the papal power by Luther; the gigantic efforts of Charles V. to bring the continent of Europe under his sway—made himself heard and felt for a brief space amidst all the din and tumult of the world. His military talents were of a high order, and these were devoted to the service of France as long as its rulers sufficiently rewarded the devotion of the successful soldier. But when the king—instigated, as some have it, by his mother, the Duchess d'Angoulême, whom Bourbon, we are told, treated slightly—dismissed him from his command, and otherwise injured him, the celebrated hero turned his sword against his country, and helped Charles V. to win the battle of Pavia, in which Francis I. was made prisoner, suffering afterwards a long confinement at Madrid. But the action which shines with the greatest brilliancy of war-tinsel in this Constable of Bourbon's history, was his march through the Apennines upon Rome, at the head of a large army of ruffians of various nations—Germans, Italians, Spaniards ('Bourbon's Black Banditti')—after plundering and desolating other parts of Italy. Arrived before the walls of a city incapable of successful defence, and of which the weakness, if not its great memories, ought to shield from violence, the chivalrous Bourbon ordered an assault, which was successful, though himself was struck down by a musket-shot as he ascended a scaling-ladder. The instinct of conquest could only in him be extinguished with life; and fearing his soldiers might be dispirited if they heard of his fall, he ordered a cloak to be thrown over his body, so that his death might be concealed. Murder, pillage, every species of violence and outrage, followed the storming of the city of Rome—the last and greatest exploit of the 'renowned' and 'illustrious' Constable of Bourbon. The science of

proper names, there can be no doubt, is as yet in its infancy. Lord Byron in his 'Deformed Transformed' makes a hero of this Charles de Bourbon. One of the *dramatis personæ*, Arnold, says the Constable 'o'erlooked the world, and saw no equal;' while the devil, who, in the disguise of the deformed Cæsar, is another of the noble poet's personages, says 'Good-night, Lord Constable; thou wert a man!'—and one, we should think, very much after the speaker's own heart.

Of all the branches of the royal family, time had only respected those of Valois, Alençon, and Bourbon; and at the death of the great Constable, Charles, Duke of Vendôme, who had married one of the co-heiresses of the Duke d'Alençon, became the head of the House of Bourbon. From his eldest son, Antoine de Bourbon, descend the Bourbons of France, Spain, and Naples, including the Orleans branch; and from his youngest son Louis, first Prince of Condé, the now extinct line of Condé and Conti.

Antoine de Bourbon espoused Jeanne, daughter and heiress of Henry d'Albret, king of Navarre, and a Huguenot or Calvinist. A son was the issue of this marriage, who, after many years of desolating warfare, became, by the extinction of the male line of Valois, and his own solemn renunciation of the reformed faith in which he had been reared, Henry IV. of France, and the first of the Bourbon kings. The memory of this monarch, one can hardly tell why, is still held in some respect in France, and not solely by Legitimists. The present titular Henry V. invokes the memory of his ancestral namesake much more frequently than he does that of St Louis; and the famous air of the once national song, 'Vive Henri Quatre,' was greatly relied upon by the restored family to keep alive the fainting loyalty of the troops sent to oppose the advance of Napoleon on his return from Elba. The success of the exertions of the regimental bands was not, as we are all aware, commensurate with their zeal and industry. One verse of this same song gives the character of Henri Quatre very pithily—

'Ce diable à quatre
A le triple talent
De boire et de battre,
Et d'être le vert galant !'

Of such stuff were the heroes made whom France, in the sixteenth century, delighted to honour. If, however, the life of this king was chiefly spent in drinking, fighting, and courting, he had the sagacity to discern and employ an able minister—the illustrious Sully—whose administration of the business of the kingdom was marked alike by moderation, energy, and prudence. For upwards of thirty years previous to Henry IV.'s accession in 1589, France had been the theatre and prey of anarchy and strife: Catholic and Protestant warred with each other in the desecrated name of One who ever returned cursing by blessing, and who never stretched forth His hand but to heal and save! This was the era of the war of the League—of the massacre of St Bartholomew, one of the darkest spots in the annals of France. The personages who stand out most prominently in the foreground of the hideous hurly-burly, are Catherine de Medicis, the Guises, the king of Navarre, afterwards Henry IV., Coligny, and the Prince of Condé; and twice we discern the graceful form and beautiful face of Mary, Queen of Scots, flit across the troubled scene—once in her bridal robes as

Queen of France and spouse of Francis II.; next in the insignia of widowhood, on her return to Scotland, escorted by her uncles, the Guises. The king of Navarre and the Prince of Condé were the chief leaders of the Huguenots; neither of them reflected any honour on a struggle for the rights of conscience. The monarch's character has been already sufficiently intimated; and Condé appears to have been a duodecimo edition, physically considered, of his stalwart sovereign and kinsman, both in his pursuits and in his popularity. A quatrain published at the time thus speaks of him—

‘ That little man so pleasant looks—
Always chatting, always joking,
And always kissing where he can.
God save from ill that little man ! ’

How lamentably a near view detracts from the brilliancy of the halo which at a distance appears to encircle such high-sounding names as Henri Quatre, Condé, and similar heroes! Those who love to dwell amid illusions should be careful not to disturb the ‘ awful hoar ’ which time, with charitable tenderness, strews over the memories of such men: they should leave them alone with their glory.

Jeanne d’Albret of Navarre, Henry IV.’s mother, appears to have been a woman of firmness and principle; and these qualities in such an age of venality and crime excuse the apparent bigotry with which they were associated. To the intreaties of Catherine de Medicis that, for her son’s sake, she would conform to the religion of the great majority of the French people, Jeanne replied: ‘ Madame, if I had my son and my kingdom in my hand, I would throw them both to the bottom of the sea sooner than go to mass!’ Her son, we have seen, was made of less determined stuff; but his solemn conformation to the Catholic church did not, it appears, efface from the minds of some of the more zealous fanatics of the communion he had hesitatingly joined the memory of his original heresy; and he was stabbed to the heart in his coach on the 14th of May 1610, by one Ravallac, who was instigated, it was said, to the crime by the Jesuits. Ravallac was put to death by the most frightful torments.

Henry IV. was succeeded by his son Louis XIII., a boy of nine years of age, whose mother, Mary of Medicis, held the office of regent during his minority. During this reign France was governed for many years by the masterly genius and iron will of Cardinal Richelieu, who carried on the work commenced by Louis XI., of crushing the nobility into subjection to the crown, and establishing one great, overwhelming, irresponsible authority in France—that of the monarch. That Richelieu effected a great service in even partially trampling under foot baronial and knightly jurisdictions there can be little doubt; his error or his crime was, that he did not provide for the permanence and beneficial operation of his work by bucklering the just authority of the crown and the liberties of the great body of the people with the power of a representative assembly, of which a sufficient model existed on this side of the Channel. The great cardinal did but half his work; and the *noblesse*, crowding into the antechambers of the king, soon regained by sycophancy and intrigue the power to oppress and dominate the people, which they had temporarily lost. This mistake of Richelieu—for there can be no question that he was sincerely devoted

to what he believed to be the glory and interest of France—proved ultimately as fatal to the monarchy and *noblesse* as to the people. The once-celebrated parliaments of Paris were reduced by the cardinal to worse than insignificance, for he coerced them into becoming the most contemptibly-servile adulators of the occupant of the throne it is possible to conceive. On the occasion of holding, 13th August 1631, a 'bed of justice,' as it was termed—that is, a sitting holden to register the royal decrees—the president of the parliament thus addressed his majesty: 'Sire, kings are the visible gods of men, as God is the invisible King of men! God is seated on high, to protect those who are below, and also to command them: His functions are identical with those of the kings of the earth!' In Richelieu, the cardinal of Rome was equally conspicuous as the minister of the French crown. The Huguenots were repressed with a stern, inexorable severity. The siege of Rochelle, their head-quarters, which the English Duke of Buckingham so disgracefully failed to relieve, was urged and concluded under the personal superintendence of the ubiquitous minister. Richelieu greatly embellished Paris—the Palais-Royal, so long the residence of the Orleans family, was built by him. He also founded the French Academy, with the view, it is asserted—but the motive appears to be as inadequate as it is preposterously contemptible and absurd—to elicit an adverse criticism on the Cid; Corneille having been heard to express a slighting opinion of a youthful dramatic folly of the cardinal. The infant printing-press during Richelieu's rule could only put forth its nascent powers under his guidance and direction; and to the last moment of his existence every faculty of his mind was exerted to curb and bend alike nobles and people under an unreasoning, haughty, irresponsible, but, as he understood it, paternal and beneficent despotism.

Anne of Austria, the wife of Louis XIII., bore her husband a son in the twenty-third year of their marriage. This event, which the nation had ceased to hope for, was esteemed an especial favour of Divine Providence, and the child was greeted with the appellation of 'Dieu-Donné' ('God-Given'). This Heaven-born son succeeded to the throne in 1643, when only five years of age, under the title of Louis XIV. Anne of Austria's second son, born not long after her first child, was the progenitor of the present family of Orleans. The regency of the kingdom devolved during the minority of Louis XIV. on Anne his mother; but her authority was disputed, the country was again distracted by civil tumult, and the war of the Fronde—a blind, misdirected effort chiefly of the people of Paris to rid themselves of an unqualified and onerous despotism, which appeared to them to be incarnated in the person of the hated minister Condé—desolated a considerable portion of France. It was at last appeased. The chiefs made the best bargains for themselves they could; and all the people gained by the strife was a large addition to the hoarded elements of hate and vengeance slowly accumulating for a great and terrible day of final reckoning. This great Prince of Condé held his allegiance to his country as lightly as did the illustrious Constable Bourbon. In order to avenge real or supposed injuries and affronts offered him by the court, he made no scruple to ally himself with Spain, and make war upon France. He was forgiven—the French people whose relatives he had slain were of course not consulted—and he was employed with the famous Turenne to illustrate the glory of

France by making war upon her less powerful neighbours. He had the pleasure of seeing how Cromwell's veterans fought at the taking of Dunkirk, where about 4000 of those iron soldiers overthrew the then celebrated Spanish infantry almost without an effort, and carried at a run an entrenchment which the great Marshal Turenne had a few hours previously pronounced impregnable. This Dunkirk, Oliver, an entirely practical man, kept for the pains he had taken in its acquirement. Charles II. afterwards sold it for a certain number of pounds sterling. The unprincipled ambition of Louis XIV., seconded by the warlike energy of the French people, and the genius of his famous marshals, continued triumphantly in the ascendant for many desolating years; and it was not till Great Britain, under the leadership of Marlborough, entered resolutely into the contest, that the aggressive tide was effectually turned, and the haughty invader of other states was taught to tremble for the safety and integrity of his own. The victories of Malplaquet, Ramilies, and Blenheim, broke the military power of France; and it was only by a change of ministry in England, brought about by the agency of Abigail Masham, Queen Anne's waiting-woman, that Marlborough's apparition upon the heights of Montmartre was prevented. Louis obtained a peace much more favourable to France than her ruler had a right to expect; but the false glitter of his reign was effaced, and as the phantasm of glory faded from before the eyes of the French people, they awoke to a sense of the incalculable evils of a reign which, having endured seventy-two years, left the country, after all its prodigious expenditure of blood and treasure, in debt to the then almost fabulous amount of £140,000,000 sterling. Louis XIV., once so idolised, expired amidst the scarcely suppressed murmurs and execrations of his subjects, bequeathing an inheritance of danger and difficulty to his successor, which nothing but the wisest forethought, the most consummate prudence could hope to dissipate or overcome. These qualities were not found in his grandson Louis XV., and the throne of the Bourbons visibly tottered to its fall. Louis XIV. raised the permanent taxes of France to the enormous annual sum of 750,000,000 francs, or £30,000,000 sterling. He also organised and perfected the destructive system of constantly maintaining an immense military force, whereby a correspondingly onerous necessity is imposed on all surrounding states; so that since his time peace has been only an armed truce between nations—a policy well-nigh as injurious to the finances, and consequently to the prosperity and progress of a people, as actual war. This Louis is known in the histories of legitimate France as emphatically 'Le Grand Monarque.'

One of the motives which excited the hostility of Great Britain against the French monarch remains to be explained. The ceaseless craving for personal aggrandisement which characterised Louis XIV.—for France, in the arrogant king's opinion, was synonymous with himself—'L'Etat! C'est moi!'—induced him to aim at compassing by every art which unscrupulous rulers believe themselves privileged to employ for the furtherance of an ambitious purpose, the substitution of a Bourbon for an Austrian dynasty on the throne of Spain. This darling object was at last accomplished. The last king of Spain of the Austrian line nominated, by a will extorted from him by the menaces and cajoleries of Louis, and the solemn councils of the pope, the

Duke of Anjou, Louis XIV.'s grandson, to succeed him as king of Spain. The actual accession of the Duke of Anjou, under the title of Philip V., naturally aroused the fears and kindled the resentment of statesmen accustomed to look upon the conservation of the 'balance of power' in Europe as the best means of securing the independence of its several states. Louis XIV. gave colour to the fears which beset the minds of men who regarded the more or less intimate connection of royal families as an essential element in the union and friendship of nations, by a sentence in his speech to his grandson, when the new king of Spain took public leave of him: '*Il n'y a plus de Pyrénées!*'—('The Pyrenees no longer exist!') exclaimed the vain-glorious monarch; and war was eagerly waged to prevent the realisation, or to resent the utterance, of one of the silliest boasts that ever fell from the lips of self-glorifying vanity. The ultimate result was, that in the final treaty of peace it was solemnly agreed that one prince should not be at the same time king of France and Spain. Lord Palmerston, in his protests against the Spanish marriages, gives a wider signification to the conditions of the treaty. He insists that its essential intent and meaning was to forbid any future more intimate connection than what already existed between the French and Spanish Bourbons; and spite of M. Guizot's clever special pleading, there can be little doubt that the British minister is right. Whether it was worth while to discuss with so much heat and seriousness an incident which, in the present age of the world, could scarcely have any serious result, is of course another affair. M. Guizot certainly proclaimed at the French tribune that the marriage of M. de Montpensier with the Spanish Infanta was the grandest thing France had, unaided, effected for many long years; but a less sagacious man than Lord Palmerston, one would suppose, might have contented himself with a quiet smile at such a vaunt instead of flying into a passion about it.

The ambition of the Bourbon family was not even satisfied by the acquisition of Spain. The crown of the Two Sicilies was obtained by war for Philip V.'s second son, Charles; so that France, Spain, and Naples had now become the dominion of this aspiring race! At the death of Ferdinand VI. without issue in 1759, the crown of Spain devolved on his brother, already king of the Two Sicilies. That monarch, setting aside his eldest son as imbecile, nominated his second, Charles, to succeed him in Spain, and bestowed the crown of Naples on Ferdinand, his third son. The treaty of Vienna had provided that the crowns of Spain and Naples should remain separate; and by that of Aix-la-Chapelle the duchies of Parma and Placentia were confirmed to another personage of the same fortunate family, Don Philip, who had espoused Marie, daughter of the duke of those petty territories. The Spanish and Neapolitan Bourbons are therefore the lineal descendants of Louis XIV. through his grandson the Duke of Anjou, the first Bourbon king of Spain.

Louis XV. succeeded his grandfather on the French throne while still a child. The regency, during the king's minority, was conferred on Philip, Duke of Orleans, son of the late king's brother. The mask of outward decency which the superstitious instincts—they cannot be called religious sentiments—of Louis XIV., and the prudery of Madame de Maintenon, had obliged the court to wear during the latter years of the previous

reign, was during this regency cast contemptuously aside; and a spectacle of unblushing profligacy was exhibited, to which the annals of civilised society afford no parallel. This, too, was the era of Law's famous Mississippi juggle. A universal torrent of venality and corruption threatened to sweep away every vestige of nobleness and virtue, and to convert the palaces of the Most Christian King into haunts of the lowest, the most demoralising licentiousness and vice. We forbear even to recapitulate the names of the persons who figured during this regency and the succeeding reign as the coroneted, diademed incarnations of the scandalous manners of the time. It is a spectacle from which we gladly avert our eyes; but in order to show those who may still be deceived by the ornate eloquence which has been employed to gild over the licentiousness of a state of society in which we are told 'vice lost half its evil by losing all its grossness,' we supply a few passages from the 'Memoirs of the Court of Louis XIV.,' by the Duchess of Orleans, the mother of the regent, published after her death. She thus speaks of the magnificent king himself, Louis the Great, as he is usually styled:—'Louis XIV., as all the rest of the family, with the exception of my son, hated reading. Neither the king nor Monsieur had been taught anything: they scarcely knew how to read or write. He (the king) had natural wit, but was extremely ignorant; and so much ashamed of it, that it became the fashion of his courtiers to turn learned men into ridicule.' The Revocation of the Edict of Nantes was a natural consequence of the superstitious bigotry of this great Bourbon. 'It is impossible,' writes the duchess, 'for a man to be more ignorant of religion than the king was. I cannot understand how his mother the queen could have brought him up with so little knowledge on this subject. That old Maintenon and Père la Chaise had persuaded him that all the sins he had committed would be pardoned, if he persecuted and extirpated the professors of the reformed religion, and that this was the only path to Heaven. The poor king believed it fervently, and the persecution commenced. He was earnest enough himself, and it was not his fault that hypocrisy reigned at court.' One or two extracts will sufficiently illustrate the *refinement* of manners prevalent in the '*vielle cour*':—'The Duchess of Bourbon can drink very copiously without being affected: her daughters would fain imitate her, but they soon get tipsy, and cannot control themselves as their mother does. Madame de Montespan and her eldest daughter could drink a large quantity of wine without being affected by it. I have seen them drink six bumpers of strong Turin Rosa Solis, beside the wine they had taken before: I expected to see them fall under the table; but, on the contrary, it affected them no more than a draught of water.' 'Three years before her death the dauphiness changed greatly for the better: she played no more foolish tricks, and left off drinking to excess. Instead of that untameable manner which she had before, she became polite and sensible, kept up her dignity, and did not permit the younger ladies to be too familiar with her by dipping their fingers into her dish, rolling upon the bed, and similar elegancies.' Law, it appears from these memoirs, had submitted his scheme to Louis XIV.; but the tempting bait was rejected, not from any penetration of its impudent absurdity by the king, but, as his majesty himself assured the duchess, 'because Law was not a Roman

Catholic, and therefore he ought not to confide in him.' Mined and hollow as was the ground under the French court and aristocracy, the thin surface upon which they danced, frolicked, laughed away their lives, gave as yet no token of the volcano slumbering beneath. 'Mr Law,' says the Duchess of Orleans, 'has taken refuge in the Palais-Royal. The populace have done him no harm, but his coachman has been pelted on his return, and the carriage broken to pieces. I heard the people talking. They said nothing against my son, and bestowed benedictions on me.' If this be true, a more patient, long-suffering, charitable people than the French—of this period at least—could nowhere be found.

The reign of Louis XV. was one continued downward progress towards utter confusion and ruin in every department of the state. Imprisonments in the Bastille, and other of the king's castles—to use Mr Burke's respectful expression when writing regretfully of the violent destruction of that place of sighs—ordered by royal *lettres-de-cachet*, or sealed orders from the king, grew and multiplied: the use of these letters *ad libitum* was one of the most valued privileges of the favourite lady of the court. The noblesse, as in the rampant days of feudalism, claiming entire exemption from the burthens of the state, except military and naval service, the chief grades of which they monopolised, preyed upon the people, who bore all the public charges, without let or hindrance. Unfortunate people! so truly described in those days as one 'taillable et corvéable à merci et à miséricorde;' whose wives and daughters were to be frequently seen yoked like oxen to the plough, whilst the sons and daughters of idleness and vanity were trifling away their lives in the perfumed atmosphere of a corrupt and licentious court; and still more unfortunate, that there appeared to be no peaceful issue from the gulf of misery and degradation into which they were trampled; and that the only course left, if they would not remain plunged therein for ever, was, like that of Milton's Evil Spirit towards Paradise, through Chaos accompanied by Sin and Death!

This king was not without able advisers, who, had he listened to them, might perhaps have averted the ruin which all men clearly saw was swiftly gathering for the near future; but the Bourbon race seemed doomed—'Ephraim is given to idols—let him alone!' Choiseul, a sagacious man who had endured much, could not submit to the Dubarry domination, and threw up his employments in uncontrollable disgust. The catastrophe was at hand. The small-pox carried off Louis XV. after a brief illness: his body was hurried, without the slightest royal pomp or ceremonial, to the tomb; and his grandson, Louis XVI., encumbered and weighed down by the debts and sins of his predecessors—of the two last especially—ascended the Bourbon throne. A king more unsuited to the evil days on which he had fallen than this amiable, well-intentioned sovereign, never assumed the diadem. The necessities of his position required a man of inflexible will, of eagle discernment, of iron courage and resolution; and he, unfortunate prince! was plastic as wax, weak as infancy itself in the hands of those he esteemed and trusted—of his wife especially. And Marie Antoinette, with all her early foibles and vanities, if compared with those who had preceded her in that court—or indeed judged by any standard, for it is an insult to the memory of the royal and most unhappy wife and mother to suggest such a comparison—was a pure-hearted, high-

minded woman, upon whose memory, spite of the malignant industry of her calumniators, there rests no imputation save that of a thoughtless gaiety of speech and manners—very bitterly expiated!

We need not recount the steps which led swiftly and directly to the abyss. Cooler and wiser heads than those of Louis XVI. and his consort would have lost their balance amidst the tumultuous and hourly-increasing rage and fury of the at last uprisen people. Many causes have been assigned by ingenious commentators to account for this sudden frenzy, as they term it, of the French nation. The comedies of Beaumarchais, the mocking persiflage of Voltaire, the Contrat-Social of Rousseau, the speculations of the Encyclopedists, were, we are sometimes gravely told, the agencies which brought about the terrible convulsion. Without denying that these writings might have produced some effect upon those who read them, it seems difficult to comprehend how they could have stirred and inflamed the passions of the raging multitudes who *really* made the revolution, not one in a hundred of whom could read, or had ever heard of them! No—it was not irreverent persiflage, it was not dreamy speculations upon the origin of society, which kindled that consuming fire: it was the squalor of the ragged peasant in contrast with the effeminate splendour of the privileged noble—the pallid faces and wasted forms of the innumerable wretches who, according to the testimony of all impartial witnesses, prowled, famine and fever-stricken, through the highways and byways of the land—the hopeless, helpless degradation and poverty of the great body of the French people—the corruption and heartlessness of the mass of the privileged orders in both church and state—this was the burning irony, this the bitter writing traced in characters as huge as death and ruin, which the multitude read with flaming eyes, and sprang madly, blindly to their feet to revenge and to efface—

‘The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to scourge us.’

Yet, except it were a crime in Louis XVI. that he was wanting in the energy and ability required to even partially atone for and repair the errors and follies of his race, *he* had done nothing worthy of bonds, much less of death. He had not, like Charles I. of England, made war upon his people, sought to destroy their liberties, endeavoured to convert a constitutional crown into an absolute one! But this is not the place to discuss the general question of the French Revolution: the personal fortunes of the Bourbon family mainly concern us in these pages. The trial of Louis, passively defending himself before the executioners of the Convention by a mild placidity and benevolence of aspect against which the epithets of ‘tyrant,’ ‘despot,’ strike blunt and innocuous, appears, viewed by itself, a sad and terrible position for the head of so illustrious a race to be placed in; but in comparison with that assumed by another Bourbon, Philip, Duke of Orleans, the father of Louis-Philippe, who ascended the tribune of the hall of judgment, and with unfaltering voice said, ‘I vote for death!’ it is one to exult and glory in. Egalité would have added *reasons* for his judgment—did, it is said; but they were unheard amidst the abhorrent murmurs of an assembly who, albeit they sympathised with Marat and Maximilian Robes-

pierre, had hearts, many of them at least, that yet vibrated to *some* touch of human feeling.

The death of the king was followed by the still more utterly inexcusable and detestable execution of the queen; and then justice was done upon D'Orleans. His son, the young Duke of Chartres, involved somewhat in Dumouriez' intrigues, happily escaped; and the only Bourbon remaining in the power of the revolutionists was the youthful son of the slain monarch, and on him was inflicted their fullest measure of vengeance, by the hands of a ruffian whose mission it was to dwarf, debase, and crush the mind and spirit of the young prince: happily in the process the frail tenement of earth gave way, and the husk and shell of what had once been the heir of France alone remained in the power of the brutal jailor.

Upwards of twenty years of exile had passed over the heads of the expatriated Bourbons, when the reaction consequent upon the devouring ambition and unprincipled violence of Bonaparte drove that remorseless despot from the French throne, and replaced the Bourbons in the vacated chair. During the long interval that had elapsed since the execution of Louis XVI., only one incident in the fortunes of the French Bourbons requires notice in this place: this was the assassination of the Duke d'Enghien, seized in the neutral territory of Baden by order of Bonaparte, and, by that potentate's directions, shot at the castle of Vincennes the night after his capture. For this atrocity not the slightest excuse of any worth has ever been offered by the Emperor's apologists; and in sooth it was scarcely worth while to attempt a defence; for what matters *one* spot more or less on the crimson imperial-robe? This young prince—he was thirty-two years of age—is said to have been a very amiable person, and to have entertained in a high degree the admiration of the conquering exploits of the French ruler, which still faintly lingers in the world. With him the race of Condé became virtually extinct, although his father, the Duke of Bourbon, survived till 1830. The military council nominated by Murat, by whose immediate order he was slain, was presided over by one Guiton, a general of brigade. The chief accusation against the unfortunate young man, in support of which no evidence whatever, written or oral, was produced, was, that he had leagued himself with the English government—'enemy of France'—to assassinate Bonaparte, and to assist in the invasion of that country by the said government—'enemy of France.' This phrase varies in the act of accusation from the old style, which used to be, the English government as incarnated in Mr Pitt, 'enemy of the human race' (*ennemi du genre humain*). Its general inimity had, it seems, become localised. The Duke d'Enghien died in the twelfth year of the Republic, month Ventose—that is, March 1804.

'There is only one Frenchman the more!' said Louis XVIII., when he again found himself at the Tuileries; and truly, if to place *him* there had been the object of such gigantic effort and waste of gallant lives, an end less worthy of the means employed could scarcely be conceived. But in truth the replacement of the Bourbons on the throne of France formed no part of the policy of this country in the determined, immitigable war which it waged against Napoleon. The object of the war was pithily indicated in Lord Eldon's reply when asked what England had gained by the result

of the contest? 'England has gained,' replied the learned lord, 'all that she has not lost.' It was not only an enormous indiscretion, therefore, but a puerile vanity in the Bourbons to represent the attack upon France as having been undertaken with no other purpose than to thrust *them* upon a reluctant people. Their succession was the incidental consequence of the expulsion of Bonaparte; but, assuredly, to reinvest them with the sovereignty of France formed no part of the war-policy of Great Britain. Being there, however, by the grace of circumstances, it behoved them, if they could, to maintain their position. Unfortunately, before Louis XVIII. had well settled himself in the unaccustomed seat, Napoleon returned, and the Bourbons were compelled to set out on their travels once more. Only one member of the family, the Duchess d'Angoulême—the sole man among them, Bonaparte used to say—made any courageous effort to withstand the torrent which was once more sweeping them into exile. The duchess—a daughter of Louis XVI.—harangued the troops at Bordeaux, and passionately invoked St Louis, Henri Quatre, and other glories of old France. It would not do: the days of chivalry were gone: no swords leaped from their scabbards in answer to her eloquent appeals, and the royal lady perforce embarked once more for England. But the eagle's flight, audacious as it seemed, was this time feeble and transitory. Waterloo, the grave and monument of the imperial fortunes, was lost and won; and Louis XVIII., the Count d'Artois, the Duke and Duchess d'Angoulême, and the Duke de Berri, were once more in Paris. Louis XVIII. has the reputation—how acquired it would be difficult to say—of ability, or at least cleverness. At all events he was not quite so unteachable by experience as other members of his family, as the charter he promulgated (*la charte octroyée*) sufficiently testifies. The representative government established by that celebrated instrument was not so broadly based as might have been wished; still, it was an immense advance from the leaden chains and fetters of the imperial régime, gilded as they might be by the rays of a false and fantastic glory. In his foreign policy Louis showed himself to be as selfish and incorrigible as any of his race, and anxious rather to promote the power and splendour of his House than the interests, prosperity, and freedom of France. The Spanish people having, as they unquestionably had a right to do, improvised a new constitution, the French armies advanced into the Iberian peninsula in 1822 to the relief of Ferdinand the Beloved, monarch of that country, in whose opinion the new constitution was subversive of many of his royal Bourbon rights. The invading troops were commanded by the Duke d'Angoulême; and the hero of the Trocadero, besides emblazoning that great victory upon the roll which records the military triumphs of France, had the satisfaction of restoring his absolute crown to the Spanish Bourbon. This scandalous violation of national independence was defended and excused by the showy periods and shining sophisms of M. le Vicomte de Châteaubriand, at that time French minister for foreign affairs.

Previous to this military exploit two events occurred which alternately depressed with sorrow and elevated with joy the elder Bourbons and their partisans. The Duke de Berri, who married Caroline of Naples, sister to Maria Christina, the present queen-mother of Spain, had taken leave of his wife at the entrance of the Opera-House, which she had just left, and

was himself returning to his seat, when he was stabbed with a stiletto by a man of the name of Louvel. The unfortunate prince was carried into one of the saloons of the Opera-House, where he soon afterwards expired in great agony. This event occurred on the 14th February 1820. Louvel was secured, and subsequently executed. On the 29th of September in the same year the widow of the murdered prince gave birth to a male child, whose advent into the world was hailed with delirious joy by the Royalists, whose exultation took several extravagant forms of expression. Like Louis XIV., the infant was hailed as the especial 'Gift of God;' and at the baptismal font, in addition to his first name of Henri, he received the appellation of Dieu-Donné. His precise designation, as given by the orthodox Almanach de Saxe-Gotha, is Prince Henri-Charles-Ferdinand-Marie-Dieu-Donné d'Artois, Duc de Bourdeaux. This event was nearly contemporaneous with the death of the ex-emperor at St Helena, and a number of the diplomatic body, in an address to his grandfather, afterwards Charles X., were pleased to style the young Duke of Bordeaux the 'Child of Europe'—inasmuch as he was, in their judgment, a pledge of monarchical stability, and a guarantee against any future revolution in France. It will be long apparently before diplomatists cast aside the traditions of their craft which connect the peace and stability of states with the births, marriages, and deaths of princely families. The Royalists recorded their satisfaction in a very substantial and gratifying manner: they subscribed to purchase an estate for the infant prince, the name of which has lately supplied him with a convenient title—that of the Count de Chambord.

Louis XVIII. died in 1824, and was succeeded by his brother Charles X. In the month of July 1830—after a protracted parliamentary struggle, initiated by the king's appointment of an ultra-royalist ministry, at the head of which was the Prince Polignac—the famous ordinances appeared in the 'Moniteur,' by which the constitution granted by Louis XVIII. was revoked by a stroke of his successor's pen, and a government of pure, kingly *will* sought to be established in its stead. After three days' bloody but unavailing struggle in the streets of Paris, Charles X. with his family withdrew, escorted by the troops remaining faithful to him, to Rambouillet. The Parisians followed, and at first appeared anxious to attack him there. The king, to his honour be it said, refused to permit his troops to assault the people; feeling, doubtless, that no triumph he could achieve in such a combat could permanently win back his crown, and that it was useless to spill more blood in a vain effort. A negotiation ensued, and the dethroned king, who—with the sanction and concurrence of the Duke d'Angoulême, who declared that he renounced all worldly pomps and dignities at the foot of the cross—had previously abdicated in favour of the Duke de Bordeaux, agreed to leave the country by stated marches in a given direction. He did so, leisurely and slowly. There is an air of dignity in this deliberate departure of the gray, discrowned king, holding his grandson by the hand, supported on the arm of the heroic daughter of Louis XVI., and escorted by his household troops, which contrasts favourably with a more recent royal flight. The young prince, only about ten years of age, it is minutely recorded, was greatly affected by the weight of the shadowy crown thus devolved upon him, shed a flood of tears, and did not during the entire day partake of any of his ordinary amuse-

ments. The captain of the guard received his orders, by the direction of Charles X., from the juvenile and imaginary sovereign, during the remainder of the journey.

The march was withal a very melancholy one. The contrast between the compelled adulation which had been offered not long before to the Duke and Duchess d'Angoulême, when journeying in royal state through the very portion of France they were now traversing with lingering steps and slow, with the always sullen, and not infrequently openly insulting, aversion manifested by the populace, surprised and saddened the duchess. 'Ah, mon Dieu!' she frequently exclaimed; 'quelle différence!' The lesson came too late.

The ex-king's escort took leave of him at the place of embarkation; and Charles, with his family and suite, proceeded to England, where he for a short time took up his abode at Lulworth Castle, Dorsetshire, spontaneously placed at his disposal by the generous feeling of Mr Weld, an English Catholic gentleman. He did not remain there long, in consequence, it was said, of nervous apprehension lest—Lulworth Castle being so near the sea-coast—the youthful heir of France should be seized and spirited away. This morbid anxiety was not relieved, the 'Sherborne Journal' remarked, by the presence of a police officer, who had been latterly appointed to watch and counteract any project of the sort that might be entertained by the usurping government of France. The dethroned monarch, the Duke de Bordeaux, and suite, next embarked at Poole for Scotland, and proceeded to Edinburgh, where they resided in the palace of Holyrood for nearly two years. While sojourning in this northern capital, the young Duke de Bordeaux was constantly surrounded by a body of attendants, who, whenever he appeared abroad, clustered round him in real or affected dread of a design to assassinate him, charitably attributed to Louis-Philippe, Duke of Orleans, and then possessor of the recently-vacated throne of France, under the title of Louis-Philippe, the first King of the French.

The life of the remarkable personage who had thus, as it were, picked up the tarnished diadem of France from amidst the dust of the streets of Paris, had before this crowning event been one of considerable vicissitude. Trained in his boyhood by the unreal and sentimental formularies of Madame de Genlis, his youth found him gazing in terrified amazement, and reluctant, half-voluntary admiration at the volcanic outburst of the Revolution. Whether to flee from or attempt to make friends with the prodigy that had sprung up, as it were, from the bowels of the earth, would have puzzled—looking at the magnitude of the stake at issue—wiser heads than his father's or even his own. They both at length resolved to be friends with the monster; and doffing their coronets, stretched out trembling hands in token of friendship and esteem. Their advances were civilly received. Egalité, as he was self-entitled, entered the Convention, where we have seen him; the Duke de Chartres obtained a commission in the Republican army, and served with reputation at the cannonade of Valmy and the combat at Jemappes. The death by guillotine of his father warned the future King of the French that the air of France was dangerous to royalty, trick itself out as it might in the trappings of republicanism, and the prince wisely galloped across the frontier—his only present

resources a stout heart, a fair education, and habits of industry. In order to live till a supply of money could be obtained, the youthful Duke of Orleans taught mathematics in the college of the Grisons, Switzerland. From thence he was after a time driven by the jealousy of the French Directory. So it is said; but the probability is that he voluntarily discontinued teaching the instant he had received remittances from the wealthy and powerful members of his princely family, still seated on the thrones of Spain and Naples, and otherwise occupying splendid positions in the world. Louis-Philippe now set off on his much-talked-of travels; and here we must observe, for the encouragement of the sensitive reader, that there is nothing in the slightest degree alarming or dangerous in the youthful adventures of his majesty Louis-Philippe; and but for the rank of the wandering prince, nothing at all in them interesting, novel, or exciting. He visited Sweden, Denmark, Norway, looked at the famous Maelström, and reached in a northerly direction to within thirteen degrees of the pole. In 1796 he crossed over to the United States in company with his two younger brothers, and explored it in various directions. He saw and conversed with Washington, and paid a visit to the Duke of Kent at Halifax. He then returned to Europe, and took up his abode—a very pleasant one—at Twickenham in England. There is evidently nothing in all this to excite the tear of sensibility. It has, on the contrary, rather an inviting aspect, tempting those who have the means to go and do likewise. While residing in England, the Duke of Orleans sought and obtained an interview with Stanislas-Zavier, Count of Provence, then titular, and afterwards *de facto*, Louis XVIII. of France. This prince had taken up his abode at Hartwell, Buckinghamshire, after having been expelled, in consequence of the treaty of Tilsit, from the territory of the emperor of all the Russias, where he had resided at Mittau in Courland. In fact Great Britain was the sole refuge in those days left to persons distasteful to the French Emperor; and it is a proud boast that this country never, amid the compelled and general subserviency of Europe, stooped for an instant from her defiant, unquailing attitude—

‘Still, as in olden time,
Sheltering within her dreadless arms
Exiles of every clime’—

albeit that she stood alone and amid ruins. A curious and significant anecdote relative to this interview found its way a few days ago into the public prints. The ‘London Morning Chronicle’ of June 12 published the following extract from a memorandum purporting to have been written by the late Duke of Buckingham:—‘When Louis XVIII. was at Stowe, the then Duke of Orleans (Louis-Philippe), whom he had not admitted to his presence since the period of the Revolution, came to Stowe, and saw his uncle for the first time. My father and I were present at the meeting in the library. We, too, stood at the fireplace near the print-room. Louis and his nephew walked up and down the library conversing for some time. At length, just as they came opposite the table near the print-room door, we heard a clatter and noise, and turning round I saw the Duke of Orleans, on his knees before his uncle, seize his hand, and I heard him say, “Ah, *mon oncle!* I ask pardon of my king, of God, and man, for

having worn that accursed (maudit) national cockade." Louis XVIII. raised him up saying, "C'est bien mon neveu, c'est bien je te pardonne." I can point to the very spot on the floor where this happened.'

Lord Nugent, the brother of the late Duke of Buckingham, wrote on the following day to the 'Chronicle,' impugning the authenticity of the memorandum, chiefly on the very questionable ground that Louis XVIII. and the Duke of Orleans could never have addressed each other as uncle and nephew. True; but it does not therefore follow that the Duke of Buckingham, while accurately relating the substance of what occurred, might not have committed such a blunder. Lord Nugent, from his own recollection, gives another version of the interview. 'Louis XVIII.,' his lordship says, 'did not walk up and down the library with the Duke of Orleans; for at that time Louis was little able, from infirmity and corpulence, to walk farther than from one room to another, and that with difficulty and rarely. I remember perfectly that when the Duke of Orleans entered the room Louis rose from his chair, and the Duke of Orleans dropped on one knee to kiss his hand, in total silence. The king raised him, saying, "Levez vous, mon cousin. Mes malheurs me font pardonner tout." Although I was in my boyhood when I was a witness to this scene, the whole of it, and especially the words used, remain fixed on my memory; so that I can now speak distinctly to the correctness of the statement I am now making. And what impresses above all on me the conviction that my brother could never have given this memorandum as a true narrative of what passed is, that often, and many years after, in talking over the scene with him, I found that we agreed entirely in the contrast we drew between the discretion of the Duke of Orleans in saying nothing, and the exceeding bad taste and feeling of Louis XVIII. in a phrase which implied that it was his misfortunes only that made him forgive his kinsman.'

There is no very important difference in the two versions. The cold dislike and aversion of Louis XVIII. for the Duke of Orleans is more apparent in his lordship's account than in that of the Duke of Buckingham; but one does not well see how the words 'Mes malheurs me font pardonner tout' could have been addressed to a man who did *not* apologise for some real or supposed offence. Whether the duke really expressed *vivâ voce* his hatred of a symbol which must have been as detestable to himself as to the head of the elder House of Bourbon, is of slight moment. It was of course implied, whether spoken or not. At all events, the antipathy constantly manifested by Louis XVIII. to the astute chief of the younger branch of Bourbon was not, as his after-conduct very abundantly proved, in the slightest degree modified by this simulated reconciliation. The distaste of the unwieldy monarch for his comparatively youthful kinsman is by Louis-Philippe's friends stigmatised as an unreasonable prejudice; by the partisans of the elder house it is held to indicate a keen appreciation of character.

After a not very lengthened abode at Twickenham, the exiled duke removed to Malta, with the hope of prolonging the life of his surviving brother, who had been attacked by the fatal disease of consumption. This hope frustrated, he proceeded to Sicily, where his sister Adelaide was residing under the protection of the Neapolitan Bourbons. He there married, on the 25th of November 1809, his amiable consort, Amélie,

daughter of the king of Naples, and thenceforth chiefly resided at Palermo, which he did not finally leave till the overthrow of Bonaparte restored him to France, and placed in his possession the vast domains of his family, which fortunately had not been 'nationalised' during the Revolution.

Certain rather important passages in the life of this prince, while residing in Sicily, familiar to few English readers, have been held by persons not friendly to him to throw a strong and unfavourable light upon his character. The people of Sicily have been long accustomed to look towards Great Britain for ultimate deliverance from the yoke of the Neapolitan Bourbons, always submitted to with profound reluctance. The commercial intercourse between England and Sicily is very considerable; but the circumstance which has of course chiefly directed the attention of Sicilians anxious or actually struggling for freedom towards this country, is the geographical fact of Sicily being an island, and its independence and liberation being therefore to be effected by a serious word from the mistress of the seas—a consummation which no continental state, however powerful on land, could prevent. Various considerations—chiefly, we fear, selfish ones—have from time to time induced successive English ministries to favour this disposition of the Sicilian people; and especially during the terrific struggle with Bonaparte, against whose overwhelming power it was found necessary to sharpen every available weapon, was this not very honourable coquetting manifested. The patriotism of the Sicilians was stimulated, at the instance of Lord William Bentinck, by the promulgation of a constitution, after the approved British pattern of king, lords, and commons. There was of course a vehement struggle between the Absolutists, actively favoured by the court, and the Reformers, or Constitutionalists. Thanks, however, to the British influence, freely exerted by Lord William Bentinck, and especially to the active enthusiasm in the national cause of the Duke of Orleans, who from his position was so able to soften or remove difficulties, the popular cause triumphed. The exultation was unbounded, and in the first blush of it, it was proposed to increase the dowry of the Princess Amélie, then Duchess of Orleans, to nearly five times the amount usually bestowed in such cases—namely, from 5000 to 24,000 ounces, or 300,000 francs (£12,000) per annum. This enormous revenue from such a people was decreed almost unanimously. There were, however, dissentients to this policy amongst the liberal or constitutional party, who expressed themselves with great freedom upon the subject. 'You are the dupes,' they told their chiefs, 'of a liberalism assumed for the occasion (*libéralisme de circonstance*). The Duke of Orleans cares no more for the Sicilian charter than he does for that of China—if the Celestials have one—and has merely simulated devotion to the only party which could effectually help him to the coveted 300,000 francs per annum; and,' they added, 'to expect a Bourbon to be a real friend to liberty and charters is an absurdity.' All this was pronounced to be ungenerous, and calumnious. A change was, however, at hand. The destruction of Napoleon's army in 1813 appearing to render the friendship of Great Britain no longer a question of life or death to the Bourbon royal family, the famous Caroline, queen of Naples and Sicily—her husband was a cipher in the government—directed her energies towards the destruction of the new order of things: a constitution being to her as hateful as

Bonaparte. This is the lady who, whilst her husband's council was sitting to deliberate upon Nelson's request to be permitted to revictual his fleet in the Neapolitan ports—which, from apprehension of the vengeance of the French republican government, towards whom such an act would be a defiance, they determined to refuse—gave Lady Hamilton the written order granting the admiral's request, which so much rejoiced Nelson, and but for which the battle of the Nile could not have been fought. This energetic princess, it is said—but we think erroneously, for she had sense and method in her rage—attempted to organise a plot for the assassination of the English garrison in Palermo, a sort of second edition of the Sicilian vespers, which was discovered and baffled by the English minister. That which is quite certain is, that by a series of well-got-up popular *émeutes*, or riots, she effectually put down the constitutional party, and abrogated the charter. As soon as the crisis became imminent, the chiefs of the liberal party naturally looked for assistance to the Duke of Orleans. They looked in vain; for, unfortunately, at that precise moment his royal highness determined on a voyage to the Ionian Islands. He embarked with his family in a British vessel, and did not return till all was thoroughly over. The comments of the Sicilians upon this inopportune departure were of course angry and vehement, possibly unjust. As to the English ministry—towards whom the Constitutionals turned in their extremity for help—they also were not just then 'i' the vein.' Lord Castlereagh announced that, albeit the British government wished well to Lord William Bentinck's Constitution, they could not undertake to guarantee or to enforce it. And thus the matter for the time ended.

The reputation the duke thus acquired, perhaps unmeritedly, for practical sagacity and aptitude for intrigue, did not cause Louis XVIII. to look less coldly upon him. He appears, however, to have given no tangible cause of offence till the birth of the Duke of Bordeaux, which, by destroying his hope of succession to the crown through the failure of the elder branch of the House of Bourbon, elicited an explosion of passion which but too clearly intimated that if his ambition apparently slept, it was not for that the less dangerous and virile. Statements, of which the source was sufficiently obvious, appeared simultaneously in several English and foreign journals, impugning the genuineness of the Duke de Bordeaux's birth, and quite enough transpired to keep alive the jealousy of a less suspicious man than the then king of France. However, the rumours on the subject gradually died away; and on the accession of Charles X. the Duke of Orleans reappeared at court, and maintained with that personally-amiable monarch the most friendly relations up to the day of his dethronement. The name of the Duke of Orleans soon became, whether with or without his sanction it is perhaps difficult to say positively, the rallying cry of the liberal party; and when the success of the resistance offered to Charles's despotic measures was assured and complete, the leaders of that party turned their regards instinctively and simultaneously towards his royal highness. The duke was first appointed lieutenant-general of the kingdom; and a day or two afterwards he was called to the throne, under paper conditions, which Lafayette and others told the people would assure to them the best of all possible governments—namely, 'a monarchy surrounded by republican institutions.'

The only active repugnance manifested in any part of France to the new authority was by a portion of La Vendée, and that was so speedily and thoroughly pacified with fire and sword by General Lamarque, that when the Duchess de Berri, entering some time afterwards that province in disguise, endeavoured to excite the peasantry to rise in favour of her son, she found them not at all disposed to renew a quarrel in which at all events *they* could be no gainers. The romantic enterprise of the duchess, as it was called—mad, or foolish, would be a better term—failed egregiously; and M. Thiers purchased the secret of the weak lady's retreat from a Jew, to whom it had been intrusted. Louis-Philippe locked up his royal kinswoman in the castle of Blaye, and General Bugeaud condescended to be her jailor. There she was kept till her frailty, concealable no longer, was confessed, and published by the king to the whole world. The duchess stated that she had been privately married to Count Luchessi Palli; and after such newspaper publicity had been given to the affair as to obliterate utterly any sentiment of chivalrous compassion which the struggle of a brave mother for what she believed the right of her son might have naturally produced, the duchess was sent home to her husband. Policy, we suppose, justifies such acts as these in the ruler of a state; but apart from policy a more ungenerous proceeding can scarcely be imagined.

The government of Louis-Philippe gradually acquired by its continued success in keeping down domestic faction, and maintaining the friendly relations of France with foreign powers, a high reputation for wisdom and firmness. The peace of Europe was supposed to be in the French king's hands; and men congratulated themselves that so vast and important a trust should be grasped by a monarch at once so able and so honest. The resources of France by the mere force of its internal and external tranquillity rapidly developed themselves, and the enterprise of the French people appeared to be at length directed to worthier and higher objects than triumphs, ruinous alike to the victor and the vanquished, in fields of strife. The epithets of 'Nestor,' 'Ulysses,' and other flattering designations, were liberally bestowed on the citizen-king by persons who, now that events have pronounced against their once much-extolled hero, seem disposed to deny him the possession of a fair average of common sense and judgment. It is useless complaining of this fickleness of opinion, for the world always has judged, and probably ever will judge, of ability by its apparent success; and it would be perhaps impossible to supply a better general test, albeit the exceptions to the rule are numerous and striking. That Louis-Philippe was an astute, sagacious ruler, it would be absurd to deny, but his sagacity unfortunately was of that order which in certain lights and circumstances looks very like *cunning*. His majesty was skilled in diplomatic craft; and it became notorious that the ostensible agents of his government were thwarted at foreign courts by persons who held their mission directly from the king. Louis-Philippe aspired to govern as well as reign; and, much worse than that, he was determined—we have the Prince de Joinville's word for it—that everybody should know and feel that he personally governed. This is a very dangerous course for a constitutional monarch to pursue, for it concentrates on his own head all the griefs, disappointments, and resentments, which would else dis-

charge themselves upon the ostensible and responsible government. A sovereign must ever exercise immense influence on the action of the executive; but the less that influence is flaunted in the eyes of the nation, the better for the peace and security of the monarch. It began also to be hinted that his majesty of France was much too clever; and such an adept, moreover, at the game of mystification, that the real policy of his government could in nowise be predicated from its expressed intentions. This feeling, shared by the representatives of all the great powers, led to the apparently rude exclusion of France from all participation in the forcible settlement of the Turco-Egyptian question—an exclusion which she so fiercely resented, and which at one time seemed likely to plunge Europe into a general war. M. Guizot, who was the ambassador of France at the English court at the time, declared afterwards in the Chamber of Deputies that nobody believed one word he said as to the intentions of the government he represented—gave no credit whatever to any assurance he offered in its name. ‘They heard me with politeness,’ said M. Guizot; ‘smiled, bowed, uttered words of course in acknowledgment, but I saw I was not believed.’ This general impression could only have been produced by a course of policy which, however clever it might seem, was certainly not wise. In affairs of state, as in ordinary life, a frank and simple honesty is of infinitely more worth than all the craft in the universe. Nevertheless, the throne of Louis-Philippe continued up to the moment of its fall to exhibit many of the external marks of firmness and durability. The suddenness, the completeness of that fall shook continental Europe to its centre; and the scorched and blackened soil still heaves and trembles with the shock. It has since become the fashion to assert and repeat that the government of the French king was overturned by a ‘surprise’—that if men could have had time to recover from the unaccountable panic with which they were seized, all would have been well. It will not be difficult to show that this view of the matter is anything but an exact or correct one. But previous to doing so, we must recur for a brief space to the Spanish Bourbons.

The descendants of Hugh Capet have not proved an unalloyed blessing to the people of Spain any more than to the people of France. There have been drawbacks in both countries. Ferdinand VII., remarkable for skill in petticoat embroidery, if for nothing else, married Maria Christina, sister to the present king of Naples, and of the Duchess de Berri. This lady, by her beauty and blandishments, prevailed on her royal husband, to whom she had borne two children, both females, to annul the Salique law, which prevailed in Spain as in France, and to bequeath his sceptre to his eldest daughter Isabella, and failing her, to her sister Dona Luisa the Infanta. This was done; and the ancient Cortes of the kingdom were summoned to recognise and swear fealty to the heiress of the throne. By the same instrument Maria Christina was appointed governing queen, or regent, in the event of Ferdinand dying before Isabella had attained her majority. The Cortes, a merely ceremonial body, possessing no deliberative functions whatever, gave a formal assent to the arrangement; and on the death of her husband Queen Christina assumed the direction of the government, which she successfully held—with the exception of the brief interval when

Espartero's star was in the ascendant—till her daughter, Isabella II., ascended the throne; and even to this day Christina, it is well understood, is the virtual sovereign of Spain. At the death of Ferdinand the queen-regent announced through her minister M. Zea Bermudez, that there would be no change in the form of government, and only such administrative reforms as prudence, enlightened by experience, called for and justified.

Christina in thus acting was only attempting to carry out the policy recommended and enforced by her deceased husband, all the more willingly, no doubt, that it was agreeable to her own keen sense and love of power; a quality which both she and her sisters appear to have inherited in unmitigated virulence from their mother. That paternal sovereign, in the swilled insolence of his despotic sway, had replied to the manifestations of feeling in some parts of Spain, excited by the success of the French people against Charles X., by a decree or proclamation of sheer, unchangeable absolutism. In this instrument, the arrogant monarch assured his vassals—his vassals, not subjects—that no change *should ever* take place in the legal form of the Spanish government, nor any chamber or similar institution, under whatever denomination, be permitted to be established! This pleasant assurance given, 'he was pleased to inform all the vassals of his dominions that he would treat them according to their deserts, putting in force the laws against those who infringed them, and protecting those who observed them.' So glibly did this Bourbon king babble of the omnipotence of a sceptre just departing from him, of the stability of an absolute throne mined in all directions beneath his tottering feet!

The pretensions of Don Carlos, the late king's nephew, who, by the Salique law of succession, was the rightful heir of the crown, soon compelled Christina to fortify her daughter's title with something of more potent validity than the will of Ferdinand. A 'royal statute,' drawn up by M. Martinez de la Rosa, was promulgated, by which two deliberative chambers were constituted—one hereditary, consisting of the peers of the kingdom; the other composed of deputies elected by the people. In the meantime Don Carlos, though hotly pursued by Christina's troops, had escaped in a British ship of war—the sure refuge of all political fugitives, whether fleeing from the tender mercies of mobs or monarchs—and landed safely in England. His banner had been triumphantly uplifted in the north of Spain by the famous Zumalacarreguy, and such progress did his partisans make, that Don Carlos withdrew quietly from England, and in company with the Baron de los Vallos passed through France safely in disguise, and joined his adherents. The queen-regent now found that she needed more efficient assistance to make effectual head against the Carlists—who were secretly but actively supported by the absolutist powers of Europe—than the liberals of Spain could render, who, though an intelligent, and, in the cities, influential body of men, are much less numerous than might be wished. Negotiations with France and England were commenced, and the result was the treaty of Quadruple Alliance, whereby France, England, Spain, and Portugal, bound themselves to each other to secure the throne of Spain to the female line of the Spanish Bourbons, to the exclusion of Don Carlos and his heirs; and that of Portugal to the female line of the House of Braganza, to the exclusion of Don Miguel and his

successors. The ultimate result of this alliance was the overthrow of Don Carlos, who escaped from Spain only to be made prisoner by his cousin the French king. He subsequently resigned his pretensions to his son, a younger Carlos, now called the Count de Montemolin; and he, as well as Don Miguel, is now located, we hope comfortably, in this island of refuge for all distressed notabilities. During the temporary ascendancy of Espartero as regent of Spain, Christina took refuge in Paris, and was courteously and respectfully received by the King of the French; a distinction by no means entirely due to her Bourbon blood. Her children, over whom she was known to have, and naturally, unbounded influence, were still the queen and Infanta of Spain, and Louis-Philippe was far too shrewd a personage to neglect showing civilities to a lady with whom the choice of husbands for those interesting young persons would be sure to rest. Christina was far from abandoning the struggle for power as hopeless. She published a long manifesto to the Spanish people, in which she expressed a very decided opinion upon her own merits, and very liberally rebuked the scandalous ingratitude with which traitors and incendiaries had treated so 'just and clement a queen,' and hinted that she should soon be recalled by acclamation. No one seems to have better read and understood the Spanish character than this princess. The power of Espartero melted away like snow before a summer's sun, and he owed it to the speed of his horse that he got safe on board a British ship of war at Cadiz. The return of Christina to Madrid was a prolonged triumph. A curious coincidence occurred on her entry into the capital. She was seated beside her two daughters, who had been to meet her as far as Aranjuez, when a funeral procession was seen to traverse the street at some distance, and for a moment checked the progress of the triumphal cortège. It was that of Arguelles, the 'divine Arguelles,' as the Liberals of Spain called him for his eloquence. He had been one of the queen-regent's most earnest opponents, and he held under Espartero's government the official guardianship of the royal children. His death was said to have been hastened by grief for the apprehended downfall of the constitutional cause, which, latterly, he had identified with Espartero. Christina, stooping forwards, inquired of one of the escort whose funeral it was. She was informed, and her hasty injunction to the officer, as the name struck her ear, is not only a eulogy on Arguelles, but a sufficient answer to the calumnies which imputed to Espartero and his subordinates a harsh and overbearing demeanour towards the young queen and her sister. 'Hush!' said the queen-mother; 'speak lower: the children loved him.'

The Spanish government became in some degree consolidated, and it was at length time to seek fitting matrimonial alliances for the youthful Queen and Infanta of Spain. It is needless to weary the reader by a repetition of the details of the intrigue which led to the much-talked-of Spanish marriages. The broad and salient facts of the case are these: Louis-Philippe and his minister Guizot agreed with Queen Victoria and Lord Aberdeen on the occasion of her Majesty's visit at Eu, that no attempt should be made to unite M. de Montpensier, Louis-Philippe's youngest son, with the Infanta of Spain, not only till after her sister's marriage, but till there appeared a prospect at least of a direct heir to the throne. This personal promise was broken: of this there can be no doubt after the perusal of the

excusatory letter addressed by Louis-Philippe to the Queen of England, a copy of which was found amongst the ex-king's papers, and published by the Provisional Government of the French Republic. Isabella II. was married to her cousin, Don Francisco de Assis, at the same time that M. de Montpensier espoused her sister the Infanta. M. Guizot himself, whose general honour and integrity are unquestioned and unquestionable, does not appear in a very advantageous light in this transaction. Perhaps, as he boasted the Spanish match to be the greatest thing France had for years effected by her unaided resources, the magnitude and splendour of the object to be gained dazzled and bewildered for a moment his perceptions of rectitude and honour. Any person knowing how celebrated M. Guizot is or has been as a philosophic historian, will scarcely believe his eyes as he reads that gentleman's triumphant gratulations on M. de Montpensier's nuptials. He must class them in charity with the many 'follies of the wise' which at various times have startled and amused the world. The natural desire of a father to connect his son advantageously pleads strongly in extenuation of the conduct of Louis-Philippe. The Infanta is said to be a very amiable and charming person, and her dowry, moreover, amounted to the magnificent sum of two millions of francs. This lady has already borne an heiress to the united honours of the French and Spanish Bourbons; and happily for the peace of mind of Lord Palmerston, Isabella is, it appears, likely to provide a direct successor to the throne.

Thus much for the Spanish branch of the House of Bourbon. Its offshoot in Naples appears to be in a state of great contentment since the suppression of the insurrection in Sicily, and the restoration of government by executions there. King Ferdinand, Christina of Spain's brother, is, by virtue of the loyal devotion of his affectionate lazzaroni, as absolute a monarch as heart could wish, although he has not as yet, we are informed, put the paper constitution in the fire which the Paris insurrection of 1848 induced him to sign rather hastily. These twigs disposed of, we return to the mightier limb of the family tree in Paris.

The jubilations on the royal marriages over, and the snubbing of Great Britain as complete as could be desired, the French people suddenly found leisure to bethink themselves that a great government like theirs might turn its energies to better purposes than the adroit management of court intrigues: might, for instance, endeavour to devise means for safely, and in a really conservative spirit, widening the basis upon which the institutions of the country, so constantly and vehemently assailed, rested; might, furthermore, contrive to at least equalise the national expenditure and receipts, instead of contracting loan upon loan to make up for the annual deficit, and this in a time of profound peace and a greatly-increased revenue! Means, too, of extending the commerce of France with foreign nations, so contemptible in extent for a nation so rich in resources of natural wealth, industry, and skill, might surely be attempted by a really able and patriotic government. These aspirations—it seems to us quite reasonable ones—were very moderately expressed. Progress was prayed for—progress in the right direction—not headlong haste and change. To all these representations and prayers Louis-Philippe and M. Guizot remained obstinately deaf, blind, silent. The actual electors for all France amounted to only about 80,000

persons; and the means in the hands of government of corrupting a majority of these were, it was urged, so enormous as to be utterly destructive of the principle of representation. Would the minister promise to take the subject into consideration? M. Guizot gave no sign, would make no promise! And herein we perceive the radical defect of this gentleman's character as a statesman. He is essentially a theorist, or rather, if we may use the phrase without offence—a system-monger. He studies, arranges, accepts a theory of legality, which, the premises admitted, is logically unassailable; and by that theory he will abide unswervingly to the death! That highest, most difficult art of government, which consists in knowing when and how to yield, M. Guizot never studied, or at all events has never learned. Probably he does not rank 'yielding' as an art; believes it, we daresay, to be a weakness, and nought else. He has also a remarkable theory upon the English revolutions of 1640–88, which, as he is not likely to be a minister of this country, is not of much interest to us, except as an illustration of logical fallacy. M. Guizot appears not to have understood the character of his own countrymen any better than he does that of ours. The slightest yielding, the merest minimum of reform, would have satisfied the enlightened, moderate—moderate because enlightened—citizens of France. These are the natural supports of a constitutional throne, and to indispose them towards the government is simply to place that government at the mercy of the first accident which may cross its path. M. Guizot and the king *did* by their unreasoning obstinacy—*firminess* they called it—alienate and indispose the natural supporters of the government; and the cry against it increased daily in energy and wrath: it was a government of corruption men said. A minister, M. Teste, it was proved, had received an enormous bribe to prostitute the powers of his office in favour of the briber; and a growing suspicion that corruption, rottenness, was at the heart of the administration, pervaded almost all classes of men. Then the dreadful tragedy of the Praslin family revived in the public mind the French instinct of dislike to a titled noblesse. It was a time of unquiet, suspicion, uneasiness. Still a word of concession, of conciliation, would, it is plain, have saved the government; but that word the government would not speak. Its attitude was silent, calm, observant—the calm, silent observance of resolute contempt which has counted its bayonets, and knows—or thinks it knows—how greatly it may dare with perfect safety; an attitude and expression the most irritating that can be imagined to a high-spirited, sensitive people like the French. The king and ministry believed the proposed Paris Reform Banquet to be illegal, though the law was admittedly doubtful; and the men of system prohibited it—Europe feels and knows with what result. And now, forsooth, the Orleans dynasty was overturned by a 'surprise!' Call it so if you will; but at the same time you must admit that all the obstacles to the success of such a surprise had been perseveringly, obstinately cast aside by the king and his ministers; and *that* conceded, as it must be, the 'surprise' appears marvelously to resemble a natural consequence! No; spite of all the special pleading that has been wasted upon the subject, this much is certain, that history will not acquit M. Guizot and Louis-Philippe of the charge of having rendered the Revolution of 1848 not only possible, but comparatively easy of accomplishment.

The personal conduct of the men of the House of Orleans who were in Paris at the outbreak was not of a very heroic character. Of the hasty flight of the aged king we will only say that all testimonies agree that Queen Amélie displayed a dignity and self-possession which her husband's example did not call forth. M. de Montpensier was, we believe, at Vincennes when the tumult began; but at all events he did not abandon the Infanta: they escaped together. M. and Madame de Nemours saved themselves each in the best possible manner, and were fortunately reunited in England. The widowed Duchess of Orleans appears alone to have displayed the heroic qualities supposed to be hereditary in illustrious families. Her appearance, holding her son by the hand in the Chamber of Deputies, amidst all that hideous uproar and commotion, standing unblenched there whilst ruffians levelled muskets at her—turned aside by French gentlemen, some of them of the humblest class—was a touching spectacle. It is wonderful how Lamartine, a poet, could, in the presence of that woman and child—weakness, innocence, and grace in their most affecting forms—have given his potential voice for a republic.

The Prince de Joinville and the Duke d'Aumale were in Algeria. Many persons believe that had they been present the insurrection would have had another issue. However that might have been, it is certain that the numerous and popular family of Louis-Philippe were always regarded as the most efficient safeguards of his throne. His eldest son, the Duke of Orleans, who married a Princess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, was, from his engaging and popular qualities, an especial favourite with the nation. Unfortunately a fatal accident terminated his life on the 13th July 1842. This much-lamented prince was returning from Neuilly, when the horses of his carriage took fright, and he, in a momentary panic, attempting to jump out, his foot caught either in his sword or his cloak, and he fell on his forehead in the road. Congestion of the brain resulted, and his death soon after. Two sons had been born to him—the first on the 24th of August 1838, whom Louis-Philippe created Count of Paris, reviving a pristine title of the family for the especial gratification of the Parisians. The second son, born in 1840, was created Duke of Chartres. They reside with their mother, the widowed duchess, to whom the French National Assembly have recently restored the revenue, with its arrears, apportioned to her by marriage settlement. Louis-Philippe and the Duc d'Aumale, we may also here mention, are again in the enjoyment of their vast properties. The Duke de Nemours, the second son of the King of the French, and the proposed future regent, should his majesty have died before the Count of Paris attained his majority, was perhaps the least popular of all the king's sons. He married a daughter of the Duke of Saxe-Gotha, a cousin of Prince Albert, the consort of the Queen of England. The Prince de Joinville, admiral of the French navy, was a great favourite of all classes of the people. He is said to be an expert seaman, though one must suppose that the extreme deafness with which he is afflicted cannot but greatly impair his efficiency as a naval commander. His name a few years since acquired considerable notoriety in England in consequence of his pamphlet on the French Navy ('*Brochure sur la Marine*'), which was strangely represented by a portion of the English press, that certainly could not have

read it, as a glorification of the French war-navy at the expense of that of Great Britain, and an incitement to the French government to use their sea-force to burn the towns and villages on the English coasts. There could not be a more preposterous misrepresentation. The aim of the pamphlet was evidently to arouse the attention of the naval authorities of France to what De Joinville asserted to be the utter incapability of the French marine to contend, upon anything like equal terms, with that of Great Britain or of any other great maritime power. It should be read as a corrective of the Jeremiads published on our side of the water upon the weakness and inefficiency of the British navy. There is not a line in the *brochure* inciting to ill-will towards the British people, or, fairly taken with the context, provocative of jealous or angry feeling. De Joinville is married to a princess of Brazil, sister to the queen of Portugal; the Duke d'Aumale, who has succeeded to the estates of the now extinct Condé branch of the Bourbons, married a daughter of the Sicilian Prince of Salerno; the youngest son, M. de Montpensier, as we have already stated, is the husband of the Infanta of Spain. All these marriages have been fruitful in progeny, so that should France ever decree the restoration of the House of Orleans, there will be no lack of heirs to avail themselves of the invitation. The two surviving daughters of Louis-Philippe are married—one to the king of the Belgians; the other to Augustus, Prince of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha. Madame Adelaide, Louis-Philippe's tenderly-beloved and attached sister, whose counsels he is said to have greatly deferred to, died not long before the catastrophe of 1848.

The extinction of the celebrated line of Condé in the year 1830, by the death, without surviving issue, of Louis, Henry, Joseph de Bourbon and Prince de Condé, must not be omitted in this brief glance at the history of the Bourbon race. He committed suicide at the Castle of St Leu, by hanging himself with his handkerchief in his bedroom on the 27th of August 1830, being then seventy-five years of age. There have been various causes assigned for the insanity which prompted the dreadful act. The prevalent opinion is, that his mind, never a very strong one, was harassed by the conflicting claims to his allegiance of the elder and junior branches of the Bourbons—whether he should swear fealty to the monarch *de facto*, Louis-Philippe, or follow the king, *de jure*, according to orthodox legitimacy, into exile. Incapable of deciding, he hanged himself. More than half a century before his death—in 1776—this prince fought a duel with the very Charles X. who had just been driven from the throne; and as an illustration of the princely manners of the time, it may be as well to subjoin an account of it. Charles, then Count D'Artois, was walking with a lady, both being masked. The Duchess of Bourbon, desirous, doubtless, of ascertaining the count's identity, pulled his mask by the beard; the strings broke, and he was discovered. Enraged at this, the Count d'Artois seized the duchess's mask, and broke it. The Duke of Bourbon, it appears, thought that the sex of the duchess ought to have shielded her from retaliation, and challenged the count to mortal combat. The combatants met in the Bois de Boulogne, where they fought with swords, till the Chevalier de Crussal, imagining that the count's sword passed under the arm of the duke, and that he was therefore wounded, stopped the fight; and the redoubtable knights, the honour of each of

them as free from wound or scratch as his body, left the ground. The will of the Duke of Bourbon testified to a weakness or aberration of intellect quite sufficient to account for his unhappy death. An Englishwoman, Sophia Dawes, once a bar-maid, but created Baroness de Feuchères, was living with him at the time of his death. To her he bequeathed 2,000,000 francs in money, and for life the château and park of Saint-Leu; the château and estate of Boisny with all their dependencies; the forest of Montmorency and dependencies; the château and estate of Morfontaine and dependencies; the Pavillon occupied by her and her servants at the Palais-Bourbon, as well as its dependencies; the furniture of said Pavillon, and the horses and carriages appertaining to the lady's establishment—all free from costs or expenses chargeable upon bequeathed property. The residuary legatee was the Duke d'Aumale. After some litigation, an arrangement was effected with Mrs Sophia Dawes, and the Duc d'Aumale now possesses the vast property.

Thus briefly, and, as we believe, faithfully, have we traced the rise, progress, and present condition of this remarkable family, which, it will have been observed, even in its present condition of comparative humility, still, in addition to enormous wealth, reckons crowns and coronets in considerable number divided among its members.

The dethroned monarch of the elder Bourbons, Charles X., has long since passed to his account; the Duke d'Angoulême has followed him; but the duchess, the widowed daughter of Louis XVI., still lingers in her earthly pilgrimage. She awaits her summons from this, to her doleful and unintelligible world at Froshdrof in Germany, where she dwells in strictest retirement. Early on the morning of each anniversary of her parents' execution this daughter of sorrows secludes herself in a chamber hung round with the insignia of death; and with the black silk vest in which Louis died, and other relics of the martyred king and queen before her, remains in solitary prayer and meditation till the midnight chimes announce that another anniversary of a fatal day has passed into eternity.

The Duke de Bordeaux, Count de Chambord, or whatever title may please him best, is now the cynosure of the legitimate eyes of France. This young prince, who is said to be very amiable and intelligent, married in 1846 a daughter of the late Duke of Modena. The lady was possessed of what is considered on the continent an immense fortune; but the union has not yet produced any possible successor to the regal honours of the elder line of Bourbon. The Duke de Bordeaux, nursed as he has been in the illusions of legitimacy, as it is very incorrectly termed, naturally regards all that is now passing in France as the phantasmagoria of a wild, but, as he trusts, passing hallucination, to be succeeded at no distant day by the solid reality of a Henry V., *Dei gratia, et cetera*. The Duke of Bordeaux has a sister a year older than himself, who is now the wife of the reigning Duke of Parma. She left pleasing impressions of her beauty and affability among many of the inhabitants of the Canongate, Edinburgh, when she resided there during the sojourn of the royal exiles at Holyrood.

The Bourbons shine in exile. Men differ as to the character and merits of King Louis-Philippe, but not the slightest diversity of opinion exists as to the amiability of disposition and dignified propriety of conduct

exhibited by the Comte de Neuilly and the distinguished family who now chiefly reside at Claremont. May the count—spite of the sinister forebodings for some time rife in the public ear—and his venerable consort yet live many happy, useful years, each as it flits diminishing their natural regrets for the loss of a crown! Their family cannot, we think, fail to read a lesson in what they witness here which, rightly pondered and laid to heart, will perhaps—for the unrolled scroll of futurity may have characters little now dreamed of engraved upon it—prove hereafter of inestimable service to them, or to some *one* among them. It is this: ‘That the safety of a throne consists not in the multitude of its armed and disciplined guards, nor in the astute devices of kingcraft, but in so reigning that no man shall feel a wish, a desire, to pull down or assail a crown which presents only towards the people an aspect of sympathy, kindness, and respect.’

It may be perhaps expected that we should offer an opinion upon the struggle still going on in France between the parties into which that great country is divided; and as to whether the Bourbons, and which branch of them, have, as we read the future, a chance of regaining authority over the French nation. We confess our utter inability to reply satisfactorily to questions so interesting. We do not profess prophecy; and in place of an unavailing attempt at prediction, beg to present the reader with an anecdote of fact, related by a French writer, Paul Louis Courier, Ancien Canonier à Cheval et Vigneron, as an illustration of the only infallible mode of acquiring a reputation for sound judgment in French politics; premising only that, not having the book at hand, we quote from memory:—

‘There was a village,’ says Courier, ‘in the wine districts of France, which, lying quite out of the high road of the great world, its inhabitants only came into contact with any considerable portions of it upon great occasions, and these were fortunately rare. These simple people had been accustomed, at all public displays where they chanced to find themselves, to shout “Vive le Roi!” It was an old respectable tradition this “Vive le Roi!” of which these quiet folk did not profess to penetrate the inner meaning, if it had one. Enough for them that their fathers and fathers’ fathers shouted as they shouted “Vive le Roi!” Well, it happened that all at once my country friends found themselves very roughly compelled to drop “Vive le Roi!” at a moment’s warning, and to commence learning quite a new creed—“Vive la République, une et indivisible!” This was difficult, for the phrase was long, and our primitive friends were no scholars. Still, being very docile, they set to work with a good heart, and were getting on very well, when—*halte!*—they were all wrong. They should, if they were honest citizens and good Frenchmen, cry “Vive le Premier Consul!” All this, you may depend upon it, was very perplexing; and I doubt if they ever quite understood the “Consul,” which was, they were informed in strictness, “one and tripartite;” a depth of mystery of which they did not attempt to skim the surface, much less to fathom the bottom. They were, however, beginning to get used even to consul, when another, and this time very peremptory injunction was issued, commanding all men to repeat, at all possible opportunities, the only orthodox confession of faith—namely, “Vive l’Empereur!” It was a long time before my friends, who, I confess, are rather slow—no wonder, poor fellows! living so far as they do from the capital

of civilisation—it was a long time, I say, before my friends got thoroughly broken into the new *refrain*; but it was accomplished at last, and charmingly they gave it, as if not the voice alone but the heart shouted! Well, this went on admirably, till one fine day a party of them had been to market, and being a little merry, roared out “Vive l’Empereur!” as they passed some gendarmes, with more than usual gusto and effect; and, to their unspeakable disgust, got knocked on the mazzard, and dragged to jail for uttering seditious cries! It was “Vive le Roi,” they were informed, that all respectable people who wished to avoid jails and gendarmes gave joyous utterance to! That same night a council of the old men was called, and after mature deliberation it was resolved, that “Seeing the extreme difficulty of knowing at what precise time either Vive le Roi, Vive la République, Vive l’Empereur, or Vive anything else, was quite appropriate (convenable), it would be advisable, till further notice, to abstain from shouting at all.” This decision gave great satisfaction; and being rigorously acted upon, acquired for the villagers, says Courier, ‘an immense reputation for solid sense and sound discernment, so that it was likely their example would soon be very generally followed.’

But whatever may be the form of government in France, whether Bourbonic, Bonapartist, Imperial, Royal, or Republican, we can answer for it that the people of this country wish their French neighbours God-speed in their endeavours to establish an enlightened, stable, and progressive system of polity. Both nations have too much earnest work calling, upon tremendous penalties, for immediate performance, to waste their time for ever in devising *modes* of government. That France, under whatever rule she may choose for herself, may enter earnestly and successfully upon the great domestic task lying before her—as before all other nations—must be the desire of all sensible Englishmen. A selfish aspiration after all; for it is impossible for England or France to be peaceful and prosperous without their neighbours participating in a more or less degree in that peace and prosperity.



THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

SOME doubt has been allowed to rest upon both the date and place of the birth of this illustrious man; but after some rigorous investigations, it appears tolerably certain, that he was born in Merrion Square, Dublin, on the 29th of April 1769. His father, Garret, Earl of Mornington, was noted as an amateur in musical composition, and some glees by him are still much admired. The mother was Anne, eldest daughter of Arthur Viscount Dungannon. The Wellesleys, or, as they long entitled themselves, Wesleys, had been eminent in Ireland from the time of the first invasion under Henry II., whom their progenitor served as standard-bearer. But the family of the Duke of Wellington had only assumed this name on succeeding to the property of Garret Wesley of Dangan, who had married a collateral relation of the subject of this memoir. The original family name was Colley or Cowley, and the paternal ancestor of the illustrious Duke had come into Ireland as a lawyer in the reign of Henry VIII. Richard Colley, Esq., originally proprietor of Castle-Carbery, a moderate estate in King's County, and afterwards, by bequest, of the estate of the Wesleys in Meath, represented the borough of Trim in parliament, and, in 1746, was ennobled as Baron Mornington—a title which his son exchanged in 1760 for an earldom. By birth and ancestral history, the Duke was thus connected with Ireland, although few of her sons have ever exhibited less affinity to the prevalent traits of the national character.

A startling and significant page in the world's history was opened, and its giant characters were partly traced, during the youth of the future field-marshal. The military power of Great Britain had been successfully withstood by the infant States of America; and the soldiers of despotic France, who had assisted in the vindication of the liberties of the British colonists, returned to their homes, were repeating to eagerly-attentive audiences the strange and thrilling words they had become familiar with in the far-off western world. Daily the fierce and angry murmur grew and strengthened, and it required little sagacity to foresee that men of the sword must reap abundant harvests ere the new principles inaugurated by the rifle-volleys of Bunker's Hill, and so ominously echoed in the most powerful of the continental states of old Europe, should either become

permanently triumphant, or be trampled out beneath the heels of the still vigorous though decaying feudalism against which they were so audaciously arrayed. Arthur Wellesley, with the full consent of his relatives, chose the army for a profession; Richard, his eldest brother, by his father's death Lord Mornington, and afterwards Marquis of Wellesley, decided for the civil service of the state; and both were at an early age removed from Eton—Richard to the university of Oxford, and Arthur to the military school of Angiers in France, then under the direction of the celebrated Engineer Pignerol. Napoleon Bonaparte was at the same time receiving instruction at the sister-school of Brienne.

Arthur Wellesley returned to England soon after completing his seventeenth year, and on the 7th of March 1787 was gazetted ensign in the 73d Regiment. His elder brother, Richard, on attaining his majority was returned to parliament for the borough of Beer-Alston, a seat which he subsequently exchanged for that of the royal borough of Windsor. He early succeeded in obtaining place under Mr Pitt, and was appointed one of the commissioners for the affairs of India. Family influence and connection told rapidly also upon the advancement of the young soldier, who, gazetted ensign on the 7th of March 1787, was on the 25th of December in the same year a lieutenant in the 76th. The following month he exchanged into the 41st. In 1790, he was returned to parliament for the borough of Trim, a portion of the Mornington estate. On the 30th of June 1791 he was promoted to a company in the 58th Foot, which, in the following year, he exchanged for a troop in the 12th Dragoons. On the 30th of April 1793 he was gazetted major of the 33d, and on the 30th of September following he was appointed lieutenant-colonel of the same regiment; having in little more than five years passed through the various grades from that of an ensign to a lieutenant-colonelcy, and the actual command of a veteran regiment.

The young lieutenant-colonel had not greatly distinguished himself in the House of Commons. He spoke seldom, and then merely to give confused and ineffective utterance to the family-borough politics, the main points of which, like others originating in the same sources, appeared to be the continued, peremptory exclusion of Catholics from the privileges of citizens, and the advancement of the personal interests of the Trim proprietary. But the curtain was about to rise on a fitter theatre for the development of Lieutenant-Colonel Wellesley's genius than the House of Commons. The sullen murmurs of which we spoke just now had by this time broken into a tumultuous roar of hate and indignation. The king and queen of France, and those of the nobility and clergy who were bold enough to confront the hurricane of rage that had burst forth, all perished miserably. Public feeling in England, artfully and eloquently stimulated, rose quickly to fever-heat, and amidst the frantic applause of almost the entire nation Mr Pitt declared war to the death against the French Republic. A British army was not long afterwards despatched to Flanders under the command of His Royal Highness the Duke of York—a general and bishop by virtue of his royal birth alone, and about as well-fitted to direct the operations of an army as to fill the episcopal chair of Osnaburg. In 1794 reinforcements were despatched, rather with a view to enable the prince-general to retreat in tolerable order and safety, than with any reasonable

hope of arresting the triumphant progress of the French armies. Amongst others the 33d Regiment was ordered to embark, and marched to Cork for that purpose.

The troops arrived at their destination in time to learn that the Duke of York had been already driven into Holland, and that an immediate re-embarkation was necessary in order to reach Antwerp by the Scheldt. This was effected; and in the following January (1795), Lieutenant-Colonel Wellesley, as senior officer, commanded three battalions in the retreat through Holland, and early in the spring embarked with the troops at Bremen for England.

The superiority of Lieutenant-Colonel Wellesley as a regimental officer was clearly manifested by the celerity with which the 33d, which had greatly suffered, was reorganised and reported fit for service. It joined the camp near Southampton, and in October 1795 was embarked in the fleet destined for the West Indies, under the command of Admiral Christian. Baffling storm and tempest, against which they vainly struggled for six weeks, drove them back, and the destination of the 33d was afterwards changed to India, for which country the regiment sailed in April 1796, arriving at Bengal in September, accompanied by Colonel Wellesley, who had joined it at the Cape of Good Hope in June, illness having prevented him from taking his departure with it from England.

Nothing requiring remark occurred till 1798, when Lieutenant-Colonel Wellesley's regiment was attached to the Madras establishment, where preparations for a manifestly inevitable conflict with Tippoo Sultan, the ruler of the Mysore territory, were, under the direction of the new governor-general, in course of rapid progress. The new governor-general was Colonel Wellesley's elder brother, Lord Mornington, who had succeeded Sir John Shore in that high and responsible office. Never perhaps had the government of British India been assumed under graver circumstances. The storm raging in Europe had given life and energy to the temporarily - subdued or overawed native princes and potentates, to whom the increasing power of the English was obnoxious, either from the memory of past defeats, or apprehension that the signal chastisement already inflicted upon some of their number might ultimately reach all. French officers abounded in the armies of the native princes, especially in those of the Mahratta chiefs Dowlut, Rao Scindiah, and Holkar, of the Nizam, and of Tippoo Sultan. Those officers naturally availed themselves of their position to excite the princes of India against the nation that had driven the French out of the country, and which was now at war with the French Republic; and there was unfortunately no lack of inflammable materials for the fire which they nothing doubted of being able to kindle into a tempest of flame that would wither up and consume every vestige of British rule in the Indian Peninsula. Above all, Tippoo Sultan, the son of Hyder Ali, and a fanatic Mussulman, nourished the fiercest hatred of the power that, by the treaty dictated by Cornwallis in 1792, had stripped him of half his territories, treasure to an immense amount, 800 pieces of cannon, and carried off two of his sons as hostages for the due fulfilment of his engagements. The agents of the French republic fed his hopes of vengeance by the most lavish promises of support, and Tippoo listened, fatally for himself, to assurances of aid which Nelson's victory of the

Nile, and the prompt, decisive measures of the governor-general, prevented the French, however sincere may have been their intentions, from redeeming. Tippoo not only greatly caressed the officers of that nation, whom he permitted to form a Jacobin club at Seringapatam, in which war was proclaimed against all kings, except of course Tippoo himself, but made earnest overtures to the great Mahratta chiefs, to induce them to join in his purposed invasion of the Carnatic. His proposals were favourably received, but the indolent, procrastinating habits of Asiatic rulers were no match for the virile energy of the new governor-general, and long before any effectual combination could be realised, the capital of Tippoo was in the hands of the English, and himself deprived of life as well as empire. In order that our readers should thoroughly comprehend the full extent of the peril from which the Marquis of Wellesley, one of the ablest proconsuls this country ever sent forth, saved the mighty interests confided to him, it is necessary to direct their attention for a brief space to the map of the Indian Peninsula. The three presidential cities, they will perceive, of Calcutta, Bombay, and Madras, are so situated that lines drawn from one to the other would intersect the large portion of territory south of the Nerbudda River, forming the centre of the peninsula; but these presidencies, admirably situated as strategic points, were but as dots and fringes along the eastern and western coasts compared with the extent of the vast country, which from north to south, from Delhi to the Toombuddra River, measures 1000 miles, and in width from the Bay of Bengal to the Gulf of Candy, 900 miles, gradually diminishing to its southern extremity. The country north of the Nerbudda is Hindostan proper; between the Nerbudda and the Kistnah are Poonah, the dominions of the Nizam, and Berar; and south of the Kistnah, the Deccan, Mysore, and the Carnatic—Madras and the Carnatic lying to the east of Seringapatam and the Mysore country. All that immense territory, with the exception of the Mysore and the Nizam's dominions, and of course the British provinces, were nominally under the government of the Rajah of Sattarah, but really, so far as any actual power existed, under that of the Peshwah—a hereditary minister, who ruled in the rajah's name at Poonah, a city not far distant from Bombay. The aggregate army of this power amounted to 300,000 men, and if directed by one single will in fact, as it was in theory, would have been extremely formidable. This, however, was far from being the case, the Mahratta territories nominally under the Peshwah's rule being divided into five military jurisdictions, each governed by a rajah. Of these chieftains, Scindiah and Holkar, whose territories were in the Malwah country, north of the Nerbudda, were the most powerful, and, as well as the less potent Rajah of Berar, determined, though not as yet open enemies of the intrusive English. Scindiah had greatly strengthened himself by his conquests in the north as far as Delhi, and by his influence at Poonah, where he in effect held the Peshwah in subjection. Of Scindiah's army, 40,000 infantry, 9000 cavalry, and 150 pieces of artillery, had been organised and disciplined by M. De Boigne, a native of Savoy in France, who entered Scindiah's service in 1784. He was succeeded by M. Perron, who at this time commanded at Delhi and the northern provinces. Two-thirds of the officers of the army thus disciplined were Frenchmen or other Europeans. Holkar, a rival Mahratta chief, in order to strengthen himself against the

growing power of Scindiah, had also engaged great numbers of French officers, and his numerous army was also in a high state of efficiency. Menaced by such formidable neighbours, who, although jealous of each other, were well disposed to combine against their common enemy the English, it behoved the governor-general to be prompt and decided if he would avert or dissipate the tempest rapidly gathering around him. He *was* swift and deadly. War was declared against Tippoo Sultan, and an admirably-appointed army of 80,000 men, previously assembled at Bellore, marched on the 10th March 1799 under General Harris upon Seringapatam. With the army of the Carnatic moved the Nizam's contingent, to which the 33d European Regiment had been attached under the command of Colonel Wellesley. This force operated on the right, and were somewhat harassed during the march by the sultan's troops. At Mallavilly Tippoo drew up in position, and offered hesitating battle to Wellesley's force, which, reinforced by some squadrons of horse under Sir John Floyd, the father-in-law of the late Sir Robert Peel, overthrew him with slight loss to themselves; and the troops continuing their rapid march, arrived with the bulk of the army on the 3d of April before Seringapatam—an irregularly but strongly fortified city, situated on an island formed by the confluence of the Cauvery and Coleroon. The Cauvery was passed, active operations against the sultan's capital commenced at once, and were urged forward with untiring energy and zeal. On the night of the 5th of April Colonel Wellesley was directed to attack the Sultaun-pettah Tope, a kind of copse or grove intersected with water-courses and ruined habitations, from which the troops were frequently assailed by rockets. The 33d and two native Bengal regiments were ordered on this service. The night was extremely dark; Colonel Wellesley and his troops lost their way, and after many vain efforts to remedy the mischance, it was found necessary to withdraw the men; but this was not done, unfortunately, till after twelve grenadiers of the 33d had been cut off and carried into Seringapatam, where they were savagely murdered by Tippoo's order. Colonel Wellesley, separated from his soldiers, wandered blindly about in the thick darkness till nearly twelve o'clock, when he recovered the track, and as soon as possible presented himself before General Harris in a state of great agitation, to announce that the attack had failed. This is the plain, unvarnished history of an affair which the decriers of the Duke's military reputation have magnified into a disgraceful defeat; attended with we know not what inglorious circumstance, involving want of discretion, presence of mind, and even personal bravery. Such imputations are simply ridiculous, and but for the Duke's subsequent dazzling career, in which an action less brilliant than the rest shews like a shadow or a stain, would, we may be sure, never have been heard of. Sir David Baird, who scoured another Tope with cavalry on the same night, also lost his way on returning. It was, in fact, one of those misfortunes which neither prudence nor skill nor daring can at times prevent, and is only one amongst scores of instances of the risks that must ever attend night-attacks, especially in tangled and broken localities, with which neither officers nor soldiers are acquainted. The next day the attempt was renewed by Colonel Wellesley, the attacking force being increased by the 94th Scotch Regiment. It was completely successful, and Tippoo Sultan began to feel some misgivings that his frequently-repeated

boastful exclamation—'Who can take Seringapatam?'—might receive a fatal solution. He wrote to General Harris, suggesting a negotiation. The reply was decisive: half his territory to be ceded, the expenses of the war to be paid in full, and hostages given for the performance of those hard conditions. There could be no parleying or negotiation. The fanatic sovereign of Mysore turned sullenly away from such ruinous terms of peace, and continued the defence. Daily, hourly, the walls of the devoted city crumbled beneath the thunder-strokes of the English batteries, and at noon on the 4th of May the glittering ranks of the troops destined for the assault were seen from Seringapatam, drawn up in two columns, and waiting only for the signal that should loose them on their quarry. It was speedily given; and led by Sir David Baird, who had volunteered for the service, the assaulting columns, preceded by their respective forlorn-hopes, advanced swiftly against the breach. The reserve in the trenches was commanded by Colonel Wellesley. The preparations for the decisive struggle, visible from the walls, had been duly reported to Tippoo, who received the intelligence with a smile of disdainful unbelief in the possibility of an assault upon the impregnable city in broad daylight. He was sitting, on this the last hour of his life, still obstinately incredulous as to the reality of the attack, with some members of his family in the open air, under a kind of penthouse, when messengers, whose tidings were terribly confirmed by the increasing din and uproar of the assault, announced with quivering lips that the storming of the city had not only begun in earnest, but was already partially successful.

Tippoo, at length convinced, calmly arose, finished his religious exercises, and then hastened to the scene of conflict. It was all too true. The city, on his arrival, was substantially won; and after a brief struggle, Tippoo, mounted on horseback, was borne away by a crowd of panic-stricken soldiers, who, hotly pursued, endeavoured to escape by the covered gateway leading to the interior of the city. The sultan strove to force his way through the dense mass of fugitives; but in that terrible hour his once all-potent menaces had lost their influence: the living barrier before him could not be passed, whilst nearer and nearer behind him flashed and thundered the fatal volleys of his pursuers. Presently his horse was shot, and with difficulty his faithful attendants raised and placed him in a palanquin. His foes were soon at hand-grip with him. A soldier made a furious grasp at a glittering jewel in his turban—the hallowed turban, dipped in the sacred waters of the Zem-Zem—Tippoo struck feebly at the man with his scimitar, inflicting a slight wound, and the infuriated soldier the next instant sent a bullet through his head. His attendants were next despatched, and in a few minutes sultan, servants, palanquin, were hidden beneath a heap of dead, pitilessly sacrificed by troops whose vengeful passions had been kindled to fury by the too-authentic stories related of Tippoo's cruelties towards the British prisoners that had fallen into his hands. Effective resistance was at an end; but those alone who have witnessed the revolting spectacle of a crowded city in the power of a soldiery, drunk with the triumph of a desperate and sanguinary assault, can realise the confusion, uproar, terror that accompanied the entrance of the victorious troops into Seringapatam, and which continued not only during the afternoon but through the

night, and far into the next day. So universal at first was the disorder, that the officers could not for some time prevent the men from plundering the sultan's treasury; and before an efficient guard could be marched in from the reserve by Colonel Wellesley, an immense booty was carried off. This important service effected, inquiries were made for Tippoo, and an active search set on foot to discover him. He could not be found, and it began to be feared that he had escaped, when word was brought that he was supposed to have fallen in the covered gateway. This was a fact of too great importance to be left in doubt, and Sir David Baird with Colonel Wellesley immediately proceeded to ascertain the truth of the report with their own eyes. By the time they arrived at the indicated spot darkness had fallen; but torches being procured, the bodies of the slain were removed under the immediate inspection of the two officers. As the frightful heap diminished, first Tippoo's palanquin, then his attendants, were disinterred, and immediately beneath them the corpse of the sultan presented itself. The features of Tippoo were serene and composed as if he slept; so completely so indeed, that it was for a moment thought he was merely feigning death. To satisfy himself, Colonel Wellesley stepped close to the body, placed his hand upon the pulse and then upon the heart. 'He is dead fast enough,' was the remark; and orders were immediately given to convey the corpse to the habitation of the family of the deceased ruler, over which a strong protective-guard had been placed.

St George's flag waved proudly in the morning sunlight from the towers of the captured city, from which there still went up to Heaven the shouts and din and curses of unbridled violence and outrage. It was full time to quell the disorder, and with this view Colonel Wellesley was appointed commandant and governor of Seringapatam. He set to work at once, and vigorously, as the following brief extracts from letters hurriedly despatched to General Harris during the day amply testify:—

'10 A.M., 5th May.

'MY DEAR SIR—We are in such confusion that I recommend it to you not to come in till to-morrow, or at soonest late this evening.'

'*Half-past Twelve.*—I wish you would send the provost here, and put him under my orders. Until some of the plunderers are hanged, it is vain to expect to stop the plunder.'

'*Two o'clock P.M.*—Things are better than they were, but they are still very bad; and until the provost executes three or four people, it is impossible to expect order or indeed safety.'

The provost was granted; four of the plunderers were caught red-handed, briefly doomed, and hanged without loss of time. This is not pleasant reading, for even the justice of war shocks one as a frightful cruelty; but the severity appears to have been imperatively necessary, and it certainly answered its purpose, inasmuch as Colonel Wellesley was enabled on the next day to write as follows:—

'*May 6.*—Plunder is stopped. The fires are all extinguished, and the inhabitants are returning to their homes fast. I am now burying the dead, which I hope will be completed to-day, particularly if you send me all the pioneers.'

Some idea of the value of the plunder carried off by the soldiery may be drawn from the well-attested fact, that some diamonds purchased of a

private by Dr Mein for a trifle were afterwards sold for £32,000 sterling. With all such drawbacks, however, upon the amount of valuables officially captured, the victorious general carried off treasure to the enormous amount, as set down in the returns, of 45,580,350 star pagodas!

The war, as far as the Mysore country was concerned, was now over; and the bulk of the army retraced its steps, after the youthful grandson of the ruler whom Hyder Ali had deposed had been restored to the rajahship of Mysore, in accordance with British-Indian policy. The restored rajah was of course for the future merely the puppet-monarch of a diminished territory, really as much governed by the Company's officers as that portion of the Mysore over which they ostensibly ruled.

Colonel Wellesley was appointed civil and military governor of Seringapatam and Mysore, and in that dual capacity is admitted to have displayed administrative talents of a high order. However deaf and stern to the pleadings for mercy towards proved offenders against the rigours of positive law this great soldier may have shewn himself throughout his remarkable career—a peculiarity of character which may perhaps account for the indisputable fact, that whilst he extorted the respect and confidence of the troops under his command, accustoming them as he did to look upon the day of battle as one of assured victory, he was never regarded by his soldiers with personal affection, much less enthusiasm, like that, for instance, which Nelson inspired—still it cannot be denied that he ever held the balance of his iron justice fairly between the highest and the lowest. A more depressed, ill-used body of men than the coolies of India could not perhaps be found upon the face of the earth. Of a servile and degraded caste, they are accustomed from earliest childhood to submit with the resignation of despair to the most flagrant wrong; and British officers were not, it appears from Colonel Wellesley's correspondence, ashamed to cheat and plunder the helpless, miserable people. Coolies are the carriers and porters of India, and it was a common practice to engage them for short journeys at a small sum, and then insist upon their performing a much greater distance without any additional remuneration. This scandalous oppression was peremptorily checked by Colonel Wellesley, as the following extracts will shew:—‘The history of Captain ——’s conduct is quite shocking. The system is not bearable; it must be abolished entirely, or so arranged and modified as to render it certain that the unfortunate people employed as coolies are paid, are not carried farther than the usual stage, and are not ill-treated. Besides Captain ——, I have another Bombay gentleman in my eye, who has lately come through the country with a convoy of arrack, and I suspect played the same tricks—that is to say, never paid the people pressed and employed by him in the public service. I have directed inquiries to be made upon the subject, and if I find my conjectures to be well founded, I shall try him at the same time with Captain ——.’

The oppressed coolies must have been as much bewildered as surprised to find the mighty governor of Mysore insisting that despised outcasts such as they should receive equitable treatment at the hands of the exalted and magnificent persons that British officers in India are held to be.

Colonel Wellesley's command in the Mysore continued with only one temporary interruption till he left India. In 1801 he left Seringapatam

for Trincomalee, where a force of 3000 men were assembled to act against the Mauritius; but the duplicate copy of an overland dispatch to the governor-general, commanding him to detach the same number of men to Egypt, having been placed in Colonel Wellesley's hands by Mr Dundas, he immediately determined on sailing with the troops to Bombay, in order that they should be ready to start at once for Egypt. This decision was approved of by the governor-general, and Sir David Baird being appointed to command the expedition, Colonel Wellesley was attached to the force as second to that general. An attack of fever, by which he was for a time prostrated, prevented him from accompanying the troops, and on his recovery he was restored to his command in the Mysore territory.

The first considerable interruption to his energetic administration of affairs was caused by the incursions of Dhoondiah Waugh, a Mahratta trooper, who at the fall of Seringapatam had been liberated from one of its dungeons. He was a dashing, daring adventurer, and by his success as a highwayman and freebooter soon gathered round him a great number of desperate vagabonds, eager to join in the same gainful trade. So rapidly did his followers increase, that he was soon at the head of a large, and, so far as numbers went, a powerful army. His self-estimation grew even faster than his apparent power, and he assumed the magnificent title of 'King of the Two Worlds.' This great monarch, after receiving several checks from detachments of the British forces, was, unfortunately for himself, come up with at Conaghale on the 10th September 1800 by Colonel Wellesley, after a forced and rapid march with the 19th, 25th, and 22d Light Dragoons, and the 1st and 2d Regiments of Native Cavalry. The attack was instantaneous, and the rout total, the King of the Two Worlds being himself amongst the slain. An anecdote is related of Colonel Wellesley in connection with the extinction of this freebooter which does him honour. One of the captives was the favourite son of Dhoondiah—a beautiful boy, called Sulaboth Khan—and Colonel Wellesley, commiserating his forlorn state, took him under his especial protection, had him properly educated, and ultimately procured him employment in the service of the Rajah of Mysore, which he retained till his death by cholera in 1822.

The Mahratta chiefs, Scindiah and Holkar, instead of vigorously assisting Tippoo Sultan in his extremity, had got up a war between themselves; and in October 1802 Holkar defeated the combined forces of Scindiah and the Peshwah, and seated a puppet of his own on the musnud. The Peshwah, previous to leaving Poonah after his defeat, applied to the Company's resident for help and protection. The application, on reference to the governor-general, was favourably entertained; a treaty of alliance was entered into with the expelled Peshwah; and it was determined to put down not only Holkar, who, in the elation of his triumph over the Peshwah, menaced the Nizam's dominions with invasion, but Scindiah and the Rajah of Berar. A force sufficient for the purpose was assembled at Hurryhur, and placed under the command of Major-General Wellesley. This rank the governor-general had conferred upon his brother on the 2d of April 1802. We have previously given the dates of the unearned military grades conferred upon the Duke of Wellington, and it may be as

well now to set down those for which he was indebted, not to the accident of birth and family connection, but to his great services. His commission of colonel was conferred on the 3d of May 1796; that of major-general, 2d of April 1802; of lieutenant-general, 25th April 1808; of general in Spain and Portugal, 31st July 1811; of field-marshal, 21st June 1813.

We have space only for a glance at General Wellesley's chief exploits during this Mahratta war, as it is called. The army, consisting of about 20,000 troops of all arms, moved from Hurryhur on the 9th of March 1803, and without encountering any serious opposition arrived at Poonah on the 20th of April. On the 13th of May the Peshwah was replaced on the musnud. Supreme civil and military authority in the territories of the Nizam, the Peshwah, and the Mahratta States, was soon afterwards conferred on General Wellesley, and on the 6th of August he took the field against Scindiah and his allies. Pettah, a native town, garrisoned by 3000 Mahratta troops and 1500 Arab mercenaries, was, without stopping to breach the wall, stormed by the help of a few scaling-ladders, and the loss of only 140 men. Gocklah, a Mahratta chief, wrote the following account of this affair to his friends at Poonah:—'These English are a strange people, and their general is a wonderful man. They came here in the morning, looked at the Pettah wall, walked over it, killed all the garrison, and returned to breakfast. What can withstand them?' The strong fortress of Ahmednuggur was next attacked, and compelled to surrender. There was a palace in the interior which contained an immense quantity of valuables, and of so tempting a kind that the general was compelled to hang two native soldiers in the gateway before he could quietly secure the booty for distribution in the proper way. The fort of Baroach shared the fate of Ahmednuggur little more than a fortnight afterwards, and so successful were General Wellesley's operations, that if a good blow could be struck at Scindiah's army—reputed to be extremely formidable, not only from its numbers but the excellent discipline of the infantry, and its powerful, well-organised artillery—the Mahratta difficulty in that part of the peninsula at least might be considered terminated. To effect this desirable object no effort was spared, and on the 22d of September the hurkarus or scouts brought intelligence that the army of Scindiah was posted at Bohendur, no very great distance off. General Wellesley immediately divided his army into two divisions, one of which he placed under the command of Colonel Stevenson, with directions to make a detour to the west, in order to avoid passing through a narrow and dangerous defile; whilst he himself took the more direct easterly route. Stevenson was to rejoin him late in the evening of the 23d. Early on the morning of that day General Wellesley was informed by the hurkarus that Scindiah's cavalry had gone off, but that the infantry still remained at Bohendur. Wellesley put himself in motion instantly, leaving his baggage behind under a sufficient guard, and after a sultry, hurried march, found himself about noon suddenly in the presence of an army of 50,000 men, of which full 30,000 were cavalry, drawn up between the rivers Juah and Ketnah, the village of Assye on the Juah being nearly in the centre of the line! The hurkarus had either wilfully or ignorantly deceived him.

As this terrible battle elicited the first unmistakable proof that General

Wellesley possessed those rare and indispensable attributes of a great commander—the eagle sweep which takes in at a glance all the essential points of the situation, however terrible it may be, or however suddenly presented, and the prompt sagacity and daring that at once decides upon and executes the fittest means of overcoming the threatened danger—a somewhat detailed account of the unequal conflict may be desirable.

The Mahratta forces were, as we have said, drawn up between the rivers Juah and Ketnah: which streams gradually approaching each other, met on their left. In this narrow part of the peninsula, as we may call the ground thus marked by the confluence of the two rivers, the infantry, a disciplined body of about 12,000 men, were posted; in the centre 100 guns fully manned were ranged; and on the right, in the broader and still widening space leading up to Bohendur, upwards of 30,000 well-mounted horsemen, glittering in all the rainbow splendour of Eastern costume, were encamped—their apparently innumerable and various-coloured tents presenting all the life and bustle of a town, with jewellers, smiths, and other trades, pursuing their avocations as if within the walls of a peaceful and crowded city. The British force, amounting to no more than 8700 sabres and bayonets, with seventeen guns, arrived directly in front of this numerous and formidable cavalry, the river Ketnah running along their front till its junction with the Juah. It was a startling as well as magnificent spectacle, and so apparently desperate were the odds that General Wellesley has been frequently blamed by rule-and-line tacticians for hazarding a battle in which he had, according to them, no right to expect success. He should have retired, say they, and declined a battle till Stevenson had joined. Such reasoners appear to forget that there is a relative force and weakness of armies that cannot be estimated by merely counting their proportionate numbers. Above the colours of the English battalions there floated a halo which, however boldly the Mahratta soldiers might carry it, disquieted them more than would thrice the number of men, however brave and disciplined, who lacked it. The crash of the falling towers of Seringapatam, the swift destruction that had overtaken the King of the Two Worlds, the storming of Pettah, the capture of the strongholds of Ahmednuggur and Baroach, must have been vividly present to the imaginations of those impressionable children of the East, exciting dread and apprehension which no array of cannon nor of numbers on their own side could diminish, much less dissipate. To display fear or hesitation would be to throw away that mighty moral force; to retreat, to turn back before that numerous cavalry, would be ruin!

Whatever General Wellesley felt on finding himself unexpectedly before so imposing an array, no look or word betrayed the slightest surprise or dismay. A few minutes decided his plan of attack, which was as vigorously executed as it was ably conceived. The troops wheeled off quickly to the right, towards the confluence of the two rivers, and passing the ford of Peepulgao near the extremity of the narrowing peninsula, turned the left of the Mahratta force, compelling the infantry that composed it to change their front, and draw up in several lines *across* the peninsula, their right resting on the Ketnah, and their left on a nullah or stream which flowed parallel with the Ketnah, on the Juah side, by Assye. By this change of position it is evident the Mahratta cavalry could not fairly

operate till their infantry and artillery, now between them and the British force, were either beaten or victorious. A furious battle at once commenced; but it was soon found that the seventeen field-pieces possessed by the British could make no effectual reply to the numerous and well-served guns of the enemy, and General Wellesley commanded an attack by the bayonet along the entire front. A loud cheer greeted the welcome and decisive order; an advancing line of levelled steel glittered through the driving cannon-smoke; and with a fierce and rapid step the British soldiers closed upon their numerous foes. They were not waited for: the Mahratta infantry fired a feeble, ineffective volley, then broke and fled; the British left, which General Wellesley led in person, pursuing them with terrible slaughter, and capturing all their guns. The British right, composed of the 74th Regiment and some pickets, were equally successful in the charge; but in following it up, the officer in command, instead of taking a more sheltered circuitous course towards Assye, led his men across level ground, which the Mahratta artillery swept like a glacié, and the men fell by dozens. Seeing this, an immense body of Mahratta horse crept round by Assye, and fell upon the staggering English infantry. At this crisis of the battle, Colonel Maxwell was ordered to charge with the 19th Dragoons and a sepoy cavalry regiment. He did so valiantly, swept through, over, the Mahratta horse, cut down as he passed the gunners at their pieces, and broke through Scindiah's left with irresistible fury, utterly routing it. This gallant charge, successful as it was, was an exhausting one; and a cloud of Mahratta cavalry, which, drawn up on an eminence, had as yet only overlooked the battle, now joined in it, rallying as they came on the dispersed artillerymen and broken infantry. This movement the British general had foreseen and prepared for. The 78th Regiment and one of native horse had been held in reserve, and these, with the survivors of the 74th, vehemently charged the but as yet half-beaten Mahratta forces: Maxwell's brigade, who had in the meantime breathed their horses, joined in the fierce onslaught, and in a few minutes Scindiah's army, horse and foot, was a mass of panic-stricken fugitives, abandoning and throwing away in their headlong flight cannon, tents, arms, and stores, after losing in slain and wounded men and prisoners nearly twice the number of their assailants.

The victory was a splendid one, but it was dearly purchased. The British loss in killed and wounded amounted to 1584 men, according to the official lists; and amongst the former was the gallant Colonel Maxwell, who was slain in the pursuit. General Wellesley had two horses shot under him: 'one of them,' he wrote the next day, 'was Diomed, Colonel Aston's horse.' The loss fell, as usual in Indian battles, in much the greatest proportion upon the British part of the attacking force. The 74th especially suffered severely, and a picket that went into action with one officer and 150 men, mustered after the battle only four rank-and-file!

The Mahratta chiefs never recovered this heavy blow, followed as it was by the less remarkable, though quite as decisive victory of Argaum and the capture of Asseerghur and Gawulgur. They sued for peace, and Lord Lake having been quite as successful in the northern provinces and at Delhi against M. Perron, terms dictated by the conquerors were agreed upon, and on the 30th of December 1803 the Mahratta war terminated.

The work of General Wellesley in India was now accomplished, and he was anxious to return to Europe, where no soldier had yet appeared capable of measuring himself against the marshals of France, who, with their redoubted chief, had not only inspired the continent with a panic-terror of their arms, but were again threatening a descent upon England. He embarked for Europe on the 10th of March 1805 in the *Trident* frigate, after having received from the officers of the army he had commanded, the merchants of Calcutta, and the native inhabitants of Seringapatam, highly gratifying and substantial tokens of admiration and esteem. The officers of the army subscribed for a gold vase, to be inscribed with the name of his great victory, Assye—this was subsequently changed to a service of plate; the merchants of Calcutta presented him with a sword valued at a thousand guineas; and a far more honouring tribute than these—the native people of Seringapatam presented him with an address, containing a prayer ‘to the God of all castes and colours,’ to bless and reward him for his just and equal rule in the Mysore. He had been previously, on the 1st September 1804, created a Knight-Companion of the Bath, and was consequently now Sir Arthur Wellesley, K.C.B.

The cannon of Trafalgar awoke Napoleon from his day-dream of a successful invasion of England; and the British ministry, relieved from the idea of a French army advancing upon London, that had so long haunted them, despatched Earl Cathcart and General Don with a British force to Northern Germany, to assist in the confidently-predicted march to Paris of the now allied Austrian and Russian armies. The recently-arrived young ‘General of Sepoys’—as the scribes of the ‘*Moniteur*,’ not yet knowing him quite so well as in afteryears, sneeringly called Sir Arthur Wellesley—was ordered to join them there. By the time he arrived Lord Cathcart had received intelligence of the battle of Austerlitz, and the detachment against him of Augereau with 40,000 men of the Grand Army. The earl’s first thought on receiving this news was of the transport-ships, and his next to summon a council of war, to decide upon embarking. It was of course attended by Major-General Wellesley, who was the youngest general-officer present. The elders of the council were unanimous in their opinion of the desirableness of getting back to England as speedily as possible, although of course for different, but all equally cogent reasons. The sole dissentient was Sir Arthur Wellesley. He was of opinion that a heavy blow might be struck through Augereau at the superstition of French invincibility which prevailed throughout the continent, that would go far to rekindle the hopes extinguished in the blood of Austerlitz. ‘Say,’ argued the young general—‘say that Augereau has forty thousand men: they will be greatly diminished before he can reach us by his hurried march through a wasted and unfriendly country. And even if otherwise, strongly posted and abundantly supplied as we are, we ought to beat him. A victory might have immense results, and a defeat would not be ruinous, as we could always embark under cover of the shipping. That is a sure and ought to be a last resource.’ The seniors listened to the inexperienced soldier with elevated eyebrows and good-natured superiority. He might know how to win such battles as Assye, but what was that to encountering such terrible fellows as Augereau and forty thousand men of ‘the Grand Army!’ The rash

advice was spurned, and Wellesley, with a cold disdainful smile playing about his keen gray eyes and thin compressed lips, left the council, and soon afterwards was again in England.

On the 10th of April 1806 Sir Arthur Wellesley married the Honourable Catherine Pakenham, third daughter of Edward Michael, second Lord Longford. By this marriage he had issue two sons: Arthur, born 3d of February 1807, at Harley Street, London; and Charles, born 16th January 1808, at the Secretary's Lodge, near Dublin.

In 1806 Sir Arthur was returned to parliament for the borough of Rye, and on the 3d of April 1807 he accepted the office of chief-secretary for Ireland; with the express understanding, however, with the minister, that his secretaryship should not stand in the way of his military employment should occasion require his services. His administration of Irish affairs was characterised by an unbending harshness, that rendered him very unpopular there—for which probably he did not care one straw. He was the author of the famous Insurrection Act, which, amongst other pleasant provisions, enacted that any Irishman found out of his house after sundown in the proclaimed districts should be liable to transportation. Sir Arthur organised a police for Dublin, and in this is said to have rendered good service to the Irish metropolis. But work for which he was much better fitted was again preparing for him.

The Austro-Russian combination ended by Austerlitz and the treaty of Tilsit instead of the march to Paris and the dethronement of the French Emperor; and after some scandalous transactions between Napoleon and Alexander, by which, for the sake of a Russian alliance against Great Britain, the ruler of France agreed to transfer Wallachia and Moldavia to the northern potentate, with a half promise to throw in Constantinople over the bargain at some future day, the two emperors solemnly and magnanimously offered peace to England—a peace to be based upon the principle that each power should retain all it had acquired during the war. France, her continental acquisitions, including Spain, which Bonaparte, by shameless perfidy and force, had just taken military possession of; Russia, the two principalities we have mentioned; and England, the sugar-islands—colonies, even Malta, once so vehemently refused by Napoleon, that she had wrested from France, Spain, and Holland. This proposal, made with great form and circumstance, was substantially repelled at once, the British government in their reply refusing to treat without their allies, including the Spanish insurgents, as the czar and the emperor styled the outraged and indignant Spanish nation. Prosperity must have weakened Napoleon's ordinary observation, if it be true, as M. Thiers intimates, that he believed his new alliance would terrify this country into the abandonment of Spain and Turkey, and the acceptance of an unstable, futile peace. Russia, in any possible combination against Great Britain, must count for next to nothing, from not possessing any efficient means of offensive action against her, for the 'march to India' is nothing more than a dream. But there was a nearer and much greater fear: the Crown-Prince of Denmark, who had been for some time coquetting with Bonaparte, and who was known to be extremely anxious to retain his continental possessions—the portion of Germany that has lately been the cause and theatre of so much strife and bloodshed, and which in 1807 was completely in the

power of the French ruler—had a numerous fleet at Copenhagen, that, if added to the French navy, might have redressed the catastrophe of Trafalgar, and this was therefore for England a veritable danger. Under these circumstances the British ministry determined on sending a naval and military expedition to the Danish capital, to enforce the surrender of the fleet to England, in trust, till the conclusion of a general peace. We shall not attempt to defend the much-controverted morality of this enterprise: indeed the morality of the most approved war-tactics is, if it exist at all, of so subtle and fugitive a nature, that, if willing, we should be quite unable to say what is or what is not in harmony with it; but this at least is certain, that subsequent disclosures proved irrefragably that if the Danish fleet had not been forcibly taken possession of by the English, it would have been handed over to Napoleon. But whatever the justice or expediency of the project, its execution was complete and masterly. The military force was nominally under the orders of Earl Cathcart, but Sir Arthur Wellesley, second in command, was virtually the leader of the expedition; and he, by the vigour and rapidity of his operations, left little else for the naval commander, Admiral Gambier, to do, than to escort the surrendered fleet safely home. Immediately on the arrival of the troops in the Isle of Zealand, the brief campaign commenced. The Danish forces offered a brave opposition at Kiöge; but they were pushed aside, or driven headlong upon Copenhagen, with the loss of 1100 prisoners, including sixty officers and ten pieces of cannon. The cannonade and bombardment of the Danish capital followed quickly afterwards: it was in flames on the 4th, and on the 5th of September 1808, just as the storming forces were about to attack the breach, the Crown-Prince capitulated. The Danish fleet, consisting of sixteen sail of the line, nine frigates, fourteen sloops, with an immense quantity of naval stores, were given up to the British admiral, and conveyed to England. Two ships on the stocks were also taken to pieces and carried away, and two others were burnt. The operations were throughout conducted by Sir Arthur Wellesley—the Earl Cathcart, much to his credit for good sense, having confined himself to receiving and perusing the dispatches to head-quarters of his skilful and audacious second in command. For this service Sir Arthur, and of course Earl Cathcart and Admiral Gambier, received the thanks of the crown and parliament.

Lord Roslyn, who accompanied the expedition, took a favourite mare with him, which proved with foal in the isle of Zealand. On her return home a colt was produced, which was named Copenhagen and was the famous horse that carried the Duke through the day of Waterloo, and was buried with military honours at Stratfieldsaye in 1835.

The desperate though badly organised and unsuccessful resistance of the insurgent Spanish people to the infamous seizure of their country by Bonaparte, and the occupation of Lisbon by Marshal Junot, Duke of Abrantès, induced the British government to send an auxiliary army to the Peninsula, and the command of the troops assembled at Cork for that purpose was given to Sir Arthur Wellesley. The ardent general arrived at Corunna on the 20th of July 1808, and was there informed by the vapouring junta that Spain had plenty of soldiers: she only wanted money. They added that the British army could not be better employed than in clearing Portugal of

the French force under Junot. The unaccountable surrender of Dupont at Baylen had in fact turned the brains of the juntas throughout Spain, and it required many and bitter lessons to bring them back to modesty and reason. Sir Arthur immediately sailed for the Tagus, and after an interview with Admiral Sir Charles Cotton, who was blockading a Russian squadron that had taken refuge in that river, decided on landing at the mouth of the Mondego, an operation which was effected on the 3d of August 1808. General Spencer had joined, and their united forces amounted to nearly 20,000 men, but were utterly deficient in cavalry, there being only a few hundred badly-mounted horsemen with the force. Sir John Moore, Sir Arthur's senior officer, was daily expected with a large reinforcement; but General Wellesley, naturally anxious to strike a good blow before another arrived to snatch the command from him, marched rapidly along the coast towards Lisbon. General Bernardin Freire, a Portuguese officer, at the head of about 6000 men, accompanied Wellesley for some distance; but as they neared the French, a rooted disbelief in the possibility of vanquishing Napoleon's generals grew upon him, and casting about for an excuse to avoid the approaching conflict, he hit upon the singular one of demanding that the British general should supply the Portuguese troops with rations! This absurd requisition was of course refused; indeed it was impossible to comply with it, and Don Bernardin separated himself from the English commander, leaving, however, at the request of the latter—who was anxious to retain the moral support with the country people of the presence of native troops—one regiment with the British, whom Sir Arthur undertook to supply with rations. The first resistance encountered was at Roliça, where the French general, Laborde, resolutely defended some difficult, tangled passes, retiring slowly step by step, and inflicting great loss upon the British, who could not from the nature of the ground return his incessant, well-directed fire with any effect. This destruction accomplished, Laborde retreated rapidly and skilfully before the English could reach him in any sufficient force. The day after this bitter fight, the army resumed its route, and received intelligence that Junot had marched out of Lisbon—after threatening to fire it on his return if, during his absence, there should be any effort at revolt—had rallied Laborde and Loyson, and was coming on with the fixed intention of 'driving the Leopards into the sea;' this being the stereotyped 'Moniteur' phrase for beating and drowning the English armies. Meanwhile the 'Leopards,' confident in their general and themselves, were in the highest spirits, nothing doubting that a gazette-extraordinary would, before many days elapsed, silence the exasperating sneers of certain eloquent English politicians at the folly and rashness, as they were pleased to term it, of opposing the 'pipe-clayed soldiers of Whitehall' to the war-accustomed veterans of France. A dark cloud came between them and their hopes. A dispatch from Lord Castlereagh had informed Sir Arthur Wellesley that Sir Harry Burrard was on his way to supersede him in the command of the troops, and that shortly afterwards Sir Hew Dalrymple might be expected to supersede Sir Harry. The first instalment of the threatened calamity had arrived. General Burrard's presence on board a frigate off the coast was signalled, and Sir Arthur, as in duty bound, waited upon him, and reported the state of affairs. He related what had been already

done, and announced his intention of marching to meet Junot at dawn the next morning. Sir Harry Burrard would not hear of such a proceeding, than which nothing, he said, could be more rash. 'Offer battle without cavalry, and with artillery horses, as Sir Harry Burrard understood, good for nothing! Sir Arthur must not think of such a thing: no battle must be offered till the arrival of the reinforcements under Sir John Moore.' Vainly did Sir Arthur urge his reasons for desiring immediate battle, and assure General Burrard that success was as certain as any not yet accomplished event in war could be. It was useless: the advance of the army was peremptorily forbidden; and one can easily believe that as Sir Arthur stepped into the boat that was to convey him ashore, the same bitter smile which had been observed in Earl Cathcart's council-room again played about his lips with increased intensity, and that a flushed and angry brow surmounted the flashing eyes. Fortune made amends for the injustice of his official superior. The morning disclosed the gratifying sight of Junot's army in full march towards the English, and without a shameful flight, battle was inevitable. Sir Arthur's dispositions were quickly made, and with perfect tranquillity and confidence he awaited Junot's approach. The French attacked with their usual valour and impetuosity, and after an obstinate conflict were driven back in utter confusion upon all points, leaving in the power of the British thirteen guns and many hundred prisoners, amongst whom was a general-officer. It was now twelve o'clock; Sir Harry Burrard, who had landed a short time previously, assumed the command, and Sir Arthur's order for two divisions of the army to press fiercely upon the disordered French and drive them over the Sierra de Baraguedo, whilst Hill, Anstruther, and Fane by a rapid flank-march gained the Pass of Torres-Vedras, and cut Junot off from Lisbon—which would have been equivalent, or nearly so, to the French commander's surrendering at discretion—was countermanded. Sir Arthur Wellesley expostulated warmly it is said. General Burrard gave his reasons:—Enough had been done; the English had no cavalry; the French were rallying; the artillery-traces were damaged, etcetera. In fine, he would hear of no pursuit; especially of no flank-march upon Lisbon, which was a thing contrary to all rule. Sir Arthur, obliged to yield, turned to one of the staff, and said: 'We had better see about getting some dinner, as there is nothing more for soldiers to do to-day.' Thus ended the battle of Vimeira.

Junot, thanks to Sir Harry Burrard, got safely back to Lisbon, and there dictated a bulletin explanatory of the reasons why he had not driven the Leopards into the sea, afterwards published in the 'Moniteur' as materials for history. Sir Hew Dalrymple arrived soon afterwards, and he and Sir Harry Burrard, with General Wellesley's sullen assent—for in the present posture of affairs nothing better seemed likely to be done—concluded the famous Convention, called of Cintra, why it is difficult to say, by virtue of which the French army were to evacuate Portugal, on condition of being comfortably conveyed with all their arms, horses, artillery, baggage (plunder), to the nearest French port, in British vessels! One of the conditions granted by Dalrymple was that the Russian fleet should be permitted to leave the Tagus, and be given certain *law* or distance, as sportsmen do to a fox, before the British admiral started in pursuit.

This article required the consent of Sir Charles Cotton, and was at once rejected by that officer. This news arriving in the British camp caused immense exultation there, from the belief that the hated Convention was consequently at an end. Sir Hew Dalrymple thought so too, and wrote in that sense to Junot; but the marshal was too well satisfied with the Convention to hesitate at the sacrifice of the Russian fleet; and at once signed it, quite regardless of the omission of the stipulation in behalf of the French Emperor's august ally.

Sir Arthur Wellesley got away home as quickly as he could, and resumed his duties as Irish secretary, grimly awaiting a time when he might measure himself with those famous French marshals unfettered and uncrippled by such well-meaning, old-world generals as Burrard and Dalrymple.

The burst of indignation excited in England by the news of the Convention of Cintra compelled the ministry to appoint a court of inquiry, which, under the presidency of Earl Moira, met at Chelsea. It led to no result, and would scarcely have been worth mentioning here except for the purpose of relating a very honourable, although apparently trifling incident in so crowded a life as that of the Duke of Wellington. Sir Arthur was questioned relative to the refusal of Sir Harry Burrard to permit the flank-march upon Lisbon after the victory of Vimeira. He generously excused Burrard, although of course maintaining that he had judged rightly in ordering the movement which that general had countermanded. 'I would do so again,' said Sir Arthur, 'under similar circumstances; still, I am bound to say that Sir Harry Burrard decided on fair military reasons.' No doubt of it. The only difference was, that Sir Arthur could see farther and more clearly than the aged veteran, who, there can be no doubt, decided, as he believed, for the best.

The able but disastrous campaign of Sir John Moore followed—a campaign flippantly condemned by the glittering rhetoric of Mr Canning and other orators, but of which the Duke of Wellington has written the following defence:—'The only error I can discern in Sir John Moore's campaign is, that he ought to have looked upon the advance to Sahagun as a movement in retreat, and have sent officers to the rear to mark and arrange the halting-points of each brigade. But this is an opinion formed after a long experience of war, and especially of Spanish war, which must be seen to be understood. Finally, it is an opinion formed after the event.' Marshal Soult, who commanded the French at Corunna, speaks thus of the English general: 'General Moore opposed every possible obstacle to me during a long and difficult retreat, and died in a battle which does honour to his memory.' These testimonies are as honourable to the commanders who penned them as to the gallant but ill-fated soldier whose fame they vindicate.

The deliverance of the Peninsula was still a prime object with the people of Great Britain, and it was determined to make another strenuous effort towards its accomplishment. Sir Arthur Wellesley, upon the distinct understanding that he should not be again superseded without reasonable cause, accepted the command of the army in Portugal; finally resigned the office of Irish Secretary; and arrived at Lisbon on the 22d of April 1809, Sir John Cradock, who had previously commanded there, returning home.

Active preparations for immediate hostilities at once commenced, and were urged with such unflagging vigour by Sir Arthur that in little more than a fortnight after his arrival in Portugal he was enabled to strike the terrible blow at Soult which, reverberating throughout Europe, first roused the nations to a perception of the great fact that a general had at last entered the lists against France, who in skill, promptitude, and daring was to the full the equal of the distinguished military chieftains that had sprung from that soldier-teeming soil. Our space will forbid us to do more than glance at the series of brilliant triumphs that illuminate the history of the Peninsular campaign: we can only hurriedly point to the more salient and conspicuous heights along which leaped the flame of victory till it shone upon the startled land of France. And let us not be misunderstood in thus speaking of the skill and hardihood displayed by our countrymen in the strictly-defensive contest waged in behalf of the betrayed and downtrodden peoples of Spain and Portugal. We yield to none in our dislike of war. Successful violence and wrong, however gilded over with fine-sounding phrases, however blazoned in history and song, are still with us detestable violence and wrong. But the spirit which prompts resistance to insolent invasion, and valiant defiance of triumphant oppression, is a virtue, a true heroism: its aim, the vindication of justice—its final victory, peace.

Marshal Soult had some time previously invaded Portugal from Orense in Galicia, and after dissipating the undisciplined forces opposed to him, and committing or permitting many cruel excesses, established his headquarters at Oporto, on the Douro, with about 25,000 men. Marshal Victor, with another considerable French army, was at Almeida. It was desirable to attack them separately, and at once; and the British general, after providing against danger from Victor, marched with the step of a giant upon Oporto. Arrived on the borders of the Douro, he found Soult quietly reposing in the subjugated city, after taking the precaution of destroying the bridge and securing all the boats to his own side of a river three hundred yards wide. This done, he felt perfectly satisfied that he could not be attacked except by sea, and without receiving full notice of the intention of his enemy. He was slumbering in a fool's paradise. Sir Arthur Wellesley first despatched Beresford to seize the bridge at Amarante held by Loyson, and prevent Soult's escape by that road; then Sir John Murray, with the British cavalry, was sent off to cross the Douro some miles further up; and at dawn of day on the 12th of May, Sir Arthur with his staff, partially concealed from the unsuspecting French outposts by a bend in the river, was eagerly searching for means of crossing to the other side. The eye of the British general rested upon a large unfinished building on the opposite shore, called a seminary. Could he find or contrive means of crossing, it would, he saw, afford a strong *point d'appui* for the passage of the troops. At this moment Colonel Waters, a zealous and adventurous staff-officer, brought the welcome intelligence that, having met a poor barber crossing in a skiff at some distance up the river, he, aided by the influence of the prior of Amarante, had persuaded the barber not only to lend his boat, but to return with them to the other side, and assist in unfastening and bringing across three barges. This was great news. The barges were quickly reported ready,

and a brief 'Let the men cross,' gave the order for this daring enterprise. The first detachment landed unobserved, and took quiet possession of the unfinished seminary; the second and the third were equally fortunate; but before the fourth could cross, the quick firing of the French sentinels, soon followed by the hurried roll of Soult's drums, announced that they were discovered; and the British troops, who had hitherto been kept out of sight, crowded to the banks of the river, and greeted the French—who presently poured out of Oporto in order to attack the seminary before its defenders became too numerous—with loud shouts of exultation and defiance. The struggle at the seminary soon became furious—deadly. Paget was wounded. Hill succeeded him, but so doubtful at one time appeared the issue that Sir Arthur, but for the remonstrances of his staff, and the reflection that Hill would do all that man could to maintain the position, would himself have crossed over. Presently loud shouts were heard from the quays of the awakened city, whose inhabitants, roused from their slumbers by the din and tumult of the surprise and contest, were unchaining the boats, and rowing them with frantic eagerness across the river. The British now crossed by hundreds, and it was not long before a cloud of dust, through which glimmered the flashing sabres of the English cavalry, announced the approach of Sir John Murray. Soult saw that the game was lost; and abandoning the city, his sick, stores, baggage, and artillery, everything with the exception of a few light field-pieces, went off rapidly in the direction of the bridge of Amarante, which he expected to find in the safe-keeping of the 3000 men under Loyson. This hurried retreat must at once have changed to a headlong flight but for the unaccountable inaction of Sir John Murray, who kept his impatient squadrons immovable in their ranks whilst the disordered stream of soldiery swept past. General Stewart, now Marquis of Londonderry, impatient of this strange inactivity, charged without, or rather in defiance of orders, at the head of the 14th Dragoons alone, right through the retiring columns; but remaining unsupported by Murray, got roughly handled, and lost a considerable number of men. Soult, eagerly followed by the British army as soon as it could be got in order for that purpose, crossed the Souza River, and there, to his mortification and dismay, met Loyson's force, which had hastily retired from before Beresford. The French marshal's position now appeared desperate, and Loyson suggested the idea of a convention like that of Cintra. Soult, hopeless in all probability of cheating out of the fruits of his calculated daring the general who had struck him the blow he was writhing under, rejected the proposal; and having found a Spanish pedler, who informed him there was a road which led over the Sierra Catarina to Guimaraens, the marshal abandoned Loyson's and his own remaining cannon, baggage, military chest, and boldly followed his Spanish guide across the mountains. Everything was thrown away that could in the slightest degree impede this terrible retreat—terrible not only to the French, whose stragglers were mercilessly slain by the peasantry, roused into ferocious activity by the unlooked-for sight of the discomfiture and rout of the so-lately recklessly triumphant troops—

'The desolator desolate, the victor overthrown'—

but to the wretched country people in the line of march, whom the French, in retaliation for the cruelties inflicted in their sight upon the maimed and footsore of their own people, shot without scruple or remorse, at the same time firing their dwellings, thus marking every step of their flight with blood and flame and ruin. It was doubtful, too, if after all they would escape, for at every pause for scanty rest the tramp and gallop of the British army sounded more and more distinctly in their rear, and tidings reached Soult that the only bridge by which escape was possible—that of Ponte Nova, on the Cavado—was partly cut, and in possession of a Portuguese guard. Sending for Major Dulong, an officer of distinguished bravery, the marshal, after briefly explaining the situation, said: ‘Take a hundred grenadiers and twenty-five horsemen, and endeavour to surprise and repair the bridge. If you are successful, let me know immediately; if you fail, you need send no message—your silence will be enough.’ Dulong, favoured by the storm and darkness of the night, succeeded in his perilous and wellnigh desperate enterprise. Only a narrow ledge of the bridge remained passable, and over this he and his grenadiers crawled in single file upon their hands and feet. One soldier lost his hold and fell into the Cavado, his cry of agony, fortunately for his comrades, being drowned in the roar and splash of the howling storm and rushing waters. The Portuguese sentinel was surprised and slain, and the heedless guard were overpowered and dispersed. The bridge was hastily repaired, and the French army was enabled to pass slowly over, a portion of the British artillery only arriving in time to strew the passage and defile the river with numerous dead and wounded men of the rearguard. Soult ultimately reached Orense in Galicia, and there the British cavalry desisted from further pursuit. The French marshal had left that town eleven weeks previously with 25,000 veteran troops, fifty-eight pieces of artillery, numerous stores, and valuable baggage. He returned to it with 19,000 men, destitute of everything but the arms in their hands and the ragged clothing on their backs. With such passages in this terrific war as this frightful retreat or rather flight presents, and with the dreadful misery and ruin inflicted and suffered fresh in the memory—the war, it is impossible to deny, originating in the insatiable ambition of the French Emperor—the recollection of the sentimental cry set up against the cruelty of Napoleon’s imprisonment at St Helena strikes the mind with a feeling of astonishment at the infinitely-varied and discordant scale by which human actions are sometimes judged in this strange world of ours.

Marshal Victor, on hearing of the disaster which had befallen Soult, united himself with Jourdan and King Joseph, and, conjointly with them, on the 28th and 29th of July, fought the battle of Talavera de la Reyna against General Wellesley’s army and the Spanish force under Cuesta. This battle would never have been hazarded by the British general had he not been misled into an almost inextricable position by the imbecility and braggadocia of Cuesta. The Spanish soldiers, individually as brave perhaps as others, were so wretchedly organised, so inefficiently commanded, that they, on the day of trial, proved almost useless. The position of the British army when it was ascertained that Cuesta’s army could not be relied upon was manifestly one of extreme peril. Joseph, Victor, and Jourdan, were in front with an army immensely superior to that commanded

by General Wellesley; and Soult, who with veteran readiness had already re-organised and re-equipped his so lately-beaten force, which had moreover been powerfully reinforced, was in full march upon Sir Arthur's communications with Portugal, with the intention of falling upon the British rear. Soult sent messenger after messenger to King Joseph, begging him not to fight till he (Soult) could get up. Fortunately Victor's presumption and Joseph's pliancy prevented this wary counsel from being adopted. Talavera was fought: the French, after a tremendous contest, were driven beyond the Alberche with the loss of ten guns, and Sir Arthur Wellesley, whom victory alone could enable to retreat, withdrew his army, by this time reduced to 17,000 men, by the line of the Tagus into Portugal. The Spanish troops, now become a mere armed mob, followed, hotly pursued by Marshal Victor, who captured the British hospitals, unavoidably left for a brief space under Cuesta's charge. General Craufurd's brigade was sixty-two miles distant from Talavera when he first heard of the imminence of the unequal fight. He instantly put his troops in motion, marched without rest towards the scene of action, his own and his soldiers' impatience but stimulated by meeting scores of runaways from the first day's fight—not all of them Spaniards, nor private soldiers—who asserted that the British were beaten and in full retreat. Craufurd crossed the field of battle on the evening of the victory, having brought his men in heavy marching-order sixty-two miles in twenty-six hours, and this, too, in the July of a Spanish summer. That ground had been traversed a short time before his arrival by a far deadlier enemy than the French. The tall dry grass had by some accident caught fire, and hundreds of wounded soldiers thickly scattered over the field of death perished miserably in the flames. For this battle, and the passage of the Douro, the British general was on the 26th of the following August created a peer of England by the title of Baron Douro and Viscount Wellington. He also received the thanks of parliament for Talavera, a battle in which he had unquestionably displayed consummate mastery in the art of handling troops in the face of an enemy, and abundant resources in moments of perilous emergency. On the 10th of February 1810, the Commons voted Lord Wellington a pension of £2000 a year, with succession for two generations.

Determined never again to trust to the co-operation of Spanish generals or armies, Lord Wellington now anxiously directed his attention to the best mode of effectually defending Portugal by the British army, aided by the Portuguese regiments which were being disciplined, organised, and officered under the direction of General Beresford, created for that purpose a marshal in the Portuguese service. His meditations resulted in the conception of the celebrated lines of Torres-Vedras, which were at once commenced, but without the slightest ostentation or hint of the purpose to which they were destined.

In the spring of 1810 Marshal Massena, 'the spoiled child of victory,' as he was designated by Napoleon, was appointed to the as yet baffled task of driving, with Ney's assistance, the English Leopards into the sea; but the renowned commander quickly found that Dame Fortune has frowns as well as favours for the most indulged of her children. Massena crowed loudly, assuring the French Emperor that he was certain of success, and the aspect of affairs appeared to justify his vaunting arrogance. The French army

destined to operate against Wellington had been increased to 90,000 men, chiefly veteran soldiers, to whom the English general could not oppose more than 40,000 British troops, the remainder of his army being composed of the as yet untried Portuguese regiments. The thousands of gallant men sent to perish in the pestilential marshes of the low countries might indeed have more than restored the balance; but they died uselessly, victims of the presumptuous ignorance of such men as Perceval and Canning, who, unwarned by failure, *would* persist in directing the military operations of Great Britain. Massena opened the campaign with great spirit, and advanced with elate step towards Lord Wellington, who, having concentrated his force, slowly retired, to give time to the Portuguese people to retire, as he commanded, with all the provisions and property they could take with them to Lisbon, after destroying and laying waste that which could *not* be carried off.

These orders were in general cheerfully obeyed. His plan of defence, as yet not guessed at by the French marshal, worked efficiently: and in order to give a hopeful tone to the mind of a nation whom imperious necessity compelled to submit to such terrible sacrifices, as well as to check the exulting tide of French impetuosity, he halted and offered battle at Busaco. He was unhesitatingly attacked, Ney leading one of the divisions—all of which were defeated, and hurled back with heavy loss and discomfiture. Not the slightest impression could be made by ‘the spoiled child of victory;’ and after waiting in position a sufficient time to enable Massena to renew the attack, if he had so willed, Wellington, in pursuance of his settled purpose, leisurely withdrew to the lines of Torres-Vedras, which he reached and occupied on the 10th of October. The French marshal, with confidence restored by this retrograde movement, eagerly followed through a wasted country an enemy whom he fondly imagined was retreating to the shelter of his ships. On the 12th Massena arrived in front of the lines and looked at them. He did no more, remaining in a state of stupor and inaction till the 16th of November, when no food of any kind, not even pulse or horse-flesh, being any longer attainable, his suffering, demoralised army retreated, pursued by Wellington, who had been reinforced seaward, and the enemy were ultimately driven out of Portugal.

In 1811 Lord Wellington received the thanks of the British crown and parliament for the liberation of Portugal. We have no space to recount the incidents of the battles of Fuentes d’Onor on the 3d and 5th of May, wherein victory, as was her wont, rested with the British general; nor those of the terrific fight at Albuera, in which the desperate bravery and hardihood of the rifle-brigade, under the direction of Captain, now Lord Hardinge, retrieved a battle perilled by the hesitation or incapacity of Marshal Beresford; and the dashing enterprise of General Hill at Arroyo de Molinos—where that gallant officer surprised Girard, dispersed his force, captured all his cannon, and 1700 cavalry of the Imperial Guard—must be passed over. ‘The spoiled child of victory’ had been recalled, and his place filled by Marshal Marmont, who was ordered to finish with the British general at any sacrifice; and that he might do so, the army placed under his orders was powerfully reinforced by numerous battalions of the Imperial Guard.

Marmont very speedily concentrated between 60,000 and 70,000

admirable soldiers, who, confident of victory, marched exultingly to battle. The first rencontre of Marmont's troops with the British was in a slight affair, as far as numbers were concerned, at El-Bodon, and remarkable only for the proof it afforded of the impossibility of overthrowing a valiant, well-disciplined infantry, by charges of cavalry, however brave, numerous, and determined may be the horsemen.

When this combat occurred, the British general, now Earl of Wellington, was making a retrograde movement for the purpose of uniting his somewhat widely-sundered army. He himself took post at Guinaldo; Craufurd, who with the light division was about sixteen miles distant, was ordered to join him there immediately; the left of the army under Graham was ten miles off; and the 5th division was at Parfo, in the mountains, twelve miles distant. In this situation of the army, Craufurd's disobedience or neglect of orders, but for the iron nerve of the British general, would have lost the light division. Instead of marching without pause upon Guinaldo, he halted for the day, after accomplishing about four miles only. This gave time for the concentration of Marmont's imposing force, consisting, as we have before stated, of nearly 70,000 excellent soldiers, in front of the position occupied by the Earl of Wellington at Guinaldo, with not more than 14,000 men! To leave the post without waiting for the light division was to abandon the latter to certain destruction or capture; and during that evening and night, and the next day till three o'clock in the afternoon, when the light division was out of danger, the British general held the position at Guinaldo so confidently that Marmont firmly believed himself to be in front of Wellington's entire army; and whilst meditating the best mode of attack, displayed his splendid troops by a grand parade in the plains below. The apparent coolness of Wellington, upon whose impassive countenance, as he looked upon the brilliant show beneath, only a grim smile was seen occasionally to pass, excited the wonder of his staff, all of whom were of course aware of the extreme peril of the situation. At last an officer galloped up to announce the safe arrival of the light division, when a long-drawn, heavy breath, and a broken exclamation of joy, which escaped the British general, shewed how keen had been the anxiety concealed beneath the marble exterior. The troops were instantly withdrawn, and an able concentric movement united the army on the following day.

The astonishment of Marmont on becoming aware of what had occurred was extreme, and his pre-occupation for several hours afterwards was remarked by all who approached him. During a conversation with the officers of his staff, one of them happened to speak of Napoleon's brilliant star. 'And this Wellington,' said Marmont, looking suddenly up and speaking with vivacity, 'his star is brilliant too.' The remark was a prophetic one, as the French marshal before many days had passed learned to his cost.

We now come to the astonishing winter-campaign of 1812, but even that we may but briefly dwell upon. And here a statement must be made that will greatly surprise those readers who remember what enormous subsidies were squandered during the war by successive English ministries upon inefficient foreign armies. Lord Wellington, whose victories were the sole aliment of hope to the struggling peoples of the continent, was, spite of the most urgent, almost pathetic entreaties,

kept nearly penniless for weeks and months together. At the close of the year 1811, he was involved in enormous debt, contracted for the supply of his troops; and after all he could raise by way of credit, the pay of the army was more than three months in arrear, and that of the muleteers eight months! Half and quarter rations were frequently served out, and more than once the soldiers were without bread for three days together. An official personage wrote as follows to the harassed general: 'I have clamoured for money—money—money for you in every office, and everywhere with no effect. Our great men (Messrs Perceval and Canning) seem just now more occupied with the O. P. playhouse riots than with your necessities.' The clothing, too, of the British troops had become so patched and variegated, that a regiment could scarcely be distinguished by its uniform; and yet these scantily-fed and barely-clad troops had withal become terribly efficient in the field—rough, stubborn soldiers, who would hesitate at no odds however great, shrink from no danger however imminent and terrible; would, in fact, in their general's words, 'go anywhere and do anything.' Lord Wellington was extremely anxious to strike a great blow, if it could be done with any chance of success, not only to gratify the British people—who little imagined how miserably, since the Marquis of Wellesley had ceased to influence the British councils, their gallant army and favourite general were starved and stinted—but to fan the rising flame of resistance, once more beginning to shew itself in the east and north of Europe. In order to do this, it was necessary to make even his needs subservient to his audacious purpose. There were two French armies at no great distance: one under Marmont; the other commanded by Soult in Andalusia. These armies remained separate, from the clear impossibility of both finding subsistence in one locality. The French marshals were informed by their numerous spies of the destitution in many important respects of their great antagonist, and he determined they should continue to believe him to be in every way helplessly crippled. His object was to storm the two strong and important Spanish fortresses, both garrisoned by choice French troops, of Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajos, and so conceal and time his enterprise that neither Soult nor Marmont should be able to afford either of the garrisons any effectual relief or assistance. To effect this the closest secrecy as to his purpose was of course absolutely necessary. Hitherto his intentions, if intrusted to subordinate officers, or communicated to ministers, always by some means or other found their way into the English newspapers, translations of which were made in Paris and transmitted to the French commanders. He determined this time to put the ubiquitous journals on a wrong scent, and succeeded admirably. General Quartermaster Murray, requesting leave of absence, was granted it immediately, 'as nothing could be done till the spring.' This was repeated by General Murray on his arrival in England, and extracts from the London newspapers in due time certified the fact to the anxious French marshals. Even the chief engineers of the army only guessed that a siege or the semblance of a siege was contemplated. He hit upon a still more effectual mode of deceiving the French generals. A splendid iron battering-train had arrived at Lisbon from England. Wellington had it reshipped with some ostentation for Cadiz, causing it to be met at sea by vessels of light draught, into which the cannon were shifted,

and conveyed first to Oporto and then in boats to Lamego, whilst the ships went on to Cadiz. At length, his preparations thoroughly complete, and his project unguessed even by his own soldiers, he suddenly put the army in motion, reached, battered, and stormed Ciudad Rodrigo. Its fall on the 16th of January 1812 came like a thunderbolt upon the French marshals, who did not at first credit the intelligence. There was, however, no help for it; and as their spies informed them that Wellington was returning to his old quarters, after a little idle bustle, they gradually settled into quietude again. The thunder of the English cannon, directed against the crumbling walls of Badajos, awoke them a second time from their dream of security; but before any effectual combination could be concerted, that fortress too had fallen. It was stormed on the night of the 6th of April, at a sacrifice of life so frightful as to overcome for a moment the iron sternness of the British general, who, at the sight of the thousands of his gallant veterans that had fallen before an entrance could be won, burst into tears. Philippon, the commandant of Badajos, preserved Soult from a worse disaster than had yet befallen him, by conveying to him timely intelligence of the fall of that fortress. The Duke of Dalmatia was marching to Philippon's assistance when the messenger reached him, and he had just time to retrace his steps, and escape the signal overthrow that General Hill, who had been lying in wait for his advance, would unquestionably have inflicted upon him, seconded as he would now have been by the whole of the disengaged army.

In the beginning of July the opposing armies once more gradually approached each other near Salamanca. A contest of manœuvres took place on the Tormes, in which neither side for some time gained any advantage. At length Lord Wellington, becoming utterly destitute of the means of keeping the field, reluctantly determined on retiring by the road to Ciudad Rodrigo, and dispositions with that view were made. His inability to prosecute the campaign arose entirely from the supineness of the English ministry, who had failed to afford him the necessary supplies. 'I have never,' he wrote at the time, 'been in such distress as at present, and some serious misfortune must happen if the government does not attend to the subject, and supply us regularly with money.' Marmont divined the intention of the British commander, and on the 22d of July hazarded a move which, had a less skilful player been opposed to him, might have been successful, but attempted against Wellington it turned out to be a disastrous blunder, ruinous alike to the French army and the marshal's own reputation. He despatched Thomière's *corps d'armée* with fifty guns by a circuitous route to turn the left of the British army, and thus prevent its retreat by Ciudad Rodrigo. Owing to the nature of the ground, this movement was not observed by the English officers till about two hours after it had commenced. It was of course immediately communicated to Lord Wellington, who saw at a glance its full significance. He sprang to his feet so eagerly that he overturned the table at which he had been sitting, and exclaimed with irrepressible exultation: 'If that be so, Marmont's good-fortune has for once deserted him.' It was quite true. Thomière's *corps d'armée*, extending two or three miles in length, was hopelessly sundered from the main body of Marmont's troops. The blunder was an enormous one, and the British general

quickly rendered it irreparable. Staff-officers went off at a gallop in every direction; the infantry stood to their arms; the cavalry vaulted to their saddles; the artillery unlimbered; and Marmont's weakened army was instantly attacked in overwhelming force. The French marshal saw his error, and officer after officer was despatched to command the return of Thomière. They never reached him. As the head of Thomière's leading column emerged upon the Ciudad Rodrigo road, where they expected to find the British in full retreat, Pakenham fell like a thunderbolt upon his rear, and rolled up the long, straggling line with hideous slaughter, to which no effectual resistance could be opposed. Marmont's heart died within him at the sight. Brave as steel, however, as most French soldiers are, he struggled desperately to maintain the combat, but the explosion of a shell grievously wounding him, he was carried out of the battle. Clausel succeeded to the command, but the fortune of the day could not be changed. The French army was utterly defeated, and driven off the field, with the loss of its artillery, several thousand prisoners, and a vast number of slain and wounded men. General Foy, who exerted himself zealously to protect the retreat, writing of Salamanca, said: 'It was a battle in which forty thousand men were beaten in forty minutes.' The news of Marmont's signal defeat reached the French Emperor just as he had crossed the Borodino, and must have fallen as a dread and evil omen upon that superstitious votary and child of destiny. Salamanca was by far the completest victory yet gained by the British general over the French armies, and was always that upon which he chiefly prided himself. 'I saw him,' remarks the historian, General Napier—'I saw him late in the evening of that great day, when the advancing flashes of cannon and musketry shewed how well the field was won: he was alone. The flush of victory was upon his brow, and his eyes were eager and watchful, but his voice was calm and even gentle. With a prescient pride he seemed to accept this glory as an earnest of greater things to come.' The valour and enthusiasm displayed by all ranks of the victorious army on this occasion historians speak of as remarkable; and one of the weaker and better sex exhibited a heroic disregard of danger that would not have shamed the bravest soldier there. 'The wife of Colonel Dalbiac,' says the author we have just quoted, 'a delicate and timid English lady, rode deep into the fire, actuated by a fear stronger than that of death.' A daughter of this lady is, we believe, the present Duchess of Roxburghe.

On the 12th of August following, Wellington made his triumphant entry into Madrid amidst the acclamations of the inhabitants, and was immediately afterwards appointed generalissimo of the Spanish armies. On the 18th of the same month he was created Marquis of Wellington by the Prince-Regent of England.

The next great incidents of the war were the unsuccessful attack upon the fortress of Burgos, numerouslly garrisoned by French troops commanded by Marshal Clausel, the consequent retreat upon Portugal, and the evacuation of Madrid.

In the beginning of 1813, the Marquis of Wellington, upon whom the colonelcy of the royal regiment of Horseguards had been previously conferred, was created a Knight of the Garter. He visited Cadiz, and sailed thence to Lisbon, where he was received by the population with great

enthusiasm. Hope of permanent deliverance had revived in the hearts of the people. The news of the disastrous issue of Napoleon's Russian campaign had been published, and everywhere a determination to press the French armies vigorously was manifested. The Marquis of Wellington's army advanced rapidly through Spain, King Joseph and his marshals retiring to concentrate their forces near Vittoria, where, on the 21st June 1813, they accepted battle, and the total irremediable rout of the French army was the result. That army lost their cannon, stores, a vast number of killed, wounded, and prisoners, and the intrusive monarch his carriages, treasure, and baggage, glad doubtless to escape with life from his imaginary kingdom. Marshal Jourdan, in the hurry of his flight, left his truncheon behind him a trophy for the victors, which on 3d of July the Gazette announced had been conferred by the Prince-Regent upon Field-Marshal the Marquis of Wellington. Honours and rewards were thickly showered about this time upon the triumphant British general. One hundred thousand pounds for the purchase of an estate had been voted him by the English parliament, and he was now created by the Spanish authorities Duque de Ciudad Rodrigo, and a grandee of Spain of the first class. The estate of Soto de Roma, of which the unhappily celebrated Prince of Peace had been despoiled, was bestowed upon him by the Cadiz Cortes, 'in testimony of the gratitude of the Spanish nation.' He accepted the gift, but the proceeds of the estate were devoted during the war to the public service.

These honours, gifts, and compliments were, so far as the Cortes and ruling powers of Spain were concerned, mere veils to hide from the world their envy and dislike both of the English nation and their general. All fear of the French having passed away, the instinctive Spanish aversion to foreigners seized anew upon the soldiers and people, to whom, it galled their pride to be compelled to confess, they were mainly indebted for the recovery of their national independence. They did not want plausible excuses either for their enmity towards the British army. The horrors enacted at St Sebastian by some of the furious soldiers—who, during five hours of dreadful battle at the breach, had seen nearly 3000 men struck down around them by the fierce destruction vomited forth from the at last captured town—were published with many exaggerations by the municipality of the ill-fated city, and created naturally a strong sensation throughout Spain. The town, it was well known, had been fired by the French garrison as they retired through it to the citadel; but the fact was purposely concealed, and every horror of the fearful time—flame, robbery, murder—were attributed, not alone to the infuriated ruffians who had perpetrated the outrages, but to the entire soldiery: a gross injustice, the mass of the troops, as well as the officers who risked their lives, and in two instances lost them, to calm the dreadful tumult, being as indignant at the excesses committed as the Spaniards themselves could be. Two-thirds of the officers of the storming force were unfortunately killed or hurt, and it was for some hours impossible to maintain or restore discipline. Lord Wellington was not present on the day of the successful assault, although he had intended to be so, when, angered by the former failure of the 5th division, he issued his requisition, demanding fifteen volunteers from each of the regiments composing the 1st, 4th, and light divisions—'men who could shew other troops how to mount a breach'—an appeal answered by

750 gallant men, who nearly all perished. Sir Thomas Graham (Lord Lynedoch) commanded, but the day after the assault Wellington arrived : some severe examples were made, and order was restored with a rigorous, unsparing hand. These calumnies on the army appear to have irritated the British general much more than the numerous libels directed personally against himself. Amongst other things he was accused of plotting to get himself made king of Spain by the nobles, and some of the grandees thought it worth while to publish a solemn contradiction of the rumour. The quarrel became at last so envenomed, that when about to enter France he fully expected a civil war to break out upon his communications, and wrote home that if he were the government the army should not remain in the country another hour. Happily these disputes were checked before they could break out into open violence : the mass of the population, the soldiers, and regimental officers had no confidence but in his leadership ; the turbulent spirits of the Cortes were overawed, and decorum, if not content, was re-established.

The French Emperor sent Soult from Germany, with full powers as his lieutenant to take the command of all the French troops in Spain, in order if possible to arrest the conquering march of Wellington upon France. This task Soult gallantly, if vainly, attempted. But the hour of defeat had struck. Step by step all intervening obstacles, whether of man or nature, were pushed aside or overleaped, and in November 1813 the standards that three years before had floated over the last dike at Torres-Vedras, which withstood the irruptive torrent of the Imperial armies, now waved in retributive triumph over the vainly-imagined 'sacred soil' from whence the armed invasion had come forth. We need not further dwell upon the incidents of a struggle, terminated by the bitter fight before Toulouse, that, during six years, had desolated the Peninsula. Enough has been written to shew how terrible was the strife, and how great and constant were the skill and courage ultimately crowned with victory.

The peace of 1814 terminated the war, it was hoped permanently, and the British troops returned home. Their renowned commander was created, on the 3d of May of that year, Marquis of Douro and Duke of Wellington ; and in June £400,000, making, with the previous grant of £100,000, half a million of money, was awarded him by the House of Commons. On the 28th of the same month the Duke took his seat in the House of Peers, and subscribed the parliamentary-roll, the patents of all his titles having been first read by the officer of the House.

The Duke of Wellington was at the Congress of Kings in Vienna when the news of Bonaparte's return from Elba startled the world from its transient dream of peace, and speedily afterwards we find him in Belgium, to use his own expression, at the head—with the exception of his old soldiers who had fought in Spain—'of the most infamous army in the world.' The British troops with the Duke, it must be remembered, did not exceed 35,000 men, the rest of the army, with some brilliant exceptions, being composed of troops better fitted for a parade than a stubborn battle. Had the 70,000 men led by Wellington been all men who had gone through the fiery ordeal of the Peninsular campaigns, it is no disparagement to the unquestionable bravery of the French army—many of whom were mere

conscripts—to say that the struggle would have been nothing like so long and obstinate as it proved.

The events of the 16th and 18th of June 1815 are too familiar to every reader in the British Empire to need recapitulation here. There is, however, one circumstance in connection with them, with respect to which delusion still extensively prevails, chiefly perhaps because some of Lord Byron's best verses chronicle the fiction: we mean those relative to the way in which the Duke of Wellington and his officers are represented as being suddenly startled by the sound of cannon whilst dancing—unconscious of the approach of danger—at the Duchess of Richmond's ball on the night of the 15th, at Brussels. They commence thus—

‘ There was a sound of revelry by night ;’

and presently we are told that, amidst the voluptuous swell of music the sudden booming of the French artillery arrested the flying feet of the dancers, paled the cheeks of the fair dames, and pressed innumerable sighs from out young hearts. Nothing can be prettier, only there is not a particle of truth in the story. It would have been odd if there were, the French attack on the Prussians at Charleroi commencing in the morning and closing before dark: the echoes of the ‘ opening roar’ of the guns must have taken an immense time on the road only to reach Brussels at midnight. But the truth is, that long before a ball-candle was lighted, or a ball-dress fitted on, every officer and man in the army knew of the attack of the French on the Sambre, and had received orders from the quartermaster to be in readiness to march at daybreak. The last order issued by the Duke of Wellington on the evening of the ball was dated ‘ à Bruxelles, ce 15 Juin, 9½ P.M.,’ and directs the Duc de Berri to send what force he had to Alost by daybreak. Brunswick's ‘ fated chieftain’ had, before going to the ‘ surprise’-ball, directed his corps, by order of the British field-marshal, to assemble and bivouac on the high-road between Brussels and Bivorde, in readiness for the march at dawn. Provided the invited officers had made the necessary preparations for departure, there could be no possible objection to their attending the ball for a few hours—the reverse rather; for men do not now, any more than in the days of paladins and tournaments, fight the less bravely for the actual or recent presence of graceful and beautiful women. The whole story is an invention, not one whit truer than the words ascribed to the Duke of Wellington during the great fight, ‘ Would that the night or Blucher were come!’ And, in truth, spite of all the fables and assumptions of both French and Prussian writers—excusable perhaps under the circumstances—Blucher's army took no effective part in the fight, invaluable as they proved themselves in the pursuit. If this were not so, the Prussian authorities would scarcely have studiously omitted to publish an official list of their killed and wounded in the battle.

The capitulation of Paris, agreed to between Marshal Davoust, Prince of Eckmul, acting on behalf of the provisional government, at the head of which was Fouché, Duc d'Otrante, and Wellington and Blucher, was signed on the 3d of July 1815, and the French army occupying Paris retired beyond the Loire.

Two days after the Convention was signed, Marshal Ney, who, on being intrusted by Louis XVIII. with the command of a body of troops to arrest

the march of Napoleon upon Paris, had solemnly promised the Bourbon monarch to bring his old master to Paris in an iron cage, and afterwards went over with his troops to the returned Emperor, obtained a passport of Fouché, Duc d'Otrante, in a feigned name, with the purpose of escaping from France. He might have succeeded; but foolishly dallying with opportunity, he was recognised, and arrested by one Locard at an obscure cabaret in the wildest part of old Auvergne, and brought back to Paris. He was tried by order of the restored government before the Chamber of Peers for high treason, and sentenced to death. During the trial nothing was heard with respect to Ney being protected by the 12th article of the capitulation of Paris, which set forth in substance that every person in the capital should continue in possession of their rights and liberties, and should not be pursued or disquieted for any political acts they might have committed, nor on account of any post they might have filled, nor for the political opinions they entertained; but as soon as sentence was pronounced, the condemned marshal appealed to Wellington for protection under the capitulation. The Duke replied that the Convention of Paris guaranteed the inhabitants of Paris only against being disquieted or injured by the military authority of those who signed it, and could not be considered as at all binding on the French government. He therefore refused to interfere.

The English field-marshal was appointed, by the unanimous consent and approbation of the powers, to command the Allied Army of Observation, a delicate and onerous duty, which he discharged in the most satisfactory and efficient manner; and on the final evacuation of France on the 1st of November 1818, he returned to England, and soon afterwards entered Lord Liverpool's cabinet as Master-General of the Ordnance. An extra grant of £200,000 was voted him in 1815, making in all £700,000 in money, besides the pension of £2000 a year, and many lucrative appointments bestowed upon him by the government—an amount of pecuniary reward as unexampled as the military services it recompensed.

The remainder of his Grace's career belongs to the civil history of the country, and we the less regret the want of space necessary for the briefest review of it, as it has been already written in that of Sir Robert Peel, by whose judgment his Grace, as minister, was constantly guided. After that great man's death, the Duke seldom spoke in parliament. One of the last speeches he delivered in the House of Peers, was spoken in a voice broken with emotion. Yet he seemed to stand more erect than he had lately done, and his eyes kindled somewhat with their old fire as, looking round with a sort of defiance upon the assembly—many of whom he knew were in the bitterness of their political opposition almost personal enemies of his deceased friend—he pronounced the emphatic eulogium upon Sir Robert Peel, that he, above all men he ever knew, was governed in every action of his life by a love of TRUTH and JUSTICE.

The temperate, regular habits of the Duke enabled him to reach an age granted to few men so much engrossed in public affairs; and even in his eighty-third year, he continued to participate in many of the gaieties of life. Somewhat bent in body, but with intellect clear and decisive as ever, he performed the arduous duties of his situation as commander-in-chief, to the satisfaction of the whole community. Death came in abruptly at last.

On the morning of the 14th of September 1852, he awoke in his usual health, but almost immediately after complained of slight indisposition. He soon fell into a succession of fits, which ended in his death at three in the afternoon.

The qualities, mental and moral, of the illustrious field-marshal, are written in such firm and vivid characters in his life, that none but the wilfully blind can fail to perceive their significance and appreciate their value. That he was a magnificent leader of armies, a general marvellously skilled in the art of handling troops in the field, and strong to encounter and overcome adverse fortune by indomitable courage and unswerving constancy, is as undeniably true as that he was in no sense a great statesman. There was no breadth, no largeness in his notions and maxims of civil polity: he appeared to have no faith in the progress of humanity, no feeling of the strength and majesty of moral power. It may serve to illustrate the routine habit of his mind, when employed on other than strictly professional questions, that he lays it down repeatedly over and over again in his voluminous correspondence, that the alliance of Portugal is before all others important to the interests and welfare of this country. But, with all this, the record of his life is a great epitaph. We have run it over briefly—faithfully: we do not dip our pencil in fancy hues, in order to write fantastic panegyrics on his name; but we not the less hold it to be certain, that the name of Arthur, Duke of Wellington, will, whenever uttered in ages yet to come, recall the memory of a great soldier, and an earnest-minded though not eminent statesman.

The Duke of Wellington's titles and offices were perhaps the most exalted and numerous ever conferred upon a single individual. We subjoin the list: Duke and Viscount Wellington; Baron Douro; Knight of the Garter, and Grand Cross of the Bath; Prince of Waterloo in the Netherlands; Duke of Ciudad Rodrigo, and Grandee of Spain; Duke of Vittoria; Marquis of Torres-Vedras; Count Vimeira in Portugal; Knight of the foreign orders of the Guelph of Hanover, St Andrew of Russia, the Black Eagle of Prussia, the Golden Fleece of Spain, the Elephant of Denmark, St Ferdinand of Merit, and St Januarius of the Two Sicilies; Maximilian-Joseph of Bavaria, Maria-Theresa of Austria, the Sword of Sweden, of William of the Netherlands; Field-Marshal in the armies of Austria, Russia, Prussia, Portugal, the Netherlands; Captain-General of Spain; Commander-in-chief; Colonel of Grenadier Guards; Colonel-in-chief of Rifle Brigade; Constable of the Tower and Dover Castle; Warden of the Cinque Ports; Lord-Lieutenant of Hampshire and the Tower Hamlets; Chancellor of the University of Oxford; Master of Trinity House; Vice-President of the Scottish Naval and Military Academy; Governor of King's College; and D.C.L.



SIR ROBERT PEELE.

THE intense and general emotion which the intelligence of the premature death of Sir Robert Peel excited in all classes of society was an instinctive, and with many persons an involuntary, homage to the eminence of that distinguished man. The falling of the column revealed the largeness of the space it had occupied in the public eye, and men were startled by the magnitude of the void which thus suddenly flashed upon them. With the natural regret felt by generous minds on witnessing high hopes overthrown, the pulses of a yet manly and honourable ambition for ever stilled, the warm current of vigorous life arrested by the sudden grasp of death, there mingled a startled apprehensiveness of the consequences likely to result to the nation from the demise of a statesman who exercised so great and paramount an influence over its destinies, and whose name, whatever the merits or demerits of his policy, is indissolubly associated with some of the most important events in modern British history. That painful emotion will not speedily subside; but already there succeeds to the natural outburst of regretful encomium which followed the sudden withdrawal of a great man from the scene where he played so distinguished a part, the first faint whispers of the spirit of detraction by which he was in life pursued, and which, shamed into momentary silence, is again taking heart, and reviving aspersions by which it has so industriously sought to dwarf and stain a lofty reputation and a great memory. Be it our task, then, calmly to inquire if there be any reason to doubt of an ultimately favourable verdict of posterity on the acts and motives of Sir Robert Peel; a verdict, by the way, which if it be true that foreign nations are a kind of contemporaneous posterity, has never been for a moment doubtful. Happily, violence and passion, unreasoning clamour and abuse, will avail nothing to influence the judgment of the next generation. No contemporary condemnation of Sir Robert Peel pronounced by the voices, phrase-eloquent as they may be, of envy, hatred, and uncharitableness, will be ratified by posterity. The award to which Time will give validity and enduring power will be spoken by other tongues than those of men who, once his parasites, have since become his unscrupulous calumniators; and from other tribunals than those presided over or influenced by persons who saw only in his fall from power a niche left vacant which themselves, if sufficiently bold and reckless, might hope to fill. A necessarily brief, but unreserved and faithful, tracing of the chief incidents of his life and political career will enable us to anticipate with

probable correctness the nature of that calm and reasoned judgment—whether it will confirm or reverse the emphatic declaration pronounced in the House of Lords by the Duke of Wellington—a man whose blunt honesty of speech and keen insight into character no one will deny—that in every action of his life, Sir Robert Peel, above all other men he knew, was guided by a love of TRUTH AND JUSTICE.

The chief measures which the deceased statesman has been instrumental in placing on the statute book, mark, it cannot be denied, great and distinct epochs in the monetary, religious, and commercial policy of this country—the turning-points of a system which, suddenly abandoning the beaten but narrow and miry road, darkly-visible in the doubtful and fading light of decaying traditions, stepped confidently into a firmer and broader path, illumined by the lights of reason, common sense, and the spirit of social impartiality. These changes, whatever fond illusions may be indulged in by a few persons representing ages long past, and dreaming rather than living in the present day, are irreversible. No instance can be pointed out in which this country has receded from a policy urged upon the government by long, continuous, and peaceful efforts of the people, and slowly, reluctantly acquiesced in by the legislature. In such cases all the conditions and guarantees of permanence have been fulfilled, and an effectual reaction is out of the question. Mr Vansittart's dictum, that an inconvertible one-pound note and a shilling were, and always would be, equal in exchangeable value to a guinea of full weight and fineness, is as capable of restoration to our statute book as the law forbidding an Irish Catholic to take part in the legislation of his own country. The same with the duties on corn: they are as dead as the close boroughs; and gentlemen who trade in delusion might as reasonably promise their followers a revival of Old Sarum as of the sliding scale. With these irrevocable departures from a narrow and restrictive policy, it has been the fortune of Sir Robert Peel to inseparably connect his name, whilst, unfortunately for his reputation, according to his adversaries, the precise measures relative to Currency, Catholics, and Corn—to use a quaint, alliterative phrase—upon which his fame as a statesman must ultimately rest, are precisely those which he had previously distinguished himself by denouncing and combating. In 1810 he voted for Mr Vansittart's currency absurdities in opposition to Mr Francis Horner. In 1819 he adopted Mr Horner's propositions, eliciting from the House of Commons explosions of hilarious mirth at the transparent folly he had before supported. Until 1829 he had uniformly, if hesitatingly, opposed the admission of Roman Catholics to equal civil rights with other subjects of the realm. In that year he not only renounced his opposition to those claims, but led the assault upon the exclusive Protestant constitution, of which he had till then been the favourite champion. Finally, in 1846, he recanted his previous opinions upon the Corn-Laws, and in the face of his bewildered and astonished party, gave legislative effect to doctrines concerning which they had chiefly gathered around him as their leader to denounce and oppose. It is by his conduct with reference to these three questions that Sir Robert Peel's moral and intellectual qualities as a public man must be chiefly tested, for his various administrative reforms, and his amendment of the criminal law and practice of the country, though sufficient, under other circumstances, to make the reputation of

a great statesman, pale their ineffectual light before the guilt or greatness of such acts as these. Having thus broadly and unreservedly indicated the nature of the indictment preferred at the bar of public opinion against the departed minister, we proceed at once to call up the evidence of his entire life to answer the imputation of sinister and unworthy motives which it is presumed to involve.

Sir Robert Peel had little in the way of ancestral dignity to boast of. The family motto, 'Industria,' was the patent by which its wealth was created and its eminence established. About the year 1760, when calico-printing—first practised in this country on the banks of the Thames by some of the French, exiled in consequence of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes—was introduced into Lancashire, the grandfather of the right honourable baronet, residing in Fish Lane, in the town of Blackburn, devoted himself at once, and with great usefulness and success, to the improvement of an art which now furnishes employment to hundreds of thousands of families. He was called 'Parsley Peel,'* from his first experimental and successful pattern having been a parsley leaf. The ironing, a substitute for calendering, was, says tradition, performed by one of Mr Peel's family; another account says by one Mrs Milton, a neighbouring cottager. Be this as it may, it is quite clear that the beginning in life of the late prime minister's grandfather was a very humble one, and that it was by his own perseverance and commercial sagacity that he laid the foundation of the now princely fortunes of the Peel family. He early succeeded in establishing considerable and profitable spinning and printworks at Brookside, near Blackburn. Robert, his third son, appears to have displayed from his youth peculiar aptitude for business, and to have been early possessed of a notion that he should become the founder of a family. To realise this object, he tasked his energies during a long and busy life. The works at Brookside, he soon saw, afforded too narrow a field for the exertions of himself and brothers, and at his own request he was sent to his maternal uncle, Mr Haworth of Bury, where he was introduced to a Mr Yates, who, infected by the prevalent mania for cotton-spinning, weaving, and printing, had sold his business in Blackburn—he had kept the Black Bull public-house there—and erected works on the banks of the Irwell. He does not appear to have been very successful till fortune threw Robert Peel in his way, who married his daughter. The father and son-in-law entered into partnership together, and a rapid accumulation of wealth followed. Mr Robert Peel afterwards established extensive works near Burton-upon-Trent, and so vast a business did he transact, that it is said there were frequently not less than fifteen thousand persons employed in his factories. He ultimately purchased large estates in several counties, amongst which was Drayton Manor, near Tamworth, where the expenditure of his capital rendered him so popular with the inhabitants of that previously decaying borough, that his influence speedily superseded that of the aristocratic Townshend family, and he was returned as one of its representatives to par-

* The name of the family, which has given rise to so many undignified jests, is in reality of no mean significance. A castle was in former times called a *peel* or *peel-house*, and it was probably from a place consequently so named that the family derived its appellation.

liament. His son, the late baronet, was born February 5, 1788, at Chamber Hall, in the neighbourhood of Bury—the oldest of a family consisting of five sons and three daughters.

Mr Robert Peel had the prudence to keep himself aloof from active politics till he had realised a magnificent fortune; and his reputation for wisdom would not have suffered greatly had he persisted in that wise abstinence from public affairs. In politics he appears to have been governed by one dominant idea, which was, that Mr Pitt was the greatest of all possible ministers. Pitt and paper-money, Pitt and suspension of cash-payments, Pitt's war-policy, Pitt and the national debt, were the themes of his incessant eulogies—the formulæ of his political creed. He thoroughly believed Mr Pitt to be in very truth a 'Heaven-born minister,' and he exercised his literary-genius in a work entitled 'The National Debt Productive of National Prosperity,' which has been long since charitably forgotten. He not only raised several companies of Bury Loyal Volunteers, of which he was the lieutenant-colonel, but in his martial ardour subscribed the munificent sum of ten thousand pounds towards the so-called Patriotic Fund, designed to assist the government in carrying on the war against France with vigour. To this circumstance, according to Cobbett—a very doubtful authority, by the way, in matters which excited his passions of envy or dislike—he owed the baronetcy, which was conferred upon him November 29, 1800. On one question only could he bring himself to oppose Mr Pitt. It was that of the slave-trade. His veneration for the great minister could not reconcile him to the abolition of that gainful traffic. No hand, not even that of Mr Pitt, should with his consent be stretched forth to restrain or punish the African man-stealers. Such was the political Gamaliel at whose feet the late baronet imbibed those early lessons which in after-life it is so difficult to correct or eradicate. In this home-atmosphere he dwelt during school and college vacations, day by day instructed by loved and honoured lips in the theories and maxims of a narrow class and creed exclusiveness. Without intending any disrespect to Harrow or Oxford, it may be confidently assumed that his home-education was not likely to be corrected in a liberal sense by his scholastic studies and examples. Lord Byron supplies us with a glimpse, through his own self-glorifying spectacles, of the future premier at Harrow. 'Peel,' observes his lordship, 'the orator and statesman that is, or is to be, was my form-fellow, and we were both at the top of our class. We were on good terms; but his brother was my intimate friend. There were always great hopes of Peel amongst us all, masters and scholars, and he has not disappointed them. As a scholar, he was greatly my superior; as a declaimer and actor, I was reckoned at least his equal. As a schoolboy, out of school, I was always in scrapes, and he never. In school he always knew his lesson, and I rarely; but when I knew it, I knew it nearly as well. In general information, history, &c. I think I was his superior (?), as well as of most boys of my standing.' Thus far his lordship. That, however, which is certain is, that Mr Peel greatly distinguished himself at Oxford, obtaining in 1808 double first-class honours—first in classics, first in mathematics. Mr Peel was the first man who achieved this success.

Thus prepared by educational and parental precept and example, Mr

Peel was thrust forward into public life by his proud and anxious father to commit himself to opinions formed for him by others, and to find himself in a few years hailed, boy as he was, as the champion of a party with which accident, not nature, had united him. He was just turned twenty-one years of age when, in 1809, he took his seat in the House of Commons for the borough of Cashel. A few months afterwards, on the 23d of January in the following year, Mr Peel was selected by the Perceval administration to second the address in the Commons, in reply to the speech from the throne. The chief topic upon which the debate was expected to turn was the fatal Walcheren expedition, in which thousands of gallant soldiers were sent to perish in pestilential marshes, at the very moment that the Duke of Wellington was struggling against perilous odds for the deliverance of the Peninsula—the only field in which England could effectually encounter the military power of Napoleon, and where alone, as all sensible men saw, the continental struggle, as far as England was concerned, would be lost or won. Mr Peel's apology for that disastrous blunder was smart and lively enough, as far as mere phrase-making went, but of course essentially weak and worthless; not more so, however, than that of Mr Canning, who had not, like Mr Peel, the excuse of extreme youth and inexperience to plead for his heartless sophistries. One point in Mr Peel's speech is worth quoting, inasmuch as it supplies an authentic contradiction to Napoleon Bonaparte's assertion, when painting in fancy colours his own portrait at St Helena, relative to the great effect produced by his Berlin and Milan decrees, which not only forbade the admittance of British manufactures into any of the ports of the continent, but commanded the British islands to consider themselves in a state of fanciful blockade. 'England,' said Mr Peel, 'desires peace, not war; but she will suffer no indignity, and will make no unbecoming concession. With every engine of power and perfidy arrayed against us, the situation of this country has demonstrated to Bonaparte that it is invulnerable in the very point to which all his efforts have been directed. The accounts of the exports of British manufactures would be found to exceed by several millions those of any former period.' Mr Perceval was so pleased with, and so hopeful of, the young orator, that he, a few months afterwards, appointed him Under-Secretary of State for the Home department.

In 1810 a Bullion Committee, as it was termed, was appointed by the Commons to inquire into the state of the currency, and to suggest such means as they might deem advisable for replacing the circulating medium of the country upon a sound basis. The suspension of cash-payments by the Bank of England in 1797, in virtue of an order in council—which council, by the way, so great was the supposed necessity for haste, sat on a Sunday—had been since continued from time to time by legislative enactment, and in this year of grace 1810, the depreciation in value of the inconvertible notes had become so great, as to alarm the more timid admirers of Mr Pitt's great scheme of paper finance: a guinea really exchanging for a one-pound note and from four to seven shillings. On the 8th of May 1811, the resolutions of Mr Horner, embodying the report of the committee, which in substance declared 'that the only certain and adequate security to be provided against the excess of a paper currency, and for maintaining the relative value of the circulating medium of the realm, is the legal converti-

bility, upon demand, of all paper currency into lawful coin of the realm,' were met by the Chancellor of the Exchequer (Mr Vansittart) with counter resolutions, pledging the House to the audacious fiction, 'that the (inconvertible) promissory-notes of the Bank have hitherto been, and are at this time, held in public estimation to be equivalent to the legal coin of the realm, and accepted as such in all pecuniary transactions to which such coin is lawfully applicable.' Mr Vansittart not only called upon the House to affirm this resolution, in the teeth of facts as notorious as the existence of the House itself, but expressed a desire that they would pledge their *belief* that, as Philosopher Square would express it, an inconvertible one-pound note and a shilling must always, in the eternal fitness of things, be of precisely the same value as an unclipped, unsweated, golden guinea. This astounding minister further declared, that to talk of a metallic standard of value was simply an absurdity: a pound was an abstraction, depending for its exchangeable value upon the pleasure of the sovereign for the time being, who had an indefeasible right to clip, lighten, or debase the coin of the realm in such manner as to his or her wisdom might seem fit. In such an assembly it was not to be supposed that Mr Huskisson's merely common-sense exposition, 'that coin was of no value except with reference to the gold and silver it contained, and that paper was of no permanent value but in reference to the coin it represented,' would meet with favour or support. Prosaic realities could have no charms for men dazzled and bewildered by the Chancellor's flights of fancy. Mr Vansittart's resolution passed by a majority of two to one, the late Sir Robert Peel voting with his father in the *majority*. Assuredly it was more his father's vote than his own. That gentleman, it has been previously remarked, was vehement in his admiration of bank-notes, provided nobody was under any legal obligation to change them. He fully believed that Bonaparte had, chiefly by their agency, been kept at bay so long, and that to them—their unchangeableness that is—the victories of the Nile and Trafalgar, the passing of the Douro in the face of Soult's army by Sir Arthur Wellesley, and the impregnability of the lines of Torres Vedras, were all mainly attributable. His enthusiasm carried his son with him; and the late baronet endorsed Mr Vansittart's intrepid fiction by his vote. Subsequently to the passing of these resolutions, Earl Stanhope introduced a bill rendering it penal to refuse bank-note paper in payment, either at less than its nominal value, or *at more*, it was added with unconscious irony. Both the Peels, father and son, voted also for this bill, which was duly carried; and to use the expression of an inconvertible enthusiast, the constitution, which had been in imminent danger of shipwreck—*Magna Charta*, *Habeas Corpus*, *Bill of Rights* inclusive—was again firmly placed on an imperishable basis of—paper!

On the 11th of May 1812 this ministry, the last formed upon the principle of unanimous and uncompromising hostility to the Catholic claims, was brought to an end by the assassination of Mr Perceval, who was shot by a madman of the name of Bellingham in the lobby of the House of Commons. After some delay, the Liverpool administration was formed, and on the 12th of September, in the same year, Mr Peel accepted the important office of Chief Secretary for Ireland.

The injunction of Sacred Writ, not to place a blind reliance in the faith of princes, was too late remembered by Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, in the prison cell from whence he might never more depart, save to the scaffold. In 1812 the Catholics of Ireland were fain to acknowledge in bitterness of spirit the wisdom of this maxim of the inspired penman. The Prince Regent, not only when Prince of Wales, but till the restrictions on the regency had lapsed, permitted himself to be ostentatiously put forth as a friend to Catholic emancipation—as a great and generous prince who, once invested with the full prerogative and power of the crown, would instantly remedy the grievances and wrongs of centuries; but to the astonishment of that enthusiastic people, the chivalrous prince, when possessed of unshackled authority, was pleased to cast his emancipation predilections, if indeed he had ever seriously entertained them, to the winds, and to express his approval in very decided terms of the measures which successive Lord-Lieutenants had recourse to for the purpose of stifling all expression of Catholic feeling.

This tergiversation of the prince was attributed 'to the witchery of an unworthy secret influence.' In other and plainer words, the violation of the implied promises of the regent was said to be the consequence of the ascendancy which Lady Yarmouth (Marchioness of Hertford) had, it was alleged, obtained over the royal mind. From whatever motive or influence the feeling arose, it is quite certain that the prince had become thoroughly adverse to the Catholic claims, and remained so to the end of his days. Lord Eldon, writing to 'Dear Swire,' on the 13th of March 1813, says, after remarking upon the appointment of Dr Parsons to the see of Peterborough, 'He is a stout fellow, and right in all controversial points, on the Catholic question particularly; and my young master (the prince was about fifty years of age), who is as eager as his father was upon that, and of the same way of thinking, seems to me to be looking out for those who are able to support the church and state as we have had them in times past.' Thus if we are to believe Lord Eldon, the Catholic Board, which at the aggregate meeting, June 18, 1812, Lord Fingal in the chair, passed a resolution distinctly imputing the change in the prince 'to the witchery of an unworthy secret influence,' was in manifest error, the change in the royal mind having been the natural and legitimate result of the conscientious repentance of a pious prince.

It was at this very crisis that Mr Peel, a mere boy in age, and of yet more juvenile politics, was appointed chief Secretary for Ireland! That which must grieve intelligent men is the contemptuous audacity of such an appointment, rather than the comparative failure of a young man pushed to an unearned and bewildering pre-eminence. Mr Peel nevertheless, environed as he was by difficulties, conducted himself with much decorum. He kept scrupulously aloof from the vulgar orgies of the Lord-Lieutenant (the Duke of Richmond); effected valuable reforms in his own office; supported the National Board of Education established by the Whigs; and so quickly adopted a more liberal and enlightened course, as to extort from Mr Grattan in 1814 the high praise 'that his measures "for the better execution of the laws of Ireland" had been introduced with a candour and temper that did him honour, and were equally mild and judicious.' The Irish constabulary, known to this day amongst the commonalty as

'Peelers,' owes its efficiency to his admirable organization of the force. His recognition of 'the exuberant loyalty' of the Orange section of the nation, whose character and aims he appears to have at first mistaken, may be excused when it is remembered how the youthful secretary—Orange Peel, as they delighted to call him—was fêted and fawned upon by the chiefs of that party, especially as no act of his tended to augment the power and pretensions of a confederacy who, because their spiritual belief was held to be purer than that of their neighbours, were always clamouring for a monopoly of worldly privilege and enjoyment. Mr Peel was early, and, it will hardly be denied, coarsely and unjustly, assailed by Mr O'Connell, especially on occasion of the celebrated but abortive *veto* project. It was one of Mr Pitt's schemes for consolidating the legislative union of England and Ireland to concede a qualified emancipation of the Catholics, on condition that the crown should have a veto on the appointment of Catholic bishops—an arrangement, it should seem, something in the nature of a *concordat*; and the Liverpool administration appointed a commission, at the head of which were the Lord-Lieutenant and Mr Secretary Peel, to examine if such a measure would be consistent with adequate security to the established church. The contemplated arrangement was, it appeared by Quarantelli's rescript, viewed approvingly at Rome; but Mr O'Connell and his friends declared that, although conscientious Catholics, they were no 'slaves of Rome,' and vehemently denounced the project as a disgraceful compromise of an indefeasible British right. 'And whom,' exclaimed the Irish tribune, 'are we to have at the head of this commission issued by that sulky and sullen enemy of the Catholics, the Duke of Richmond? Why, that ludicrous enemy of ours, who has got in jest the name he deserves in earnest, "Orange Peel;" a raw youth, squeezed out of the workings of I know not what factory in England.' Mr Peel revenged himself for this sarcasm, on Sir Henry Parnell's motion in favour of the Catholic claims, by quoting a number of violent passages from Mr O'Connell's speeches, interspersed with a running commentary of his own. These elegant extracts appear to have made a considerable impression on the House, and Sir Henry Parnell's motion was negatived by a considerable majority. Mr O'Connell was excessively wroth, and the first time he again spoke in public, made use, with a good deal of ostentatious defiance in his tone and manner, of the following language:—'Mr Peel would not dare in my presence, nor in any place where he was liable to personal account, to use a single expression derogatory to my character or honour.' Mr Peel immediately sent Sir Charles Saxton, Under-Secretary for Ireland, to Mr O'Connell, to say that he waived his parliamentary privilege, and held himself personally responsible for what he had uttered in the House of Commons. Mr Lidwell, O'Connell's friend, could not arrange with Sir Charles Saxton who should be the challenger, his principal declining to call out Mr Peel, though perfectly willing to meet him if challenged to do so. To end the matter as quickly as possible, Mr Peel sent Colonel Brown with a directly hostile message; but the new envoy so blundered his foolish business, that Mrs O'Connell divined what was going on, and applied to Sheriff Fleming, who held her husband to bail to keep the peace within the United Kingdom. A meeting was subsequently arranged to take place at Ostend, where Mr Peel and the two seconds safely arrived; but Mr

O'Connell was arrested as he was passing through London by a warrant issued by Lord Chief-Justice Ellenborough, and bound in heavy sureties not to leave the kingdom. In this compelled absence of one of the principals, the two seconds exchanged shots, happily without effect; and Mr Peel, who appears to have been extremely anxious to shoot at somebody, expressed a wish for a separate duel with Mr Lidwell. This, however, was demurred to by that gentleman as altogether unreasonable, and the duellists returned home unscathed. It was with reference to this affair that Lord Norbury indulged, a short time afterwards, in an amusing, but, in a judge, unseemly jest, at Mr O'Connell's expense. Mr O'Connell was addressing his lordship, who seemed to pay but indifferent attention to what he was saying. 'I am afraid, my lord,' said O'Connell, pausing in his argument, 'that your lordship does not apprehend me?' 'I beg your pardon,' promptly replied the facetious judge, 'I do perfectly; and indeed no one is more easily apprehended than Mr O'Connell *when he wishes to be.*'

In 1817 a vacancy occurred in the representation of the university of Oxford, in consequence of the elevation of Mr Abbott, who had for many years filled the office of Speaker, to the House of Lords by the title of Lord Colchester. By the active influence of Lord Eldon and other zealous opponents of the Catholic claims, the much-coveted seat was conferred on Mr Peel, who at the time sat for the borough of Chippenham in Wiltshire. When Mr Canning arrived at Oxford, a few days after the vacancy was announced, he found the election virtually settled, and of course declined entering upon a fruitless contest. There can be no doubt that Mr Peel was solely indebted for this honour to his anti-Catholic opinions. In other respects Mr Canning was held to possess higher claims to the distinction, but his 'pro-Popery' leanings, to use the jargon of the time, forbade him to entertain any hope of success. Mr Canning is said to have felt the disappointment acutely, a seat for the university having been an object of his earliest and fondest ambition.

In the following year Mr Peel resigned the Irish Secretaryship, and did not again take office till 1822, when he succeeded Lord Sidmouth in the Home Office. The intervening years he, however, employed in active political life. In 1818 he was appointed chairman of a new Bullion Committee, and in May 1819 it was his duty to bring in a bill in accordance with the committee's report to compel the Bank of England to fulfil its obligations by a resumption of cash payments within a specified period. This was his first important recantation of opinion, and it will be agreed that he made it in a remarkably bold and open manner. The elder Peel had not, however, in the slightest degree modified *his* views upon this or any other subject. At a meeting held on the 8th of May at the London Tavern, Bishopsgate Street, the veteran admirer of Pitt and paper-money was called upon the table by Mr Bainbridge, the chairman, to open the proceedings. He unfortunately commenced—he probably could not help it—with a high-flown panegyric upon the character of Mr Pitt, which called forth a storm of hisses from the auditory. After stammering out a few sentences, to the effect that cash payments would cause the downfall of the constitution and the entire ruin of the country, he withdrew in high dudgeon. Mr C. Pearson was one of the speakers, and he drew a

picture of the distresses of the working-classes in those good, old, highly-protected times, both startling and instructive. Seven shillings a week, he averred, were the ordinary wages of a manufacturing workman who toiled sixteen hours a day, and had perhaps a wife and children to maintain. 'By evidence,' said Mr Pearson, 'taken before a committee of the House of Commons, it has been demonstrated that the working-classes are labouring under difficulties too great for human nature long to endure. Those who have read the evidence to which I allude will have seen that the poor of Leeds, Birmingham, Sheffield, and Nottingham, are condemned, by the vile system of which the Bank-Restriction Act is the parent, to a life of hopeless misery.' Mr Owen of Lanark contributed his quota of wisdom, by assuring the meeting that 'if the resumption of cash payments were attempted, it would no longer be possible to continue even the present low rate of wages to the labourer.' The Socialist sage, however, suggested consolation to the afflicted admirers of a fictitious currency: 'Cash payments,' quoth he, '*cannot* be resumed, for there is not sufficient specie in the world for the purpose!' This announcement ought in all reason to have calmed the anxieties of the partisans of an irresponsible bank, but it did not; and after some peculiar oratory from Messieurs Hunt, Wooler, and Cartwright, the meeting, having first passed a resolution in favour of cash payments, broke up in disorder and confusion.

A few evenings afterwards Mr Peel rose in the House of Commons to move the resolutions of which he had given notice, which it will be seen did not in the slightest degree interfere with the legitimate uses of representative paper-money; they merely repressed the abuse of non-representative paper, by enacting that the issuers should, upon demand, redeem their promises to pay in coin of a settled weight and fineness. They were in substance as follows:—On and after the 1st of October 1820, the Bank should be compelled to redeem their notes in gold of standard fineness, at the rate of not more than £3, 19s. 6d. per ounce, if the notes tendered for payment amounted in value, in one tender, to sixty ounces of that gold; on the 1st of May 1821, at the rate of £3, 17s. 10½d. per ounce, on the pre-cited condition; and finally, on and after the 1st of May 1823, to pay all their notes on demand in standard gold, at the rate of £3, 17s. 10½d. per ounce. Previous to his son addressing the House, the elder Peel made a curious and characteristic speech. He complained of the conduct of the persons who had disturbed the assembly at the London Tavern. 'The gentlemen,' remarked the worthy baronet, at once mounting his favourite hobby—'the gentlemen who opposed me at the meeting of which I have spoken were indignant at my mentioning the name of Mr Pitt. My impression is certainly a strong one in his favour; I always thought him the first man in the country: and to see the noble lord (Castlereagh) and my honourable friends on the one hand, and Messieurs Hunt and Cartwright on the other, united to pull down the fabric erected by the immortal Pitt, is at once ludicrous and painful.' After a few intermediate sentences, this amiable gentleman alluded to the changed opinions of his son, whom he somewhat superfluously called his 'near relation:—' 'To-night,' he said, 'I shall have to oppose a very near and dear relation. But as I have a duty to perform, I respect those who do theirs, and who consider that duty to be paramount to all other considerations. I have mentioned the name of

Mr Pitt. My own impression is certainly a strong one in favour of that great man. All of us have some bias, and I always thought him the first man in the country. I well remember, when the near and dear relation alluded to was a child, I observed to some friends that the man who discharged his duty to his country in the manner Mr Pitt had done, was the man of all the world the most to be admired, and the most to be imitated; and I thought at that moment, if my life and that of my dear relation were spared, I would one day present him to his country to follow in the same path. It is very natural that such should be my wish, and I will only say further of him, that though he is deviating from the right path in this instance, his head and heart are in the right place, and I think they will soon recall him to the right way.'

Mr Peel's face, during the delivery of his father's speech, must have been worth looking at by a man of melancholy temperament. He appears to have quickly recovered from it, for almost immediately afterwards he rose and made the first really able speech of his parliamentary life. It was the first utterance of his own opinions—the free expression of a mind self-emancipated from one at least of the carefully-instilled prejudices of his nonage. The recantation was thorough and explicit; and substituting the name of Horner for that of Cobden, we might almost fancy we were listening to the great valedictory speech of 1846. 'Here,' said Mr Peel, after explaining the purport of the resolutions, 'I feel myself bound to state that, since I have entered the committee, my own opinion has undergone an entire change. I went into the inquiry determined to dismiss all former impressions that I might have received, and to obliterate from my memory the vote which I gave some years since when the same subject was discussed. I resolved to apply to it my undivided and unprejudiced attention, and to adopt every inference that authentic information or mature reflection should offer to the mind. The statement I am about to make is, I can assure the House, made without the slightest scruple or remorse. I voted against the former resolutions proposed by Mr Horner; and it is now my duty, as an honest man, to admit that they represented the true nature and laws of our monetary system, and to declare my concurrence, with very little qualification, in all their principles. I am ready to affirm them; and I feel neither shame nor repentance in paying this tribute to the memory of one with whom I indeed differed on general politics, but whose character and talents no one more highly respects than myself.'

Mr Peel's ridicule of the abstract-pound philosophers was not only eminently rich and pertinent—so much so, that he could not forbear treating the public, in his Bank-Charter speech of 1843, to a second and diluted edition of it—but admirably adapted to the capacities of his audience. 'The main question,' said Mr Peel, 'is this: Can we go on safely without a standard of value? All the witnesses examined by the committee agreed that we could not, except one, a Mr Smith; who, on being asked if there should be no standard, said he would retain the "pound." Upon being further asked what a pound was, he said it was difficult to explain, but that there was no gentleman in England who did not know what a pound was! He added that a pound was a standard which had existed in this country eight hundred years—three hundred years before the introduction of gold coin! I confess,' continued Mr Peel, 'that I can form no idea of a

pound, or a shilling, as detached from a definite quantity of the precious metals. I have the same difficulties to encounter as had Martinus Scriblerus in following the metaphysical speculations of his tutor, the philosophic Crambe. Being asked if he could form an idea of a universal man, he replied, that he conceived him to be a knight of the shire, or the burgess of a corporation, who represented a great number of individuals, but that he could form no other idea of a universal man. Still further to puzzle him, he was asked if he could not form the universal idea of a lord mayor. To which he replied, that never having seen but one lord mayor, the idea of that lord mayor always returned to his mind, and that he had therefore great difficulty to abstract a lord mayor from his gold chain and furred gown; and that, moreover, unfortunately the only time he saw a lord mayor he was on horseback, and that the horse on which he rode consequently not a little disturbed his imagination. Upon this, says the history, Crambe, like the gentlemen who can form an abstract idea of a pound, swore that he could frame a conception of a lord mayor not only without his horse, gown, and gold chain, but even without stature, feature, colour, hands, feet, or any body whatever; and this, he contended, was the true universal idea of a lord mayor.'

Those who have heard the late baronet, may conceive the shouts of laughter which an illustration like this, delivered in the right honourable gentleman's best manner, must have elicited from the House. The resolutions were affirmed, and a bill founded on them passed both Houses without encountering any serious opposition; and that bill has never been suspended or modified since. Out of doors, especially in the money-mongering circles, the outcry was terrific; so much so, that between one settling day and another the funds fell within a fraction of 10 per cent. Poor Cobbett—whose mental vision, powerful and microscopic as it was, ever looked upon one only, and that usually the wrong side of a question—denounced 'Peel's Bill' from America, where he at the time temporarily resided, with merciless ridicule and invective. His famous declaration—that should the bill be carried into effect, he would cheerfully consent to be roasted on a gridiron, whilst Peel stirred the coals, and Canning stood by to make a jest of his groans—is now remembered only as one of the amusing crotchets of a powerful but undisciplined and erratic intellect. Cobbett never forgave the success of 'Peel's Bill;' and when member for Oldham, in the reformed parliament, moved that an humble address be presented to his majesty, praying him to strike Sir Robert Peel's name off the list of privy-councillors, for having been instrumental in passing that measure. This thoroughly-absurd proceeding, especially from a man like Cobbett, who had ever blindly opposed the use of paper-money, however guaranteed or restricted, was supported only by three other members, and after an overwhelming speech from Sir Robert Peel, was expunged from the journals of the House. After all, perhaps, Cobbett's notion of the effect of the bill was not much more absurd than those of many of its supporters. The 'Times,' for instance, of the 27th May 1819, remarking on the success of the bill, augured immense results from its wonder-working powers. Governmental extravagance, it opined, now that money could not be manufactured *ad libitum*, would be no longer possible. What the new system would effect might be estimated by what

that which it superseded did *not* effect. 'If,' quoth the leading journal—'if we had been now in the year 1819, in that state which, under a proper system of economy we may be in a year or two, America would not have dared to take Florida without our leave, nor Spain to give it; and General Jackson would have sooner hanged himself than shot Ambrister.' Time has put both alarmists and optimists out of court, and since the constitution has not, as prophesied, gone out with the unchangeable notes, we may console ourselves that their disappearance has not enabled this country to bully others into compliance with the whims and caprices of its governors—who, with reverence be it spoken, have not always exhibited the wisdom of Solomon.

We have now to record an important event in the life of the late honourable baronet. On the 8th of June 1820 he was married at Upper Seymour Street, London, to Julia, youngest daughter of General Sir John Floyd. The portraits of this lady, engraved from an admirable likeness by Sir Thomas Laurence, have made the public familiar with the graces of her person; and to those of her mind her distinguished husband has made on several occasions feeling allusion. The bride was in her twenty-fifth, the bridegroom in the thirty-third year of his age.

It was soon apparent that the resolute casting off of one of the mental bandages in which he had been swathed, was not without its effect in loosening the hold on Mr Peel's mind of other early-riveted fetters. On the 28th of February 1821, Mr Plunkett, in one of the most remarkable speeches ever delivered in the House of Commons, moved for leave to bring in a bill to repeal the Catholic disabilities. After solemnly enumerating the names of the departed statesmen, Fox, Grattan, Ponsonby, Romilly, Whitbread, who had supported the Catholic claims—walking, as he expressed it, in long unbroken funeral procession before the sacred images of the dead, he appealed in the following words to the distinguished member for the university of Oxford:—'I am well aware,' he said, 'that there is no statesman likely to be more influential on the subject, and I may add that there is no person whose adherence to what I must call unfounded prejudices is likely to work such serious injury to the country.' Mr Peel was evidently startled by this direct appeal to his good-sense and patriotism. He visibly trembled, as if under a suddenly-awakened sense of the responsibility he was incurring by his opposition to claims so heralded and sanctioned. He thus replied to that earnest adjuration as soon as his shaken self-possession was restored:—'Does the honourable and learned gentleman suppose that I view the existing state of things with complacency? No: I never could hear those names mentioned which are arrayed in such high authority against me, and feel altogether satisfied. . . . I can most conscientiously assure the House that no result of this debate can give me unqualified satisfaction. I am of course bound to wish that the opinions which I honestly feel may prevail, but their prevalence must still be mingled with regret when I know that the success of those opinions must inflict pain on a large portion of my fellow-subjects.' On a subsequent occasion, when speaking on Sir Francis Burdett's motion on the same subject, he perhaps still more distinctly revealed his staggering faith in the soundness of his early impressions:—'I must own that if I were

perfectly satisfied that concession would lead to peace and harmony, if I thought it would put an end to animosities, I for one would not, on a mere theory of the constitution, oppose the measure when concession would secure such immense practical results.' Mr Peel also spoke openly, and with undisguised alarm and displeasure, of the Duke of York's famous declaration against the Catholic claims, which occasioned such obstreperous joy amongst the ultras of the ascendancy party; and in other ways unmistakably evinced a desire for a compromise, which, however, he was not as yet sufficiently matured in resolution to propose himself. After this it certainly appears somewhat strange that Mr Peel should have been looked upon as the uncompromising champion, under all circumstances, and in all eventualities, of Orange exclusiveness! Unlimited confidence in his resolute intolerance continued, albeit, to be felt or simulated; and his and Lord Eldon's presence in the cabinet was as loudly as ever proclaimed to be a sufficient guarantee that Catholic exclusion would be at all risks and perils steadfastly maintained.

A great change was at hand. In 1827 Lord Liverpool was struck by apoplexy, and an almost entire change of ministry was the immediate consequence. Mr Canning was appointed Prime Minister, and the Duke of Wellington, the Lords Eldon, Bathurst, Westmoreland, Melville, and Mr Peel declining to serve under him, withdrew from the cabinet. Mr Canning owed his appointment, it was rumoured at the time, to the influence of the Marchioness of Conyngham; and Lord Eldon's letters, since published by Mr Horace Twiss, in his life of the Chancellor, leave no doubt that it was so. Lord Eldon, moreover, as the following extract of a letter addressed to his brother, Lord Stowell, in September 1823, amply testifies, had long anticipated the ministerial catastrophe which had now arrived:—'The appointment of Lord Francis Conyngham in the Foreign Office has, by female influence, put Canning beyond the reach of anything to affect him, and will assuredly enable him to turn those out whom he does not wish to remain in. The king is in such thrall, that one has nobody to fall back upon. The devil of it is, there is no consistency in anybody. Again, upon "*ne cede malis*," it is better to go out than be turned out.—Yours affectionately,
ELDON.'

In another letter written at the same period, he says, 'What makes it worse is, that the great man of all (the king) has a hundred times most solemnly declared that no connections of a certain person (Canning) should come in.' This angry lord also attributed, we may here mention, his not obtaining the office of President of the Council in the Duke of Wellington's cabinet of 1828 to 'a certain lady having interposed her all-powerful veto.' This passage occurs in a note dated January 30, 1828, addressed to his daughter, Lady F. J. Bankes. These strange revelations did not meet the public eye till many years afterwards; and Mr Canning's elevation, however he had reached it, was generally looked upon as damaging to the cause of Orange ascendancy—why, or how it is somewhat difficult to understand. The right honourable premier not only repeated in the House his determination to resist all, or any reform in the representation of the people, and to oppose the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, but announced that the Catholic question itself was indefinitely adjourned, and would at no time be introduced as a cabinet or governmental measure. This condition, it was

hinted at the time, had been assented to by Mr Canning as the price of office; and with perfect truth, for we find, again quoting Lord Eldon's 'Life,' that on the 28th of March 1829, George IV. emphatically assured the ex-chancellor, who had paid him a visit, which is stated to have lasted four hours, to induce him to withhold his consent, even at the eleventh hour, to the Catholic Relief Bill, 'that Mr Canning had engaged that he would never allow him (the king) to be troubled about the Roman Catholic question.' The new premier's excuse before the public for the ostentatious postponement of claims he had so long and eloquently urged was widely different from the true one; and was, it will be admitted, very felicitously, or, at all events, very curiously expressed. The mind of the people of England, according to him, was slumbering upon the question, and he feared to awaken that somnolent bigotry. 'No consideration,' he said, 'should induce him to run hostile to the quiet, tacit mode of resistance which prevailed in England. He valued a week of peace in England before the accomplishment of any theoretic or practical (*sic!*) advantage whatever; and,' continued the gifted orator, 'it never shall be said that I, the advocate of freedom of conscience, have ever attempted to force conscience to consent to freedom.' How many pleasant illusions a peep behind the scenes destroys! This charmingly-turned phrase, whatever the meaning of it may be, was greatly cheered, and it was held by the unanimous consent of all parties that Mr Canning's occupancy of the premiership was 'a great fact' in favour of the Catholics—a moral promotion of their cause, with which, if they were not the most unreasonable people in the world, they could not but remain abundantly satisfied. Curious! And what perhaps is still more so, to this day we hear and read abuse of Sir Robert Peel for having prevented Mr Canning from carrying an emancipation bill, in order to appropriate at no distant day the glory of the achievement to himself! The opposition of Mr Peel was in truth of the mildest kind, although that of some of his followers, ever *plus royaliste que le roi*, was violent and absurd enough. In his explanatory speech, May 1, 1827, Mr Peel stated that, long before, upon finding himself in a minority on the Catholic question, he had told the Earl of Liverpool that he thought an effort should be made to settle that question, and had tendered his resignation to further, it should seem, that object. Mr Peel's impression appears to have been, that an arrangement of the Catholic claims was very desirable, and would become imperative; but that he should personally prefer being in opposition when the measure was carried, and it may be reasonably presumed that the chief dissatisfaction felt by him with the new cabinet was, that the premier had bound himself not to attempt the settlement of an embarrassing claim, which the member for the university of Oxford knew must be sooner or later adjusted, and possibly he might even then dimly foresee, at the sacrifice of his own reputation for party faithfulness and consistency. Mr Peel did not exhibit the slightest personal virulence towards Mr Canning, and it subsequently appeared that he had remained on terms of friendly intimacy with that gentleman till the day of his decease. The only real opposition arrayed against Mr Canning's cabinet was that of the Duke of Newcastle and Earl Grey, which was indeed bitter and unrelenting. In one of the most withering denunciations that political enmity, aided by consummate oratorical talent, ever hurled at an

antagonist, Earl Grey demolished, one after another, every pretence to enlightened liberality put forth in behalf of the new premier. For the last thirty years, according to Earl Grey, there had been no inroad upon civil liberty which had not been urged and advocated by Mr Canning. Especially his jibing denunciations of parliamentary reform and reformers, and his present abandonment of the one sole virtue of his political life, the advocacy of Catholic emancipation, were dwelt upon with an eloquent virulence seldom equalled, never perhaps surpassed. This speech immensely damaged the cabinet, and if political opposition had anything to do with Mr Canning's death, Earl Grey must assuredly bear the weight of the accusation. 'Men,' observes Rosalind, 'men have died, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.' In the same spirit we may fairly assert that the notion of an old stager in politics, like Mr Canning, having been 'hunted to death' by words however bitter—he, too, that had always been so liberal with taunt and invective towards others—is consummately absurd. 'Coralie,' boasts the French coxcomb in the farce, 'Coralie died of love for me and—a defluxion on the chest;' and Mr Canning died of Earl Grey's speech and—acute inflammation of the intestines.

Mr Peel concluded his explanatory speech on this occasion with the following memorable observations:—'I have the satisfaction of knowing that every institution, civil and military connected with my office, during the last five years, has been subjected to close inspection and strict review, and that I have been able to make such temperate and gradual reforms as I thought consistent with their general and permanent good. I have also the gratification of knowing that every law found on the statute book when I entered office, which imposed any temporary or any extraordinary restriction on the liberty of the subject, has been either repealed or allowed to expire. I may be a Tory, I may be illiberal, but the fact is undeniable that those laws have been effaced. Tory as I may be, I have the further satisfaction of knowing that there is not a single law connected with my name which had not for its object some mitigation of the severity of the criminal law, some prevention of abuse in the exercise of it, or some security for its impartial administration. I may also recollect with pleasure, that during the severest trials to which the manufacturing interests have ever been exposed, during the winters of the last two years, I have preserved internal tranquillity without applying to this House for extraordinary and exceptional measures.'

Mr Canning died after possessing the premiership for about four months only. The right honourable gentleman's health had been long declining. Lord Eldon, writing to his daughter, February 18, 1827, of Lord Liverpool's sudden attack of apoplexy, thus alludes to it:—'Heaven knows who will succeed him. I should suppose Canning's health will not allow him to undertake the labours of the situation: but ambition will attempt anything.' This highly-gifted and much-lamented gentleman expired in great agony at Chiswick, in the same room where Mr Fox had died. It is not a little curious and suggestive, that the London newspaper which most vehemently supported the charge which Lord George Bentinck and Mr D'Israeli, after a silence of eighteen years, brought against Sir Robert Peel, of having 'hunted' Mr Canning to death, was the paper—the only one, be it stated, for the honour of the English press—which insinuated that Mr

Canning had died an atheist, because there happened to be no minister of religion in the death-chamber when he expired!

After the death of Mr Canning, an administration, headed by Lord Goderich, maintained a rickety existence for a few months; but not venturing, after the battle of Navarino, to meet parliament, dissolved itself, and was succeeded by the Duke of Wellington's ministry, in which Mr Peel held his former office of Home Secretary. All went smoothly enough with the new cabinet till the 26th of February 1828, when Lord John Russell introduced a bill to repeal the test and corporation acts. Mr Peel opposed the motion, but in such a way as to show that his mind was well-nigh completely purged of the bigotry with which it had been early leavened. 'If,' said he, 'this motion be defeated, any emotion of triumph will be greatly abated by the reflection that a class of persons for whom I have the highest respect will be grieved and disappointed by such a result.' Lord John Russell's proposition was carried by a majority of 44; and on the 18th of March the bill was adopted by the government, and successfully carried through both Houses.

This great blow at intolerance was the precursor of a yet heavier one. The 'great apostacy,' as many gentlemen yet love to designate it, was at hand. The Irish Catholic Association had become extremely formidable, and how to put it down with a House of Commons that was constantly passing an Emancipation Bill, which the Lords as regularly threw out, might well make a minister responsible for the tranquillity of the country pause and hesitate. The Duke of Wellington and Mr Peel saw no possible course of action save putting down the association by force—provoking civil war, in fact, in opposition to a principle repeatedly affirmed by the House of Commons, or the frank concession of the Catholic claims. From the first alternative even the war-accustomed soldier shrank, and how much more likely was it that the pacific civilian should recoil from so terrible an enterprise? The cabinet unanimously determined that a Relief Bill should be proposed as a government measure, and the Duke of Wellington, with indomitable, iron perseverance, wrung a reluctant assent from the king to its introduction. His majesty afterwards told Lord Eldon that he had been as much really coerced into consent 'as if a pistol had been held to his head, or that he had been threatened, in case of refusal, to be thrown from a five-pair-of-stairs window.' Mr Peel wished to retire from office, at the same time agreeing to support the bill with all his might; but the duke declaring that if the Home Secretary withdrew from the ministry, he could not hope to overcome the difficulties of the situation, Mr Peel consented to remain, and undertake the management of the bill in the Commons. Thus resolutely, unshrinkingly, did Mr Peel sacrifice private and public attachments to a sense—tardily awakened if you will—of imperative duty, voluntarily descended from the lofty pedestal to which he had been raised by the suffrages of a numerous and influential body of his countrymen, and cast at their feet, not in anger, but in sorrow, the partisan crown which they had placed upon his brow, content to suffer calumny, misrepresentation, every species of insult and abuse that the malignity of irritated and unscrupulous opponents could shower upon him, rather than persist in a course which, however gratifying

to his self-love, and apparently essential to his personal importance, would risk, he was now painfully aware, the tranquillity and safety of the country. It seems impossible to imagine any motive save a pure and honourable one for this great sacrifice of party and personal interests. The subsequent immense and tumultuous meetings on Penenden Heath, and in numerous other places, testified how easy it would have been for Mr Peel to have arrayed the well-meaning but bitterly-prejudiced people against the claims of the Catholics to equality of civil rights. Happily he chose the better path, and achieved a task vainly essayed by other, and, it may be in some respects, greater men—with infinite self-subduing effort, well expressed by himself on the introduction of the measure, accomplished it—

‘Tis said with ease, but oh! how hardly tried,
By haughty souls to human honour tied,
Oh! sharp, convulsive pangs of agonizing pride!’

Mr Peel in his speech mainly rested the defence of his conduct upon the repeated divisions in successive Houses of Commons in favour of the disputed claims, and consequent impossibility, in the face of the dangerous power that had been recently organized in Ireland, of carrying on the government of the country with vigour and efficiency. ‘Such,’ said the right honourable gentleman, ‘is the conclusion to which I found myself compelled by the irresistible force of circumstances; and I will adhere to it, ay, and I will act upon it, unchanged by the scurrility of abuse—by the expression of opposite opinions, however vehement or however general—unchanged by the deprivation of political confidence, or by the far heavier sacrifice of private friendships and affections. Looking back upon the past, surveying the present, and fore-judging the prospects of the future, again I declare that the time is come when this question must be settled.’ On the House dividing, there appeared in favour of the measure 348, against it 160. The number of peers suddenly converted by the ministry to a sense of the necessity of concession was unexpectedly large, the second reading of the bill having been carried in their lordships’ House by a majority of 105. On the 13th of April the royal assent was reluctantly signified to the measure. Lord Eldon, whose intolerance was of the sincerest kind, wrote the next day the following distracted note to his daughter, Lady F. J. Bankes:—‘The fatal bills received the royal assent yesterday afternoon. After all I have heard in my visits, not an hour’s delay! God bless us and his church!’ God bless us indeed! The constitution, which had somehow remained behind the unchangeable bank-notes, was clean gone at last! As his lordship pathetically expressed it, ‘the sun of England was [once more] set for ever.’ It is surprising how many times, even in one’s own recollection, this curious phenomenon has occurred; so frequently, indeed, that most people have become not only reconciled, but rather pleased with it—the result perhaps of habit, which is, it is said, a kind of second nature.

Mr Peel, with his accustomed candour—*candid* Peel, as he has been called by certain wittings, believing not unnaturally that they enunciate a joke by the expression of a serious truth—disclaimed for himself any honour that might attach to the successful carrying of the Emancipation Bills, ascribing it to those men—Romilly, Grattan, Canning, Plunkett, and others—who had

during so many years unsuccessfully urged the measure upon the consideration of parliament.

Mr Peel sat for the close borough of Westbury during the passing of the Emancipation Bill, and for the remainder of the session, he having deemed it a point of honour to vacate his seat for the university of Oxford. Sir R. H. Inglis, at the election which ensued, was returned in his stead, though considering how vigorously the 'drum ecclesiastic' was beaten to summon the partisans of intolerance to the rescue of truth, about, it should seem, to be jeopardised by act of parliament, by the narrow majority of 755 to 609. Mr Peel's father died the following year at the good old age of eighty, and reconciled, we believe, to his son's change of opinion. At all events, he made no alteration in the disposition of his vast property; and the late baronet succeeded not only to the title, but to a magnificent fortune. Whether any serious risk of partial disinheritance had been incurred or not is of course only known to the parties personally concerned: it was, however, commonly rumoured at the time, both in the press and in society, that the Home Secretary had perilled fortune as well as political eminence by his conduct on the Catholic question.

Very fortunate for this country it was that this great remedial measure had been conceded before the outbreak of the French Revolution of 1830. As it was, that great event excited a movement in this country which led to very important consequences. The Duke of Wellington's cabinet, which had struggled on with tolerable success during the remainder of the session, found itself in a minority in the new parliament, necessarily summoned on the demise of the crown, by a combination of Tories, Whigs, and Radicals, on Sir Henry Parnell's motion for a committee on the civil list: the minority of course resigned, and the famous administration of Earl Grey succeeded to power.

Sir Robert Peel, as acknowledged chief of the Opposition—his eminent debating talents having been pronounced indispensable by the wiser heads of the party, his 'apostacy' was at once forgiven—opposed with fervour and much misapplied eloquence the great Reform measure of the Grey cabinet. His speeches, however, did not go the length of denying the necessity of some effectual reform of the representation of the people. His chief objections were directed towards points—essential ones unquestionably—of detail. One of them is now admitted to have been reasonable and valid—namely, that the ten-pound qualification would injuriously diminish the number of voters in small provincial towns, whilst it unnecessarily, according to him, augmented it in large towns or cities. When the Duke of Wellington, on the refusal of the king to create a sufficient number of peers to overcome the resistance of the House of Lords to the passing of the Reform measure, attempted to form a cabinet, Sir Robert Peel refused to associate himself in so mad a project, and the duke abandoned the enterprise. The bill passed in its integrity; and Sir Robert Peel soon afterwards declared his frank acceptance of it *with all its consequences*. Those consequences, according to him, were, that the balance of the government by means of the antagonism of parties, more or less influenced by public opinion, was no longer possible, and that the popular will, as embodied in the votes of the constituencies, must be for

the future paramount. As a corollary to this creed, he held, and subsequently exemplified his belief in his measures, that it would be found wiser to yield to the impulses of popular opinion than wait to be overthrown by its compressed, but when at last inevitably liberated, overpowering force. In the reformed parliament, Sir Robert Peel, according to Sir R. H. Inglis—charitably forgetful of ‘the treason to the church’—gave by his speeches ‘fame and dignity’ to its proceedings; and the ministry, vehemently assailed by Mr O’Connell and others, gladly accepted his occasional support. Earl Grey retired, and the premiership was grasped by the confident, but light and inexperienced, hand of Lord Melbourne. A feeble and vacillating administration of public affairs followed till towards the close of the year 1834, when the death of Earl Spencer, and consequent removal of Lord Althorp to the House of Lords, determined the king—who had, moreover, been greatly scandalised by some of the pranks of Chancellor Brougham—to dismiss his ministry, and ultimately, on the advice of the Duke of Wellington, to call Sir Robert Peel to his councils. The missive of the sovereign reached the baronet at Rome on the 26th of November, and he at once hastened homewards to clutch the glittering prize, so unexpectedly proffered for his acceptance. In his address to the electors of Tamworth soon after his arrival in England, Sir Robert Peel enunciated with sufficient clearness, though in somewhat periphrastic periods, the policy he intended to pursue. He would *not* advise the crown to rescind the commission that had been issued to inquire into and report upon the workings and the modes of election of municipal corporations; he would reform the church—temperately of course; and, in brief, he would endeavour to act faithfully in what he conceived to be the spirit of the Reform Act; and he emphatically protested against the doctrine, that, because he had opposed that measure, he was thereby incapacitated, now that it had become the law of the land, to administer the affairs of the country under its control. The dissolution of parliament which followed, although it added greatly to the Conservative ranks in the House of Commons, still left the minister in a minority there; and he was beaten on the very threshold of the session by the election of Mr Abercrombie to the Speakership, in place of Mr Manners Sutton, afterwards created Viscount Canterbury. Sir Robert Peel was ultimately expelled from office by a vote of the House declaratory in effect that any future surplus of Irish tithe, after the due maintenance of the established church of that country had been provided for, should be devoted to general educational purposes. The eloquent and zealous promoters of this resolution have since practically repudiated it. It, however, sufficed to replace them on the Treasury bench, and Sir Robert Peel was once more in opposition. The ability, the high moral courage he displayed during this brief tenure of office went to the heart of the country; and even William Cobbett, forgetting for once in his life his bitter antipathies, remarked with something of sadness in his ‘Register,’ the fruitless exertion of talents ‘of which the country might well be proud.’ The premier evinced on two occasions during this short ministerial reign a surprising infirmity of temper, which elicited the best, and, we believe, only joke—always excepting his essay on the immense aggressive forces of Russia—that can be fairly attributed to the honourable and gallant member for the city of Westminster, General de Lacy Evans.

Dr Lushington having uttered some disparaging words of the minister, received a peremptory note requiring a satisfactory apology, or the usual alternative amongst gentlemen, as the phrase runs. The doctor, like a sensible man, apologised. Next Mr Hume, having remarked in his place in the House of Commons that he would not have acted in the manner Sir Robert Peel had, received a written missive, after the rising of the House, demanding a retractation. Mr Hume, an altogether pacific and sane individual, explained to the challenger that the words were used in a purely parliamentary sense, and the quarrel had no further result. General Evans, who appeared to think that nobody but regular professors of the sword ought to indulge in such fire-eating tastes, was greatly scandalised at the premier's behaviour, and the following evening remarked upon it in the House of Commons. 'The right honourable gentleman,' said the gallant officer, 'is a regular fire-eater. First he sends a hostile message to an ecclesiastical judge, and then he challenges that entirely peaceable and prudent gentleman, Mr Hume; and I sincerely advise the pacific member for Durham (Joseph Pease, the Quaker) to be very careful of his words, or as sure as fate he will be the next person called out by the warlike premier.' The general's witticism was immensely enjoyed by the House, and by no one apparently more than by Sir Robert Peel himself.

Soon after the right honourable baronet's ejection from office on this occasion, the great banquet at Merchant Tailors Hall was given him by 300 members of the House of Commons. It was on this occasion that he infused such vitality and ardour into the Conservative organization of the country—at the same time giving it a legitimate and healthy direction—by his emphatic warning, that the Reform Bill, which had deprived him of power, was a great and irresistible fact; and that the battle of the Constitution must thenceforth be fought in the Registration Courts. His advice to 'register—register—register,' was promptly acted upon; and the constituencies were greatly increased—not, as the sagacious baronet clearly foresaw, in an exclusive and sectarian, but in a liberally-conservative and moderate direction. In the following year Sir Robert Peel was elected Lord Rector of Glasgow university, beating Sir John, now Lord Campbell, by a considerable majority. His inaugural speech was accounted one of his happiest oratorical efforts, remarkable alike for practical wisdom and the purest eloquence.

The Conservative party, under Sir Robert Peel's judicious guidance and advice, grew daily in parliamentary and popular strength, so that he was not unfrequently obliged to repress the intolerant zeal and folly of its more audacious members, who reckoned too confidently on the increasing power of the party. In one especial instance he effected a remarkable service. 'The English Corporation Reform Act had been so grossly mutilated by Lord Lyndhurst and a majority of the peers, as to render it altogether nugatory as a remedial measure. The Melbourne ministry were thoroughly at a loss how to proceed when it came back to the House of Commons: to accept such an abortion in place of their own fair-proportioned offspring was manifestly impossible, but could *they* hope to induce the Lords to rescind their amendments? Sir Robert Peel, who had left town—it was near the close of the session—immediately hastened back to their assist-

ance and rescue, assisted by speech and vote to disallow the most objectionable of the peers' amendments; and Lord Lyndhurst was obliged—for 'the duke,' as usual, ranged himself on the side of Peel—to reluctantly acquiesce in the restoration of the bill to something like its former state, and the measure as it now exists passed. The eager ultra men of the party were greatly exasperated, and denounced in unmeasured terms the treacherous conduct, as they termed it, of their great but unmanageable leader. That 'Peel had no pluck' became a received and favourite phrase with them, and but for a haunting consciousness that they were powerless without him, he would unquestionably have been deposed. As it was, they sullenly acquiesced; and the continued vacillations, the infirm and abortive purposes of the cabinet—the constantly failing revenue, vainly propped by an increase of Excise taxes, and other clumsy and ineffective expedients—revived their hopes of ultimate triumph, and with the increasing hostility of Sir Robert Peel's parliamentary tone and action, reconciled them somewhat to his previous moderation and forbearance. The famous 'ladies-of-the-bedchamber' interlude took place during this period, in which the only party that appears to have acted with perfect dignity and good sense was the Queen herself. The cabinet, on being thrown into a virtual minority on the Jamaica Constitution-Suspension Act, withdrew, the male portion of them, from her majesty's service, leaving, as Lord Brougham humorously expressed it, their better halves behind them; and Sir Robert Peel, with sufficient adroitness, caught at the circumstance to relieve himself from the acceptance of office at an inopportune moment. His time was not yet come; and perhaps no man has ever displayed more sagacity than the right honourable baronet in seizing upon the right hour for the right work. The reinstated ministry staggered on as well as they could till 1841, when, alarmed at the deficiency of the revenue to meet the expenditure, they hastily caught up, as a last resource, an eight-shilling fixed duty on corn, and proposed it to parliament in lieu of the sliding-scale; hinting at the same time very intelligibly, that if parliament raised the duty to ten or twelve shillings, they would acquiesce, and resign themselves to continuance in office. This proposal obtained neither the confidence nor the support of the Free-trade party, and Sir Robert met it by a motion of want of confidence in ministers, which was carried by a majority of one! Parliament was dissolved, and in the new House of Commons the want-of-confidence motion, renewed as an amendment to the address in reply to the speech from the throne, was carried by a majority of ninety-one.

Sir Robert having thus, and greatly by the aid of the agricultural party, stormed office, was immediately invested by the Queen with the direction of affairs. His cabinet was strengthened by the accession of the some time Whigs, Lord Stanley and Sir James Graham, and a more powerful ministry, in a parliamentary and party sense, never perhaps existed in the country. The new premier succeeded to office at a critical and disastrous time. The revenue was several millions below the expenditure: two bad harvests in succession, with other concurrent causes, had produced appalling distress in the manufacturing districts: the most frightful destitution prevailed in Paisley, Glasgow, Manchester, and other centres of trade. Foreign affairs wore an equally gloomy aspect. France, exasperated, alienated by the vigorous and successful expedition against Mehemet Ali, expressed both in

the Chambers and the press the bitterest hostility towards this country; the American Maine boundary dispute was ripening rapidly into an open quarrel; the Chinese war was apparently as far as ever from a termination; and, to crown all, news not very long afterwards arrived of the military disasters in Affghanistan! Sir Robert Peel faced these difficulties with energy and resolution, though keenly sensible of their magnitude and weight. 'What have you done with the revenue I left you?' exclaimed the premier, addressing the late ministers, who objected to the Income Tax, by which he proposed to meet his financial embarrassments. 'In the year 1835 you, the ministry, found the affairs of the two great empires in this state:—In the United Kingdom the surplus of income over expenditure was £1,376,000; in India, £1,556,000. You had then a nett surplus approaching to three millions! How have you left matters? You say I overstate the difficulties. Can you deny that you found a surplus of three millions, and have left a deficiency of five millions? On the 5th of April 1842, the deficit of the revenue of the United Kingdom, compared with its expenditure, was £2,570,000; of India, £2,430,000. The difference then against this country and its credit is eight millions as compared with 1835!'

Although Sir Robert Peel had offered the best defence of a sliding scale of corn duties of which it is susceptible, he did not, it was early apparent, enjoy the entire confidence of the chiefs of the Protectionist party. They appear to have felt a lurking suspicion that a man of Sir Robert Peel's sagacity could not for ever continue blind to the injustice of taxing one class, and that the most numerous and most helpless in the community, for the support of another class; and they knew by repeated example, that, once convinced he had been in error, no consideration on earth would induce him to forbear acting upon that conviction! The Duke of Richmond declared, immediately after the result of the elections was known, that if the minister did not please the agricultural members, they, by whose aid he would be placed in office, would turn him out again. To this taunt Sir Robert quietly replied, that he should take office to give effect not to the opinions of others, but to his own. His first reformation of the sliding-scale confirmed the suspicions entertained by the Protectionist party, and his Grace of Buckingham openly refused to disgrace himself by an alliance with so dangerous and deceptive a minister. Indeed it was soon evident to all men not wilfully blind, that the tendency of the ministerial policy, quickened doubtless by the rapid development of the Anti-Corn-Law League, was towards an abolition of the taxes on food. The ministry from the first was one of progress—slow perhaps, but marked and determined in its direction; and if it be objected that the prosecution of Mr O'Connell was harsh or unnecessary, it cannot be denied that Sir Robert Peel manifested by his Maynooth grant, about which such a hubbub was raised, a strong desire to conciliate the Catholic population of Ireland. At length, towards the close of 1845, immediately after the failure of the potato-crop had been ascertained, the astounding announcement appeared in the 'Times' newspaper that the Conservative cabinet had determined on abolishing the corn-duties—on capitulating, as Protectionist writers termed it, with the Anti-Corn-Law confederacy. This news, partially disbelieved at first, was afterwards confirmed, but only as far as the Prime Minister and a majority of the cabinet were concerned; for the Duke of Wellington and

Lord Stanley having refused their consent to the proposition, Sir Robert Peel tendered the collective resignation of the cabinet, which her Majesty, on the 6th of December, reluctantly accepted. There can be no doubt entertained that Sir Robert Peel was anxiously desirous that the repeal of the corn duties should be effected by his political opponents, who, by the voices of Lords John Russell and Morpeth had announced their conversion to the doctrine and necessity of total repeal two or three weeks previously; but again, as in 1829, he was doomed to the task of reversing the policy of his party, and for the same reason—that no other man than himself could be found capable of reversing it.

Lord John Russell, earnestly supported by her Majesty, attempted to form a ministry; but after consulting with his proposed colleagues, and carefully surveying the situation, abandoned the effort in despair, thus virtually confessing himself unequal to the task of repealing the obnoxious laws, even with the cordial assistance of Sir Robert Peel *out of office*. The right honourable baronet was immediately resummoned to the royal councils, and his powerful and ever-faithful friend at a pinch, the Duke of Wellington, who could alone enable him to o'erleap the barrier of the House of Lords, having returned to his aid, Sir Robert, confident of success, again threw all personal motives, all personal ties, all considerations of power, office, patronage, to the winds, in order to carry a measure which time and circumstance had convinced him was essential to the permanent welfare of the country. The Duke of Wellington, who must be held to be as good a judge of what constitutes personal honour as most men, expressed himself in his explanatory speech 'delighted with his right honourable friend' for resuming office under such circumstances, and avowed his determination to support him by every means at his command: the other members of the administration concurred in the duke's opinion and resolve, with the exception of Lord Stanley, who went into opposition; and the minister met parliament at the head of a united cabinet with his corn-law repeal measures ready in his hand.

It has been said of Burke with partial truth—

—— 'that he narrowed his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind.'

The precise converse of this proposition is true of the late Sir Robert Peel. It is manifestly absurd to deny the purity and disinterestedness of his motives in thus acting, and the reasonable solution of his conduct is this—that, unlike gentlemen whose youthful illumination of intellect enables them to discern accurately, and to decide justly, every incident and experience of the longest life, Sir Robert Peel grew wiser as he grew older: in other words, that knowledge with him was not intuitive and spontaneous, but the result of observation and experience. All men are not gifted with *à priori* intellects; and Sir Robert appears in this respect to have been less fortunately gifted than such gentlemen as the honourable member for Lincoln, whose gray hairs seem to cover the precisely same amount of wisdom as the curly locks of their boyhood; whose motto, like that of the Latin Church, is *semper idem*; and who pridefully acknowledge with the returned French *émigrés*, 'qu'ils n'ont rien oublié, ni rien appris'—have neither forgotten nor learned anything.

'Power,' said Sir Robert Peel in defending his change of opinion on the Corn Laws—'power to effect great objects is really valuable; but for my part I can say with perfect truth, that even for those objects I do not covet it. Still I am ready to incur its responsibilities, to bear its sacrifices, to affront its perils; but I will not retain it with mutilated power and shackled authority. I will not stand at the helm during dark and tempestuous weather, if that helm is not allowed to freely traverse; and I will not undertake to direct the course of the vessel now by observations taken in 1842.' He thus addressed himself to the taunt of inconsistency—'I will not withhold the homage due to the progress of reason, and to truth, by denying that my opinions on the subject of Protection have undergone a change. It may be supposed that there is something humiliating in making such an admission. Sir, I feel no such humiliation; but I should feel the deepest humiliation if, having changed or modified my opinions, I declined to acknowledge the change for the base fear of encountering the charge of inconsistency.' Parliament deferred to the advice of the minister; and after a protracted struggle of nearly six months' duration, the commercial measures of the cabinet were carried through both Houses of Parliament by large majorities, and received the cheerful and personally-given assent of the sovereign. Sir Robert Peel, as he had always anticipated, was overthrown by a division of the House upon the Irish 'Arms Bill,' in which Liberals, Whigs, and Protectionists, united to deprive him of power. It was a curious circumstance that the corn-duties repeal bill finally passed the Lords on the same evening, the arrival of the masters in Chancery to make the announcement to the Commons having interrupted Mr Charles Buller's speech upon the Irish Bill. As soon as the vociferous cheers of the members greeting the consummation of the minister's crowning triumph had died away, the honourable gentleman continued his speech, and the House a few hours afterwards expelled that minister from power! Ibrahim Pacha was present under the gallery, and must have been sadly puzzled, one would think, to reconcile the congratulatory cheers with the vindictive division!

It was during this debate that Mr D'Israeli, after reciting a more than ordinary number of carefully-arranged sneers and sarcasms—impromptus made at leisure—relative to Sir Robert Peel's deficiency, not only in moral, but intellectual qualities—an accusation, by the way, which excited far more general and derisive laughter without than party cheers within the House—again alluded to the charge respecting Mr Canning, who, according to the honourable member, was 'an eagle,' whilst Sir Robert Peel was only 'a vulture;' and Mr Canning, moreover, 'rode the Commons as Alexander did his horse Bucephalus, both, in the days of Gaton and Old Sarum, when the pulse of England beat higher than it does now, worthy of each other!' The peroration of the present leader of the gentlemen of England suggested, as the best excuse doubtless that could be given for the coming vote on the Arms Bill, that it had been brought about by a general desire amongst honourable gentlemen of all parties, to avenge the very mild opposition which Sir Robert Peel, following *longo intervallo* in the wake of the Duke of Newcastle and Earl Grey, offered to Mr Canning's administration. 'He must feel,' said the honourable member—'he must feel that it is a Nemesis that dictates this vote and regulates this decision,

and that is about to stamp with its seal the catastrophe of a sinister career.'

The value of this diatribe can be best estimated by those who remember the speeches of Mr D'Israeli in 1841—fourteen years after Mr Canning had been 'hunted' to death. The honourable gentleman at that time complimented Sir Robert Peel, 'that, placed in an age of rapid civilisation and rapid transition, he had adapted the practical character of his measures to the condition of the times;' and he emphatically remarked, that Sir Robert 'was indeed a great man, who had never employed his influence for factious purposes, never been stimulated in his exertions by a disordered desire of obtaining office, and he (Mr D'Israeli) looked anxiously forward to the time when the right honourable baronet would have an opportunity of establishing a government which would have the confidence of the education, the property, and, as he thoroughly believed, of the great body of the nation.' What can one say after this, except to repeat the opinion expressed by Lord Chancellor Eldon, in one of the letters already quoted—'the devil of it, there is no consistency in anybody'—not even in Mr D'Israeli!

On the 30th of June 1846 Sir Robert Peel resigned the power which he had wielded to such important, and, in the opinion of the vast majority of the nation, to such magnificent results. Never had he appeared so great and puissant as when casting off power—never half so formidable in the hour of triumph as in that of apparent defeat. The robes of office cast aside, he seemed to dilate in unfettered pride and strength. During the speech in which he recounted the achievements of his great administration—the flourishing state of the revenue—restored amity with France—the successful conclusion of the Chinese war—the triumphant effacement of the reverses in India—the honourable settlement of the Oregon dispute, of which the official announcement had that day reached him from Mr Pakenham, as if to gild his fall with superadded glory—the reduction he had effected on the interest of a considerable portion of the National Debt—the success of his financial measures generally—and finally, and above all, the erasure from the statute book of the obnoxious Corn Laws—a more than Roman triumph seemed to pass before the eyes of his entranced and admiring auditory. The commanding tone was that of a conqueror rather than that of a minister whose staff of office had just been broken in his grasp, as he not only pointed with pardonable exultation to the triumphs of the past, but traced with victorious, authoritative finger the course which his successors *must* pursue, so firmly and irrevocably had he launched the vessel of the state in the track which common sense, enlightened philosophy, and generous patriotism had pointed out.

Yet in this moment of triumphant laying down of office, Sir Robert Peel cheerfully and thoroughly recognised the claims of the men who had borne the heat and burthen of the day, and marshalled and disciplined the forces which, his great claim to honour, he had led to victory—a victory which, but for him, must have been indefinitely postponed. 'The name,' said he, 'which ought to be, and which will be associated with these measures, is not mine, nor that of Lord John Russell: it is that of a man who, acting, as I believe, from pure and disinterested motives, and with untiring energy,

by appeals to reason, enforced their necessity with an eloquence the more to be admired because it is unaffected and unadorned—the name which will be associated with the success of these measures is that of Richard Cobden.' This act of justice performed, he thus eloquently as modestly preferred his own claim to the generous thoughts of his countrymen:—'I shall leave a name severely censured, I fear, by many honourable persons, who, from no interested motives, have adhered to the principle of Protection, as important to the interest and welfare of the country—I shall leave a name execrated by every monopolist who, from less worthy motives, maintains Protection for his own benefit; but it may be I shall leave a name sometimes remembered with expressions of good-will in those places which are the abode of men whose lot it is to labour and earn their daily bread by the sweat of their brow—a name remembered with expressions of good-will when they shall recreate their exhausted strength with abundant and untaxed food, the sweeter because no longer leavened by a sense of injustice.'

Enthusiastic cheers greeted the delivery of these words—words which will dwell in the national heart when the calumnies, the insults indulged in by the great minister's opponents, are utterly forgotten, or remembered only with a smile of pity and regret that Englishmen could have been found to utter them. His prophetic ear had already caught the far-off echoes or the time in whose all hail! the rancorous party-clamour raised against him was destined to be drowned, extinguished, lost! He fell from official power into the arms of the people, whose enthusiastic plaudits accompanied him, on the evening of his resignation of office, to his residence in Whitehall Gardens. The spontaneous feeling of gratitude and respect which prompted those plaudits has since widened, strengthened, deepened, and will become more and more vivid and intense as the moral grandeur of his motives—the unselfish, self-sacrificing spirit which dictated his public conduct—pierce through, and consume in the clear and brilliant light of that truth and justice which, we are assured by an illustrious authority, has ever inspired his acts, the calumnious misrepresentations so unsparingly heaped upon him. By his humbler countrymen, that testimony to the moral worth of the departed statesman was not waited for, nor needed. They felt instinctively that he must be pure and single-minded, as he was intellectually vigorous and great; for what had he, raised aloft upon the bucklers of a powerful and wealthy party, to gain by stooping from that dazzling height, to raise up the humble and the lowly from the mire into which ignorant and partial legislation had so long trampled them? This feeling of sympathy, of reverence, manifested by far higher eloquence than words can reach in the mute sorrow of the anxious crowd who hurriedly gathered in boding silence round the mansion of the dying statesman, to hear the sad bulletins which chronicled his passage to the tomb, is even now all but universal. Especially in the great centres of the busy life of these kingdoms is the feeling of regret and sympathy sincere and profound—a sure warranty not only that the hope so affectingly expressed by Sir Robert Peel—that his name would be remembered with expressions of good-will by his working, hard-handed countrymen—will be amply fulfilled, but that the principles which his death may be said to have consecrated will be maintained in their integrity by the strength, the energy, and the intelligence of the country.

The period, just four years, which elapsed since the retirement of Sir Robert Peel from office until the 29th of June last—when an accident, the sudden restiveness of a usually quiet horse, resulted in the loss of a life not much past its meridian *—were years of unostentatious public services in parliament, and private efforts, which, from the elevation of his social and moral position, necessarily partook of a public character, to advance the wellbeing of those sections of the community with whom his individual life was more especially connected. In parliament the Encumbered Estates Bill, by which it is hoped that a real Irish proprietary may be substituted for a fictitious one, is mainly due to his suggestion; and the hasty efforts recently witnessed to amend the defective rules and sluggish processes of the Courts of Equity are distinctly traceable to the sudden alarm which his contemptuous denunciation of their cumbrous inefficiency excited in the gentlemen of the long robe. His support of the ministry by whom he had been supplanted was, by their own confession, generous, sincere, unostentatious; and the last speech he ever uttered, when reluctantly compelled to oppose them or sacrifice his own convictions upon a question of great importance, breathed a spirit of the utmost forbearance, conciliation, and respect. In his private capacity he was especially zealous to promote the interests of agriculture, with which his own fortunes were so intimately bound up. Although refusing to promote the interests of the cultivators of the soil at the expense of other classes of the community, he was eager to secure for them the real and permanent advantages derivable from an intelligent combination and exercise of capital, industry, and skill. Sir Robert established at Tamworth a school for the superior education of the children of the middle classes—thereby evincing, even more than by his bold institution of the Irish provincial colleges, how anxious he was that knowledge should keep pace with privilege. He once remarked that the repeal of the Corn Laws was the greatest educational measure ever passed. Of course he alluded to the increased means and leisure which the abolition of the taxes on food would afford parents—especially those of the working-classes—to educate their children.

Sir Robert Peel, anxious as he ever showed himself to advance the material interests of the people, to keep Great Britain in the van of other nations by the aids which scientific discoveries and enterprise afford, was

* The accident which resulted in the death of the right honourable baronet occurred on Saturday evening, June 29—scarcely ten hours after he had taken part in the protracted debate on the merits of Lord Palmerston's foreign policy. Sir Robert left Whitehall Gardens shortly before five o'clock, on horseback, attended by his groom. Proceeding through the Park, he had called at Buckingham Palace, and was riding up Constitution Hill, when he met some ladies of his acquaintance, who were returning home on horseback from their afternoon's ride. These ladies were attended by a groom, who rode a somewhat skittish horse; and when Sir Robert approached him, the animal on which he was riding began also to plunge and rear. The effect of this action was, that Sir Robert was instantly unhorsed, and fell heavily on his face in the road. Although rendered insensible by the fall, Sir Robert for the moment retained hold of his bridle; and the horse being thus suddenly checked, came down with force, his knees striking the right honourable baronet about the centre of his back. From the time of the melancholy occurrence up to Tuesday morning, July 2, faint hopes were entertained of his recovery; but during the day the symptoms became more alarming, and at nine minutes after eleven o'clock, the distinguished statesman breathed his last in the presence of nearly all the members of his family.

equally zealous to foster and promote the arts which refine and elevate mankind. The cultivation of gifted intellect, in whatever branch of art exercised, found in him a munificent, ardent, and enlightened patron. No man has done more, perhaps none so much, to diffuse a taste for the elevating influences of art by rendering the national collections of the works of genius accessible to the body of the people. He ever strenuously reprobated the assertion that the working-classes of Great Britain could not be safely trusted, like the peoples of the continent, with unrestricted admission to ornamental grounds, or to museums, and galleries of curiosities and art. 'It is not,' he once exclaimed, 'the intelligent artisan, but the *vulgar rich*, who deface and injure statues, pictures, and ornamental trees.' The celebrities of literature, irrespective of party distinction or party services, ever found in him a warm sympathising friend rather than patron. Southey and Wordsworth were awarded a pension of £300 a year each: Tennyson, £200 per annum: M'Culloch and Tytler the same: James Montgomery obtained £150 annual pension; and the widow of Thomas Hood £100 yearly: Mrs Hemans he placed on the pension list, and procured situations for her sons under the crown: Frances Brown, the blind poetess, was pensioned from a fund which custom places at the disposal of the wife of the prime-minister: and a son of Allan Cunningham obtained an appointment at Sir Robert's hands, from respect to the genius of his father. In science his patronage was extended towards Faraday the eminent chemist, on whom a pension of £300 a year was bestowed. Mrs Somerville, the author of the 'Connection of the Sciences,' was equally fortunate; the geologist, Dr Buckland, he created Dean of Westminster; and Professor Airy owes to him his appointment as Astronomer Royal. Others, eminent in science and literature, and who stood not in need of extraneous aid, he encouraged in their onward path alike by his cordial attentions and friendly hospitalities.

The late baronet's collection of paintings is extensive, as well as admirably selected, and he was especially a munificent patron of native artists. Lawrence, Wilkie, Collins, Roberts, Stanfield, Haydon, and many others, received liberal commissions from him. The sudden and terrible death of the last-mentioned gifted but wayward artist, who, on the 23d June 1846, was found with his white hairs dabbled with blood, lifeless, self-destroyed, at the foot of his painting of 'Alfred and the first British Jury,' uplifted a corner of the usually impenetrable screen with which the late Sir Robert Peel veiled from the crowd his genial and extensive charities. At the inquest held on the body by Mr Wakley, Haydon's diary, a sad transcript of his withered hopes and deepening calamities, written, it may be truly said, in the blood of his own heart, was read, and from it we extract the following passages, as given in the 'Times' of June 25, 1846:—

'June 16.—Sat from 2 to 5 o'clock staring at my pictures like an idiot. My brain pressed down by anxiety, and the anxious looks of my family, whom I have been compelled to inform of my condition. We have raised money on all our silver, to keep us from want in case of accident. I have written to Sir Robert Peel, to —, and to —, stating that I have a heavy sum to pay. I have offered the "Duke's Study" to —. Who answered first? Tormented by D'Israeli, harassed by public business, up came the following letter:—

"Whitehall, June 16.

"SIR—I am sorry to hear of your continued embarrassments. From a limited fund which I have at my disposal, I send as a contribution for your relief from those embarrassments the sum of fifty pounds. I remain, sir, your obedient servant,

ROBERT PEEL."

'That's Peel! Will — or — answer?

'June 18.—This morning, fearing I should be involved, I returned to a young bookseller some books for which I had not paid him. No reply from — or —. And this Peel is the man who has no heart!'

This, it will be remembered, is the chance revealment of a generous act, performed when the donor was himself exposed to the jibing tongues of relentless and exasperated adversaries; and when the defence of self, it might have been supposed, would have engrossed all his thoughts and sympathies.

Our brief pencilling of this distinguished man draws towards a close. The reader will judge for himself of the degree of honour to be awarded to a man who, early placed in a false position by being prematurely committed to the advocacy of opinions which his mature judgment convinced him were pernicious and unsound, one by one cast off the trammels of early prejudice, and always at the sacrifice of the purely selfish object which the herd of politicians regard as their highest prize and reward—party honour and distinction. It is, it seems to us, his especial glory to have always risen above personal considerations when the welfare of his country was in issue, and to have ever held allegiance to a party subservient to the infinitely higher duty of advancing the interests of a people.

His sudden death has elicited a general expression of sorrow from generous hearts throughout Christendom; the graceful tribute rendered to his memory by the monarch and parliament of the United Kingdom was cordially and spontaneously echoed by the National Assembly of France, in this the faithful interpreter of the voices not only of that country, but of Europe. Perhaps no British statesman ever so thoroughly conciliated the good-will of other nations as did the late baronet; and this from no unworthy truckling to foreign states, for although a sincere lover of peace, it was not peace at any price, peace with dishonour, he desired or would accept of. This, his determined and peremptory attitude and language on the Pritchard and Oregon disputes, amply testified. The secret of his popularity abroad seems to have been, that while sensitively jealous for the honour of his own country, he was ever scrupulously alive to that of others, and constantly bore in mind that, as regarded foreign nations, words from one in his position were to a great extent equivalent to deeds.

The oratory of Sir Robert Peel was in some respects inferior to that of the great masters of parliamentary eloquence. As a speaker, he was not so sonorous and stately as Pitt, so varied and discursive as Brougham, glittering and epigrammatic as Shiel, nor logical and brilliant as Macaulay; but in persuasive effect upon a miscellaneous auditory like the House of Commons, he was immeasurably superior to either of them, and for ready debating powers he had confessedly no equal in that assembly. The singular fascination of his manner was greatly enhanced by the charm of a rich and finely-modulated voice; and no one could hear him speak for five

minutes upon an important subject, without feeling that he was listening to an orator marvellously skilled in the art of influencing the convictions and swaying the wills of his audience. A still higher praise is, that however excited by debate, he never addressed a spiteful or ill-natured remark to an opponent; and even when coarsely attacked himself, disdained to retort in kind upon his assailant. 'I have no time to waste in bandying personalities with the honourable member,' was his calmly-contemptuous notice of a cartload of abuse hurled at him on a memorable occasion. He wisely left his vindication to time and the suffrages of his countrymen. Greater, more brilliant statesmen, in a certain sense—men of showier gifts—there may have been: the fervid declamation of Chatham—the stately periods and haughty vehemence of Pitt—the nervous eloquence of Fox—the glittering rhetoric of Canning—will always perhaps excite in a numerous class of minds stronger feelings of admiration than are usually associated with the name of Sir Robert Peel. But should domestic confusion and peril, such as the continent has lately suffered under, and which we, thanks to the timely settlement of the exasperating corn-law question, happily escaped, menace this country, the national mind will sorrowfully revert to the calm, conciliating, moderate statesman, whose practical wisdom adapted itself readily and with marvellous sagacity to the exigencies of the time, whose clear prescience discerned the portents of approaching night and storm whilst the summer sun was still high above the horizon, and whose patriotism shrank from no labour, hesitated at no sacrifice, required for the safety or well-being of the country he loved so well and served so faithfully.

Death, suddenly and unlooked-for as it came, found not the eminent and still active statesman unprepared. His house had been long since put in order, his family thoroughly instructed in his wishes and commands, contingent on his decease. Those wishes and commands vividly illustrate the simplicity and singleness of his ambition, and the sovereign contempt he felt for the fripperies of show and titles. His remains were to be placed, without funeral ostentation or parade, in the modest restingplace at Drayton-Bassett Church, beside his father's; and when her Majesty, with the graceful consideration by which she is distinguished, offered to 'ennoble' the family of her departed minister, the respectful reply of Lady Peel informed the queen not only that she herself desired only to be known by the name her husband had borne, but that he had left his family a solemn injunction to accept of no title that might be offered them in recompense for the services it might be deemed that he had rendered the state. The much-coveted 'blue ribbon' he had twice in his life declined—we can easily imagine with what supreme though veiled indifference and contempt. Such toys are for the common herd of politicians; his was an infinitely higher ambition—that of so writing his name upon the history of his country, that it should in all time be remembered with emotions of good-will and esteem by the people from whom he sprung, and to promote whose permanent and substantial welfare he had cheerfully sacrificed ease and health, endured unwearied obloquy and reproach, and finally turned exultingly away from the enthralling allurements and vanities of power.

Of the private or domestic life of this eminent person we have no mission to speak here. It may be gathered from the glance of unutterable anguish which we have all been informed was seen to pass between Lady

Peel and the dying man, when his bruised and pallid countenance met hers, as he was borne across the threshold he was never more to pass with life, from the profound affliction of every man who was honoured by his friendship; and from the tears and blessings of the population of all ranks who followed his body to the tomb in Drayton-Bassett Church, whose emotion could scarcely have been greater had death swept off the best-beloved of every family amongst them, so individual and intense was the expression of grief and sympathy.

Sir Robert Peel has left, besides his widow, a family of seven children—five sons and two daughters. The eldest, Robert, the present baronet and member for Tamworth, has been long connected with the Swiss embassy; Frederick represents Leominster—his speeches on the admission of Jews to parliament and on other occasions exhibit good promise; William, the third son, though only twenty-five years of age, is a captain in the royal navy, in which service he early distinguished himself—‘a very promising youngster indeed,’ Admiral Napier, who had seen him under fire at Acre, pronounced him to be in the House of Commons some years ago; John Floyd Peel is an officer in the Scots Fusilier Guards; and Arthur Wellesley Peel, the youngest son, is still at college. Miss Peel married, a few years since, Viscount Villiers, the eldest son of the Earl of Jersey; Eliza, the youngest daughter, is unmarried. There is yet nothing accurately known of the disposition of the vast personal property of the deceased baronet, but it will be no doubt, after the example of his father, found to be equitably distributed among his children.



LORD BROUGHAM.

IN 1830 Henry Brougham was placed by the suffrages of the electors of Yorkshire at the head of the parliamentary representation of the United Kingdom, amidst the plaudits of the great majority of the British people. This distinguished position in William IV.'s first House of Commons was the reward of a parliamentary career extending over more than twenty years, and presumedly as frank, sincere, and unselfish, as it was unquestionably varied, brilliant, and successful. He had conquered the repugnance of the great Yorkshire constituency to being represented by a practising barrister by the sheer force of his masculine and impassioned oratory, his energetic and unquailing defence of a persecuted lady against the wiles and oppressions of a powerful and unscrupulous court and ministry; by his vehement denunciation of the tyrannies of creed, caste, colour, under whatever pretence enacted or exercised; by his iterated exposures of the law's injustice, extortion, and delay; and his untiring advocacy of the necessity, the justice, and the wisdom, of an efficient scheme of national education. The favour of the people was ratified by the monarch. A short time after the opening of the new parliament, the member for Yorkshire was created Baron Brougham and Vaux, and took his seat on the woolsack as Lord High Chancellor of England—with the exception of the members of the royal family, the first subject of the realm in eminence and dignity.

A giddy elevation! upon which it is difficult for men of the firmest, the most evenly-balanced minds to stand erect and undazzled. The new chancellor had himself no misgivings: not a shadow of apprehension clouded for a moment the brilliancy of the prospect which lay invitingly before him. No suggestion of wise self-distrust, it was evident, from the first words he addressed to the half-amused, half-angry Peers, mingled with the natural exultation called forth by the sudden and unexpected elevation to which he had attained. 'The thing which dazzled me most,' said his lordship, speaking from the woolsack—'the thing which dazzled me most in the prospect opened to me by the acceptance of office, was not the gewgaw splendour of the place, but because it seemed to afford me—if I were honest, on which I could rely; if I were consistent, which I knew to be a matter of absolute necessity in my nature; if I were able as I was honest and consistent—a field of more extended exertions. That by which the Great Seal dazzled my eyes and induced me to quit a station which till that time I deemed

the proudest which an Englishman could enjoy, was that it seemed to hold out to me the gratifying prospect that in serving my king I should better be able to serve my country.' These confident words were uttered on the evening of Friday the 26th November 1830. On the 15th November 1834, not quite four years afterwards, the 'Times' newspaper announced that the Whig cabinet, of which the noble and learned lord was so able and eminent a member, had been summarily, almost insultingly, turned out of office by the king; and so thoroughly had those few years of power, whether by his own fault or the people's caprice, stripped the ejected chancellor of the popularity he had before enjoyed, that his fall alone, of all the cabinet, excited neither sympathy, regret, nor indignation. And so deeply rooted has proved this disfavour, indifference, ingratitude, or whatever else it may be called, that although the dismissed ministry was not long afterwards restored to office by the House of Commons, and that the Whigs have since, with the exception of Sir Robert Peel's last great administration, continued in the enjoyment of power, Lord Brougham, with his formidable oratorical and debating talents as brilliant and effective, his all-embracing industry as unflagging, as ever, has never been invited to re-enter the cabinet; and perhaps stranger still, no general desire that he should resume his place in the royal councils has been heard from the people with whom he was once so powerful and popular! How may we account for this extraordinary change? Must we ascribe it, with Lord Brougham's thorough-going partisans, to the mean and rancorous jealousy of former colleagues, impatient of his manifest superiority—the scandalous misrepresentations of a truculent and mendacious press, and the undiscerning, unreasoning caprice of a fickle people? Or, adopting the assertions put forth by his lordship's habitual detractors, must we say that his splendid and mighty efforts to loosen the bonds of the slave, his vehement denunciation of fraud and oppression, his strenuous advocacy of extended popular rights and the diffusion of popular instruction, were all mere promptings of a restless and insatiable vanity, to gratify which he would and did sacrifice the cause of progress, and the best interests of a people whom he only looked upon as the instruments of an intolerable, self-seeking ambition, and unhesitatingly abandoned the moment his selfish purpose was achieved? A heavy charge!—one easily made; and however essentially false, not difficult to be showily supported by one-sided and garbled views and quotations of the acts and speeches of a public man who has been busily engaged in the political struggles and vicissitudes of the last forty years of change and strife!

Is not the truth rather that Lord Brougham and the more eager, impatient reformers were mutually self-deceived; that he was never half so popularly disposed, in a democratic sense, as they—misled by occasional bursts of fiery eloquence—believed him to be; and that he, if not mistaken in the direction of the tide of popular opinion, underrated its depth, constancy, and force; and in endeavouring to arrest its progress at the limits which he thought desirable, found himself tossed aside, with no other resource left but to rail at the power of a movement which he had neither desired nor anticipated, and no longer possessed strength to guide or to control? Add to this an inveterate habit of indulging in exaggerated invective, cruel and indiscriminating sarcasm, together with a few eccentric

peculiarities of manner and expression, and you have a sufficient key to Lord Brougham's public character and conduct, to the secret of his popularity and unpopularity, without the necessity of seeking for it in groundless hypotheses of personal unworthiness, and selfish disregard of party and national obligations. This at least is our impression. Whether the reader, after glancing over the following slight sketch of the noble and learned lord's literary, forensic, parliamentary, and judicial career, will arrive at the same conclusion, we cannot of course venture to predicate; but at all events we can confidently promise that it shall not be exaggerated or distorted in outline, nor falsely and delusively coloured or disguised.

Henry Lord Brougham and Vaux, although essentially the architect of his own fortunes and position, claims to be descended from a very ancient if not very distinguished family. The genealogists trace his descent from the De Burghams, an English territorial family settled in Cumberland and Westmoreland long before the Slys and others came in with the Conqueror. Where Brougham Hall now stands, Walter de Burgham in the time of Edward, Saint and Confessor, was possessed of the manor of De Burgham. In Henry II.'s reign Odard de Burgham distinguished himself from the crowd of forgotten nobodies by incurring with others a heavy fine for unworthily surrendering the castle of Appleby to the Scots. Setting, however, aside these and other dim traditions, it appears certain that one Henry Burgham or Brougham did really marry, towards the close of the seventeenth century, 'the fair Miss Slee, daughter of Mr Slee of Carlisle, a jovial gentleman of three hundred a year.' It is also sufficiently clear that the Broughams were high sheriffs of Cumberland in the reigns of George I. and II. This ancient stock, somewhat shorn it should seem, not of its honours but of its manors—a more tangible loss—intermarried by its representative, Henry Brougham of Scales Hall, in Cumberland, and Brougham Hall, Westmoreland, with a highly-respectable Scotch family; the said Henry having espoused, on the 22d August 1777, Eleanor, only child of the Rev. James Syme, by Mary, sister of Dr Robertson, the historian of Charles V. and America. This marriage had numerous issue, the eldest of whom was Henry, afterwards Lord Brougham and Vaux, and Lord High Chancellor. He claims also to be heir-general and representative of the ancient and noble House of Vaux. His motto, discovered by the Heralds Office to be the ancient one of his House, is 'Pro rege, lege, grege;' and his crest is a hand and arm in armour holding a luce, argent: on the elbow a rose, gules. He was born in St Andrew Square, Edinburgh, on the 19th September 1779, and received his preliminary education at the High School of that city. When only fifteen years of age he entered the university. An insatiable thirst after and love of knowledge, a singular power and aptitude for acquiring it, combined with unbounded self-confidence, appear to have characterised him from the first dawn of his discursive, ambitious, and splendid career. He was little more than sixteen when he transmitted to the Royal Society a paper describing a series of experiments in optics, and an exposition, more showy and pretentious than sound and philosophical, of the principles which govern that science. The Royal Society thought sufficiently well of the paper to print it in the 'Philosophical Transactions' of 1796. They conferred the same honour in 1798 upon a dissertation he sent them on 'Certain Principles in Geometry.'

These precocious labours called forth replies and refutations from Professor Prevost of Geneva and others; and the youthful sciolist was soon busily engaged in a Latin correspondence with philosophers of European reputation, on multifarious scientific questions, most of which he is said to have treated with his accustomed brilliance and audacity. Neither was European travel, such as then could be obtained, wanting to the development of his lively intellect. He made a tour through the northern countries of the continent in company with Mr Stuart, afterwards Lord Stuart de Rothsay, and on his return was duly called to the Scottish bar, where he practised with fair success till the year 1807, when he finally took up his abode in London.

Many and various were the modes by which, in addition to the study and illustration of Scots and civil law, he kept his restless energies in full activity. He was a distinguished member of the Speculative Society of Edinburgh—a school of exercise for embryo orators and essayists connected with the university of that city—over which the great success in after-life of several of its members has thrown a lustre it did not probably in itself deserve. The aspect of the time was troubled and stormy. Constituted authorities were angered and dismayed at the moral phenomena which everywhere gleamed through the thick darkness generated by centuries of leaden despotism and inert social apathy and ignorance, now bursting into baleful and destructive flame, and now sending forth a holy, regenerative light. In Scotland, as elsewhere, alarmed officials were fulminating decrees of fine, imprisonment, transportation, against the favourers of the new opinions with merciless severity—a comparatively modern illustration of an old truth, that fear is always cruel. The natural consequence in such a state of society as that of Edinburgh ensued: reprobation of the errors or faults of the sufferers was lost in the indignation excited by the excess of punishment inflicted. The leading spirits of the Speculative Society kindled into ardent Whiggism, and for a time perhaps something more; and when sufficiently matured in intellectual power, started in 1802—with the assistance of that prince of argumentative humorists, the Rev. Sydney Smith—the world-famous ‘Edinburgh Review,’ the first number of which

‘Waved its light wings of saffron and of blue’

under the reverend gentleman’s guidance, and at once soared into a far higher region of critical disquisition than the then feeble and drowsy arbiters of literary fame had ever striven, or indeed had power to reach. It appears from a paper left by Lord Jeffrey, that, owing to a fear of Smith for the indiscreet tongue of Brougham, the latter was not at first admitted to the secret consultations of the critical confederacy. He was, however, from the first a copious contributor, writing fourteen articles in the first three numbers. Nay—and it is certainly a curious particular in the history of our literature—one *entire number* was written by Henry Brougham, in order, as we have heard, to obtain from Mr Constable a sum of money required for some particular purpose. Amongst his multifarious contributions appeared the much-talked-of notice, in 1808, of Lord Byron’s ‘Hours of Idleness’—a rather smart piece of writing, but which would have perished and been

forgotten with other ephemera of the season, had it not been for the angry response which it elicited from the enraged author, and the striking contradiction given to the prediction of the critic by the poet's subsequent success. The criticism was, however, substantially just, contemptuously expressed as it may be. The noble lord's juvenile volume contained no indication of the fervid genius he afterwards displayed; and a critic not professing to be endowed with second-sight must surely be excused for not discerning in the sentimental prettiness of the 'Hours of Idleness' the developed beauty and passion of 'The Giaour,' or the haughty misanthropy and eloquent scorn of the 'Childe Harold.' The brief review is written in a tone of light badinage which Brougham was often very happy in. The best hit is the passage we subjoin, relative to the author's implied claim to admiration on account of his verses having been written at a very early age. This juvenile plea is handled with considerable humour:—'The law upon this point,' says the reviewer, 'we hold to be perfectly clear. It is a plea available only to the defendant; no plaintiff can offer it as a supplementary ground of action. Thus if any suit could be brought against Lord Byron for the purpose of compelling him to pay into court a certain quantity of poetry, and judgment were given against him, it is highly probable that an exception would be taken were he to deliver for poetry the contents of this volume. To this he might plead minority; but as he now makes voluntary tender of the article, he has no right to sue on that ground for the price in good current praise should the goods be unmarketable.' There was nothing very truculent or savage in this, and a laugh would have been a far better answer than the elaborate bitterness of the 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,' which, clever as it may be, certainly did not prove the 'Hours of Idleness' to be a work of genius. Had Byron lived, he would long since have discovered that, although happening to be quite right in the particular instance under discussion, the judgment of his early censor as regards 'poetry' was of very little worth. Of this we shall have presently to offer proof; but in the meantime we must turn from these by-paths of non-political literature, into which Lord Brougham only occasionally digressed, till the multiplying shadows of the giant years he had passed, and the more and more distinct echoes of his daily lonelier footfall, gave solemn warning of his near approach to the setting sun—to the broad high-road of his crowded public life. In 1803 he published a treatise in two volumes, on the 'Colonial Policy of the European Powers,' which attracted a good deal of attention. In this work the most careless eye will readily discern the germ of those peculiarities of temperament, thought, and style, which afterwards developed themselves into such luxuriance. Vigour and facility of expression, bitter sarcasm, exaggerated statements, and singular brilliancy of illustration, run through volumes intended to elucidate and enforce a theory of colonial policy which subsequent events have deprived of all interest or present applicability. The burning indignation afterwards displayed by Lord Brougham in his speeches denouncing negro-slavery is very coldly if at all manifested in this work; indeed one or two of the passages were frequently quoted against him, during the struggle for slave-emancipation, as evidence of his opinion of the natural inferiority and subjection of the coloured race to the white. This, though literally, is not morally accurate. The book was

written solely with a view to enforce the policy, on the part of the European powers, of putting down the slave-trade, the success of which efforts, amongst other advantages, would, he contended, 'render all the planters more careful of their stock, and more disposed to encourage breeding:' the diminished supply would, he also thought, have the ultimate effect of bringing the slaves into 'the same condition as the bondsmen of ancient Europe and the slaves of the classic times.' The question of negro-slavery, as afterwards raised in this country, is not discussed in the book.

Whilst thus writing and reviewing, Mr Brougham continued to practise at the Scottish bar, and gradually acquired a reputation, if not as a remarkably sound lawyer, still as a bold and able speaker. On one occasion he appeared before the House of Lords as one of the counsel in the case of Lady Essex Ker, involving the title and estates of the dukedom of Roxburgh. At last, impatient of the slow progress he was making, and believing London presented a more ample field for the profitable exercise of his peculiar talents than the northern metropolis afforded, he entered himself at Lincoln's Inn, and was in due course called to the English bar, at which he soon acquired a considerable practice. Shortly before taking up his abode in England he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society.

In 1810 Mr Brougham was heard at the bar of the House of Lords two days consecutively, as counsel for certain London, Liverpool, and Manchester merchants against the celebrated Orders in Council, issued in retaliation of Napoleon's Berlin and Milan decrees, which, besides establishing a paper-blockade of Great Britain and its dependencies, forbade the continent—then for the most part at the feet of the French emperor—to have any commercial intercourse whatever with the hated and dreaded English. The retaliatory Orders in Council declared all the coasts of France, and those of every country under Bonaparte's control, to be in a state of permanent blockade, and empowered the British cruisers to capture any neutral vessel which should attempt to enter any of the enemy's ports, until after touching at a British port and paying heavy duties on articles *not* contraband of war. The legitimate law of blockade is well known. It is that only an efficient, real blockade, by a sufficient number of vessels to practically enforce it, is valid and legal. Mere paper-decrees, or an insufficient force to fairly carry out its ostensible purpose, international law does not recognise as constituting a valid blockade. It is clear, therefore, that even Great Britain, with the thousand vessels of war she had then in commission, could not fulfil the requisite legal conditions; and as for the decree of France, it was simply an absurdity. Not only were the Orders in Council manifestly unjust in regard to neutrals, but they operated most injuriously upon the export of English merchandise to America, whose lucrative carrying-trade was crippled by the British cruisers. Remonstrances poured in on all sides, and an angry spirit was evoked in the United States, which ultimately found vent in the subsequent absurd and purposeless war. Speaking in the House of Commons upon the subject in 1812, Mr Brougham drew the following picture of the distress of the cotton-weavers and spinners consequent upon the ministerial Orders:—'The food which now sustains them is reduced to the lowest kinds, and of that there is not nearly a sufficient supply; bread, or even potatoes are now out of the question; the luxuries of animal food, or even milk, they have long

ceased to think of. Their looks as well as their apparel proclaim the sad change in their situation.' This is we daresay a somewhat overcoloured sketch of the condition of factory-workers in the good old war-times—the speaker's imagination, and the necessities of his striking oratory, forbidding a strict adherence to prosaic accuracy; still there can be no doubt that the retaliatory measures were very injurious to trade; and so fiercely did the popular clamour rage, that ministers were finally compelled to rescind them—not, however, till after a bitter and protracted struggle, in which Mr Brougham was the most effectual combatant on the side of plain justice and equity. Amongst the articles which the Orders peremptorily prohibited to be conveyed to France by neutrals was Jesuits' bark. This 'bark'-warfare against Napoleon was an especially favourite mode of battle with Mr Perceval. He did not place much reliance upon Wellington and his army; but he had unbounded confidence that his own pro-fever tactics would prove more than a match for the military prowess of the French ruler. A more legitimate mark for Mr Brougham's unrivalled sarcasm can scarcely be imagined, and the opportunity was not neglected. The Orders were, as we have said, rescinded, but not till after Mr Perceval's death.

Mr Brougham entered parliament in 1810 as the nominee of the Earl of Darlington, afterwards Duke of Cleveland. The noble earl returned him for his borough of Camelford, vacated by the translation of Lord Henry Petty to the Upper House as Marquis of Lansdowne. The new member of course attached himself to the Whig Opposition of those days; an opposition which, from various causes—the chief of which was the slight sympathy expressed by some of the leaders with the successes of the British arms against the French emperor—was about the feeblest and most unpopular known to the annals of English party-warfare. It was not till the war had ceased, and the echoes of its triumphant conclusion had died away—or, to speak more correctly, had changed to a dismal, lugubrious wail at the enormous charges entailed by so much glory—that discredited Whiggery raised its head, and 'aggravated' its voice in time and unison with the rising storm of discontent, which at no distant day resolved itself into a passionate demand for parliamentary reform, realised to a great extent by the famous measure of Earl Grey for transferring the nomination of the House of Commons from the close-borough proprietary to the middle-classes of the three kingdoms. Besides his speeches relative to the Orders in Council, Mr Brougham's parliamentary efforts, till the dissolution in 1812, were chiefly confined to the slavery question, upon which he early associated himself with Clarkson, Granville Sharp, Wilberforce, and other leading abolitionists. It was greatly owing to his exertions that in 1811 it was made felony for any British subject to engage in the slave-traffic. At the dissolution he contested Liverpool against Mr Canning. He was beaten by a large majority, and remained out of parliament till 1816, when he was again nominated by the Earl of Darlington, this time for his lordship's borough of Winchelsea. Mr Brougham was consequently not in the House when Mr Frederick Robinson (the Earl of Ripon) brought in, and, by the aid of ministers and the country party, carried (1815) his famous bill for maintaining wheat at 'the fair, legitimate' price of 80s. a quarter. In a speech, however, which he delivered on the 19th of April

1816 upon agricultural distress—a disease which appears to be ineradicable in this country by any mode of state treatment—he remarked ‘that he was disposed to think favourably of it.’ The distress on this particular occasion was said to have resulted from an agency over which acts of parliament, however craftily framed, have no control—namely, a baffling continuance of fine weather, propitious seed-time and harvest-time, bringing forth such heavy crops that down corn would come spite of all the law-props in the world. This misfortune Lord Castlereagh said was not confined to Great Britain. ‘In many parts of the continent,’ quoth he, ‘corn was such a drug that it would not pay for the labour of reaping!’ Mr Brougham himself, if the truth must be told, was scarcely less brilliant upon the calamity of abundance than the secretary for foreign affairs. He, however, did not impute the distress so much to the favourable harvest-weather as to ‘excess of cultivation;’ and not entirely either to excess of cultivation, as the following passage of his speech clearly shews:—‘Excess of cultivation is not the only cause of the evil we complain of, and may warn us against the error of imputing it to any one cause alone, for I am certainly disposed to rank the great extension of cultivation among the principal causes, or at least to regard it as lying at and near the foundation of the mischief.’ Who shall say that inconsistency of opinion is not a virtue when he perceives the folly which such a man as Brougham could utter in 1816, upon a subject he discussed with truthful power and eloquence a quarter of a century afterwards? The reasoning we have quoted, however statesman-like and philosophical the ministry and their supporters might consider it, did not at all satisfy the country gentlemen, who insisted that as there was an act of parliament avowedly intended to keep wheat at 80s., it ought by some means or other to be raised, and then the country might have a chance of getting through its difficulties. They had not, unhappily, long to wait. To the plethora of agricultural distress succeeded scarcity and commercial ruin. On the 13th of March 1817, manufacturing distress was the sad theme of Mr Brougham’s eloquence, and a frightful picture of the state of the northern counties was exhibited to the House. Seasons of partial dearth followed, and a stern cry from famishing millions rang through the land against the legislation which had interposed between labour and a free supply of food. This was the era of tumults, riots, menacing assemblages of men and women, with hunger at their hearts and unreasoning grief and rage in their thoughts and upon their tongues—stifled for awhile by the blood poured forth at Manchester, and the stringent provisions of the Six Acts. A mournful time for all men, save indeed the reckless demagogue and incendiary, who traded on the deep indignation of the multitude, and incited them to deeds which gave a colour of necessity to the high-handed measures of the cabinet. Mr Brougham and others resisted the more objectionable of the new enactments, unsuccessfully of course. The measures passed, some misguided people were made examples of, and discontent was exultingly said to be ‘put down’—after the old fashion of thrusting it out of sight—there to germinate in a rank, untended soil, and in due season again burst forth with augmented power and unabated virulence.

About this time Mr Brougham directed his attention to the flagrant abuses which in the lapse of time had crept into the numerous educational

and other corporation charities of England, in respect of which he discovered and exposed practices the most scandalous and revolting. After several able speeches, which enlisted a large amount of public opinion in his support, an expensive commission was appointed to inquire into and report upon the alleged abuses. Little ultimate good was effected, if we are to believe Jeremy Bentham, who many years afterwards accused Brougham of allowing the subject to be frittered away, and declared that the only result was a batch of expensive Chancery suits. The utilitarian sage, it is well to remark, had no very great esteem or liking for Brougham. Bentham, a man of much originality of thought and considerable mental power, had one grand fixed idea, to which all others were subsidiary, and this was, that utilitarian 'codification' was the sovereign panacea for all human ills: 'a system whereby,' remarks Mr Carlyle with his usual caustic humour, 'any people, for a reasonable consideration, may be accommodated with a patent code—more easily than curious individuals with patent breeches, for the people does *not* need to be measured first.' Mr Brougham, although friendly to many of the law reforms suggested by the great master of codification, demurred to many of his suggestions, and a kind of civil enmity arose between them. Bentham thought, too, that Brougham had set the 'Edinburgh Review' upon him, and informed him of his suspicion. Mr Brougham indignantly denied the dishonouring imputation. 'How can you imagine,' he says in a note dated November 21, 1831, Hill Square, 'that I could ever have let slip the dogs in E. R. at you?' A preposterous accusation truly: indeed it was declared in the same note that Lord Brougham—this was after he was chancellor—had almost quarrelled with his friend Jeffrey for inserting the offensive article. Jeremy Bentham does not appear to have been withal effectually mollified; and for this supposed offence, or other more positive ones, he indited the following lines, which his editor, Dr Bowring, calls a *jeu d'esprit*: its more appropriate title is that of a *jeu de mots*; and not, to our judgment, a very brilliant one either:—

'O Brougham! a strange mystery you are;
 Nil fuit unquam sibi tam dispar:
 So foolish and so wise, so great, so small,
 Everything now—to-morrow nought at all.'

It is quite evident, therefore, that we must receive Mr Bentham's dictum upon the utter failure of Mr Brougham's exertions in the matter of corporation-charities with much reserve. The learned gentleman's letter to Sir Samuel Romilly upon the subject breathes a tone of earnest sincerity, of resolute indignation, which justifies the belief that nothing was neglected on his part to correct the evils which he so eloquently denounced. And a large allowance must be made for the powerful influences which, in those days especially, could be brought into successful opposition to the exertions of an individual member of parliament, however sincere, able, and earnest he might be.

A series of events which shook the kingdom to its centre, affording as they did a rallying-cry for all the otherwise discordant griefs, resentments, discontents of the people, occurred in 1820. We allude to the arrival in England of Queen Caroline, to claim the crown-matrimonial, legally devolved

upon her by the demise of George III., and the subsequent proceedings before the House of Lords. Mr Brougham had been for some time law-adviser to the unfortunate lady when Princess of Wales : he was now her majesty's attorney-general—Mr, now Lord Denman, was the queen's solicitor-general—Mr Wilde, the present lord chancellor—Mr Tindal, who died chief-justice of the Common Pleas—Mr Williams, who succeeded to the bench—and Dr Lushington, were also of counsel to her majesty. We have no wish to revive the painful memories connected with the prosecution of the queen—to recall what were on every account best forgotten. We have merely to remark that Mr Brougham and his able coadjutors displayed great professional talent and vigorous eloquence in the conduct of a case beset with unexampled difficulties, and urged with unscrupulous legal acumen and power. Mr Sergeant Copley (Lord Lyndhurst) was the king's solicitor-general : upon him fell the chief burden of the prosecution, and it cannot be denied that he sustained it with giant vigour and ability. The speech of Mr Brougham in defence, after the hearing of the king's witnesses in support of the Bill of Pains and Penalties, produced a great effect at the time out of doors ; but read now, when emotions of compassion, sorrow, indignation, no longer colour and light up the speaker's periods, affects the mind but feebly. It displays much logical acuteness, skilful contrasts of evidence, abundance of the *suppressio veri* and *suggestio falsi*, ever freely indulged in by practised and successful counsel, but there are few bursts of the electric eloquence which one might have expected to leap from the burning lips of a fiery and indignant orator in presence of such an accusation. The peroration, which has been much praised, is short enough for quotation :—‘My lords, I pray you to pause : I do earnestly beseech you to take heed. You are standing on the brink of a precipice—then beware. It will go forth your judgment if sentence shall go against the queen. But it will be the only judgment you ever pronounced which, instead of reaching its object, will return and bound back upon those who gave it. Save the country, my lords, from the horrors of this catastrophe ; save yourselves from this peril ; rescue the country, of which you are the ornaments, but in which you can flourish no longer when severed from the people than the blossom when cut off from the roots and stem of the tree. Save the country, that you may continue to adorn it ; save the crown, which is jeopardised—the aristocracy, which is shaken ; save the altar, which must stagger with the blow that rends its kindred throne. You have said, my lords—you have willed—the church and the king have willed—that the queen should be deprived of its solemn service. She has instead of that solemnity the heartfelt prayers of the people. She wants no prayer of mine ; but I do now pour forth my humble supplication at the Throne of Mercy, that that mercy may be poured down upon the people in a larger measure than the merits of its rulers deserve, and that your hearts may be turned to justice.’

The accessories of a crowded, eminent, and attentive auditory—the presence of the distinguished, ill-starred personage whose fate was trembling in the balance—the breathless excitement of the people, gave a force and effect to this elaborate rhetoric which intrinsically it cannot be said to possess. Indeed the most successful speeches upon subjects of passing interest are generally the least readable in aftertimes, and for the very obvious

reason, that the personal allusions, the telling sneer, the veiled but bitter virulence, which elicit the applause of a contemporary audience, lose all point with the passing away of the circumstances and memories which gave them significance and power. It is this which renders Hansard such dismal reading, and has wrecked every effort made to force political speeches into the abiding literature of the country.

The shining phrases we have quoted were lost upon the Peers, who read the Bill of Pains and Penalties a second time by a considerable majority. In consequence, however, of the retention of the divorce-clause—voted for by the Whigs—several of the supporters of the bill divided against the third reading, which, being carried by a majority of nine only, the measure was abandoned amidst the jubilant exultation of the great majority of the nation, and Mr Brougham was a power in the state.

The obstreperous applause which greeted Mr Brougham's successful exertions in defence of his royal client drowned the murmurs which a remarkable bill he brought into parliament on the 28th of June 1820—with a view to provide gratuitous education for the poor of England and Wales—excited amongst dissidents from the established church, or 'squeamish sectaries,' as the learned gentleman politely termed them. It was nothing less than a scheme for placing the education of the people under the sole, irresponsible control of the established clergy. Schools were to be founded upon the recommendation or presentment of a grand jury—of a rector, vicar, perpetual curate or actual incumbent of a parish—or of two justices of the peace acting for an ecclesiastical district, the appeal as to the necessity of the school lying to the magistrates at quarter-sessions. The salary of the schoolmaster was to be not less than £20 nor more than £30 a year, and no one could be a candidate for the office without a certificate of character and ability from a clergyman of the establishment. The rate-payers might, however, at a properly-convened meeting presided by the senior parish-officer, raise the master's salary, 'with the permission of the resident parson.' But the most extraordinary feature of the measure, coming from such a quarter, was the absolute veto given to the clergyman upon the appointment of the master, as well as a power of summary dismissal; and if the rate-payers elected a person whom he disapproved, he could peremptorily annul their choice, and order a fresh election. This, as Mr Brougham emphatically remarked, 'would give the parson a veto not nominal but real.' No question that it would; but why the rate-payers were to assemble and go through the farce of an illusive nomination is difficult of comprehension. The improvement of the old educational establishments of the country was also a professed object of the bill. The introductory speech was thoroughly an established-church speech. Mr Brougham's first principle was, that a religious education was the great desideratum—the indispensably one thing needful; and from this premise it followed, according to him, that that which could alone afford a security 'that this system would be a religious one, was placing it under the control of those who taught the doctrines of the church.' 'Let the House,' said the learned gentleman, 'look at the alacrity, the zeal, the established clergy manifested for the education of the poor. . . . The clergy were the teachers of the poor—not only teachers of religion, but, in the eye of the law, teachers generally. What, then, he asked, could be more natural than that

they should have control over those who were elected to assist them? It did appear to him that the system of public education should be closely connected with the church of England as established by law. He stated this after mature consideration, and he was anxious to make the statement, because on a former occasion he did not go quite so far as he now did. He had then abstained from going so far, because he dreaded the opposition of the sectaries.'

In another passage of this curious speech he alludes to the high salaries of masters of grammar-schools upon ancient foundations, which he would not, if he had the power, by any means reduce, although contrasting so strangely with the bare existence allotted by his bill to the new school-masters. The disparity, he said, 'would be an advantage analogous to that which existed in the church. Many persons objected that in the church one individual should have £20,000 a year, while another laboured for £50 a year; but the good must be weighed with the bad, and this good would be found in the disparity of income, that by how much £20,000 was superior to £50, was the character improved and the class raised of the person who had £50, but who had a prospect of obtaining £20,000.'

We offer no opinion upon the wisdom or justice of the scheme of education proposed by Mr Brougham's measure, and illustrated by his speech. Many, very many sincere, estimable persons, we are quite aware, are of opinion that to the church, and to the church alone, as by law established, should the education of the people be confided. Many others, equally estimable and sincere, may, for aught we know, agree with Mr Brougham, that a splendidly-endowed hierarchy, in contrast with a wretchedly underpaid working clergy, is advantageous, and promotes the efficiency of humble, earnest, self-sacrificing pastors: that, in fact, according to the quotation from Burke, with which Mr Brougham enforced his proposition, 'the church raises her mitred head in palaces,' not to gratify and enrich the wearer of the mitre, the dweller in the palace—by no means; quite the reverse indeed—and solely for the sake of the poor curate vegetating upon £50 a year. We offer in this place, we repeat, no opinion upon the abstract truth, wisdom, and beauty of these *dicta*, but we do confidently affirm that they do not at all harmonise with the general idea entertained of Mr Brougham in his palmy and triumphant days; and for this amongst other reasons we think that he was from the first in a great degree misunderstood, and that his loss of popularity has been brought about, not so much because he has retrograded in liberality of sentiment, as because his former admirers have discovered their partial mistake.

There was ample excuse for the general error. In the year 1821 Mr John Ambrose Williams, the proprietor of the 'Durham Chronicle,' published an article in that paper upon the refusal of the Durham clergy to allow the church-bells to be tolled on occasion of the death of the 'murdered' queen, as she was frequently designated, which so offended those gentlemen that they caused a criminal information to be filed against Mr Williams for libel; and in 1822 the case came before a jury at Durham, Mr Scarlett, attorney-general for the palatinate, appearing for the prosecution. Mr Brougham was retained for the defence; and in a speech overflowing with the bitterest irony, regaled the public with quite another dissertation upon the advantages of a magnificently-endowed church

hierarchy from that which he had delivered in the House of Commons. The following passage cannot perhaps be equalled, certainly it cannot be surpassed, as a specimen of mocking persiflage:—‘His majesty,’ said Mr Brougham, ‘almost at the time I am now speaking, is about to make a progress through the northern provinces of this island, accompanied by certain of his chosen counsellors—a portion of men who enjoy unenvied, and in an equal degree, the admiration of other countries and the wonder of their own. In Scotland the prince will find much loyalty, great learning, and some splendour—the remains of a great monarchy and the institutions which made it flourish; but, strange as it may seem, and to many who hear me incredible, from one end of the country to the other there is no such a thing as a bishop—not such a thing to be found from the Tweed to John o’Groat’s House; not a mitre, no; nor so much as a minor canon, or even a rural dean, so entirely rude and barbarous are they in Scotland. In such utter darkness do they sit that they support no cathedral, maintain no pluralists, suffer no non-residence; nay, the poor, benighted creatures are ignorant even of tithes! Not a sheep nor a lamb, nor a pig nor the value of a plough-penny, do the hapless mortals render from year’s end to year’s end. Piteous as their lot is, what makes it infinitely more touching is to witness the return of good for evil in the demeanour of this wretched race. Under all this cruel neglect of their spiritual concerns they are actually the most loyal, contented, moral, and religious people anywhere perhaps to be found in the world. Let us hope (many indeed there are not far off who will with unfeigned devotion pray) that his majesty may return safe from his excursion to such a country—an excursion most perilous to a certain portion of the church should the royal mind be infected with a taste for cheap establishments, a working clergy, and a pious congregation.’

And when did irreverence indulge in more bitter jibing than the eulogist of the state establishment permitted himself in the following sentences?—‘If there is any part of England in which an ample licence ought to more especially be admitted in discussing such matters, I say without hesitation it is in this very bishopric where, in the nineteenth century, you live under a palatine prince—the Lord of Durham; where the endowment of the hierarchy, I may not call it enormous, but I trust I shall be permitted without offence to term it splendid; where the establishment, I dare not whisper proves grinding to the people, but I will rather say is an incalculable, inscrutable blessing, only it *is* prodigiously large; showered down in a profusion somewhat overpowering, and laying the inhabitants under a load of obligation overwhelming by its weight.’

This irritating sarcasm could not have been necessary for the defence of Mr Brougham’s client. It would rather insure a conviction from a Durham special jury, and a heavy sentence, if the judge had been as hotly zealous for the establishment as the counsel for the defendant shewed himself in his speech on the abortive Education Bill. In fact, John Ambrose Williams *was* found guilty, but owing to a technical defect in the proceedings he was never called up to receive judgment. We do not quote these widely-opposite speeches with any view to raise the cuckoo-cry of inconsistency against Mr Brougham. All wise men are necessarily inconsistent men—always with the exception of these highly-favoured

persons who have enjoyed the inestimable privilege of being born wise. Congenital wisdom and experience are, few will deny, rare gifts, deficiency in which may indeed be a misfortune, but can scarcely be deemed a crime; we therefore merely reproduce the passages we have transcribed, as examples of the rhetorical exaggeration which has induced so many persons to doubt the honesty and purity of Lord Brougham's motives. The pendulum's centre of gravity is the mean of its oscillations; and we have no doubt that both when dilating upon the great blessing, in a national sense, of a splendidly-endowed hierarchy and an indigent, working ministry, and triumphantly contrasting the assumed apostolical simplicity of the Scottish kirk with the gorgeous English state establishment, Mr Brougham was truly and sincerely the friend of a modestly yet amply-endowed church; and in contending for a monopoly of education being secured to the orthodox clergy, intended merely that liberty of education should only be so far trammelled as to insure that infidelity or atheism should not be promulgated at the expense of a Christian community. But men of the world, busy in their vocations, have no time to reconcile such apparent contradictions, and hence have rashly concluded that Lord Brougham has been chiefly anxious to shew how admirably, and with what force and *verve*, he can argue either side of a question, however complicated, difficult, or abstruse it may be. Hence want of confidence in the reality of his convictions, followed by coldness and distrust.

During the proceedings against Queen Caroline, Mr Canning, who had previously declared that *he* would be no party to the prosecution about to be instituted against a lady whom he had known as 'the life, grace, and ornament of society,' went over, on a well-paid special embassy, to Lisbon. What he effected, or for what public purpose he proceeded thither, is only known to persons having access to the archives of the Foreign Office. His appointment to this lucrative mission kept him at all events out of the turmoil of party-politics till the grave had closed over Mr Brougham's illustrious client. Subsequently Mr Canning was about to proceed to India as governor-general, when the death, by his own hand, of Lord Castlereagh opened the way to his re-entry of the cabinet as secretary of state for foreign affairs. Mr Canning had always been a strenuous advocate of Catholic emancipation, but it was now rumoured 'that he had taken office with a secret understanding to abandon the question in substance while he continued to sustain it in words.' This charge was, it is now well known from Lord Eldon's published correspondence, true of the right honourable gentleman when, in 1827, he obtained the premiership, but whether the same corrupt understanding existed when he entered the Liverpool cabinet as foreign secretary we have no positive means of judging. Mr Brougham at all events believed so; and in the course of his speech, on the 17th April 1823, in advocacy of the Catholic claims, accused Mr Canning of 'the most monstrous truckling for the purpose of obtaining office that the whole history of political tergiversation could present.' As these words passed the orator's lips, Mr Canning started to his feet, and exclaimed in a clear, sonorous voice: 'I rise to say that this is false!' A dead silence of some duration ensued; then mutual friends interposed; the good offices and authority of Mr Speaker were

invoked and exercised; and, finally, the offensive words on both sides were declared to have been uttered in a parliamentary sense only, and were therefore without meaning or significance. The papers of the following day remarked approvingly upon the magnanimity displayed by the two gentlemen, who were seen, not long after the painful occurrence, to shake hands in the lobby of the House, with a resigned acquiescence in the peaceful termination of the quarrel quite touching.

In 1825 Mr Brougham was elected lord rector of the university of Glasgow, beating Sir Walter Scott by one vote—that of Sir James Mackintosh. The inaugural discourse was written, the author states, during the business of the northern circuit. There is nothing in it which might not have been so written by a much less gifted man than Mr Brougham. Its chief aim was to impress upon the students the infinite superiority of classical learning, as the erudition embalmed in the dead languages is termed, over all other as a means of disciplining the intellect and forming the taste of the scholar. This assumption, which time—the generally slow but infallible solver of ingenious fallacies—is now rapidly disposing of, is made to include the *art* of poetry. ‘The great things of poetry and eloquence,’ says Mr Brougham, ‘have been done by men who cultivated the mighty exemplars of Athenian genius with daily and with nightly devotion.’ This is nothing like the truth as regards English, Scottish, and American poetry and eloquence. Emerson forcibly remarks upon the absurdity of insisting that the mind of the country should be directed in its best years on studies which lead to nothing. Greek and Latin, it appears from him, went suddenly out of fashion with the shrewd students of America; and ‘to the astonishment of all, the self-made men took even ground at once with the oldest of the regular graduates, and in a few months the most conservative circles of Boston and New York had quite forgotten who of their gownsmen was college-bred and who was not.’ This is perhaps an overstatement of the objections to the dead-language idolism which has so long, for many easily-appreciable reasons, prevailed; but as regards ‘poetry’ there can be no question of the incorrectness of Mr Brougham’s dictum. Indeed in another sentence of the inaugural discourse we have a hesitating admission of its fallacy. ‘Among poets,’ he says, ‘there is hardly an exception to this rule, unless may be so deemed Shakspeare—an exception to all rules.’ A very significant exception, it must be admitted; and Burns! how could a Scotsman forget the decisive exception which Burns presents to this pretended *rule*? Take from Anglo-Saxon poetry and eloquence all which has been written and uttered by men who knew ‘little Latin and less Greek,’ and you might in very truth cry ‘Ichabod, Ichabod—the glory is departed!’ The discourse has the following vigorous passage, in the practical verity of which we should be happy to believe:—‘The great truth has finally gone forth to all the ends of the earth, that man shall no longer render an account to man for his belief, which he can no more control than he can the height of his stature or the colour of his hair.’ Mr Brougham’s assertion of the superiority of literary pursuits to all others—especially over those of ambitious, worldly men—might have produced more effect on the students if the practice of the moralist had been in harmony with his precepts. ‘To me,’ exclaims the lord rector—‘to me, calmly revolving these things, such pursuits

seem far more noble objects of ambition than any upon which the vulgar herd of busy men lavish prodigal their restless exertions.' This is a venerable saying, but its truth is not so incontestable as its age. With all deference to the eloquent orator, that pursuit is the most noble which is the most useful to humanity, not that which is most pleasant or self-honouring; and it may not be doubted that in the busy walks of ambitious life there are means and opportunities of usefulness as manifold and great as can be found in studious leisure and retirement. Work, useful work, is always noble, of whatever kind it be, the sole difference being that the capability of useful literary exertion is confined to comparatively few persons; but the nobleness of the work is to be measured by the spirit and motive of the worker, not by the rarity of the power which is brought to the task. To shut one's self up in bookish seclusion from the world in order to gratify a love of study for its own sake is anything but noble, resulting as it clearly must from the hermit-spirit, than which nothing can be more entirely, thoroughly selfish; for is it not prompted by a desire to escape from the duties, anxieties, and cares of active life to the self-hugging quietude and safety of a solitary, unsympathising joy? Taken as a whole, the inaugural discourse must, we think, be pronounced inferior to orations by other lord rectors, and of course to what Mr Brougham, had he given himself more time, might unquestionably have himself produced.

The parliamentary life of Mr Brougham till 1830 was one of brilliant and useful exertion. Champion of Roman Catholic emancipation, friend of the slave, denouncer of the Holy Alliance, his fearless and mighty advocacy of freedom and the rights of conscience stirred and elated the national heart with remarkable power and effect. Who will forget that heard the following denunciation of the despotic league which had just put down liberty in the Italian and Iberian peninsulas?—and who can think without pain and mortification that the Henry Brougham who, on the 4th February 1823, so eloquently denounced and defied the oppressors of the continent, is the Lord Brougham who, a quarter of a century later, cheered on Austria and Russia to their evil work, praised 'the noble conduct of the Austrian captains,' and mocked the efforts of 'the rebellious clubs of Milan?' 'It is not,' said Mr Brougham—'it is not against freedom on the Ebro or freedom on the Mincio they make war: it is against *freedom*—against freedom wherever it is to be found—freedom by whomsoever enjoyed—freedom by whatever means achieved, by whatever institutions secured. Freedom is the object of their implacable hate. For its destruction they are ready to exhaust every resource of force and fraud. All the blessings which it bestows, all the establishments in which it is embodied, the monuments that are raised to it, and the miracles that are wrought by it, they hate with the malignity of demons, who tremble while they are compelled to adore, for they quiver by instinct at the sound of its name. And let *us* not deceive ourselves: these despots can have but little liking towards this nation and its institutions; more especially our parliament and press. As long as England remains unenslaved, as long as the parliament continues a free and open tribunal, to which the oppressed of all nations under the sun can appeal against their oppressors, however mighty and exalted, so long will England be the object of their hate, and of machinations sometimes carried on covertly, sometimes openly, but

always pursued with the same unremitting activity and pointed to the same end.' To perceive how lamentably time and circumstance have dimmed and distorted the once clear views of this great orator upon the foreign policy of Great Britain, it is only necessary to glance at the following recommendation, addressed in 1849 to the House of Lords upon the desirableness of an intimate political alliance with Russia:—' We should avail ourselves of the establishment of a republic in France to ally ourselves with a mighty empire which is impregnable in itself, and has resources which no other country possesses, even pecuniary, as well as military resources.' This was said but a few days before the ruler of the ' mighty empire,' possessed of unrivalled pecuniary resources, was under the necessity of asking the English people to lend him money, at an exorbitant rate of interest, to finish the railway from St Petersburg to Moscow!

But let us not dwell upon so painful a contrast. The law-reforms urged by Mr Brougham, eloquently, but for the moment unsuccessfully, were of the wisest, and did him honour; and in the settlement of the emancipation question in 1829, he took a zealous and decided part, supporting the Wellington-Peel cabinet with his utmost power. His popularity increased daily; and although he still sat for a close borough—that of Knaresborough, the Duke of Cleveland, his former nominator, supporting the general policy of the Wellington ministry—he was one of the most important members of the House, as well as one of the most influential men in the country. We may here remark that Mr Brougham always exhibited a great deal of shyness and indecision in the matter of parliamentary reform. Not only did he treat Jeremy Bentham's scheme of universal suffrage—not excluding idiots (this was one of the utilitarian philosopher's amusing crotchets) with unsparing ridicule, but others of a moderate and sober character met with but faint support at his hands. At one time his plan of organic reform appears only to have contemplated the reconstruction and enlargement of the Scottish constituencies, and this chiefly as an experiment to ascertain how far innovation was likely to prove safe and expedient. William Cobbett was constantly twitting ' Lawyer Brougham' with his indifference or hostility to parliamentary reform. Mr Brougham's own experience had not hitherto been of a nature to incline him to regard large constituencies with affection or esteem. He had been, as before stated, defeated at Liverpool by Mr Canning, and twice he unsuccessfully contested the county of Westmoreland with the Lowther family. The time at last arrived for a striking reversal of this apparent denial of confidence on the part of the electoral body. In 1830 the tomb closed over his Majesty George IV., and a numerous and influential requisition soon afterwards invited Mr Brougham to offer himself as a candidate for the representation of the great county of York. He complied with the invitation; and although second on the poll to Lord Morpeth, there can be no question that Henry Brougham, with no claim on the suffrages of the electors but his public character and qualifications, was, as he proudly styled himself, the representative of Yorkshire, in a more strict and positive sense than the noble and amiable lord and others, who owed their seats in a great degree to traditional and family influence. It was a stirring time on the continent as well as in England.

The long pent-up indignation of the French people against the assumptions of an ignoble despotism had at last exploded, and shattered to atoms the throne of the elder Bourbons. The new government had not yet had time to develop its true character and mission, although

‘ What seemed its head
The likeness of a kingly crown had on ; ’

and the victorious shouts of the French people were re-echoed from almost every hustings, and from every popular body in Great Britain. The aspect of the Opposition on the meeting of parliament was exulting, defiant. Mr Brougham, the acknowledged leader of the liberal party in the House of Commons, was brimful of triumph; not that he expected, nor would, so he said, accept of office under any circumstances. ‘ When I was returned for Yorkshire,’ he exclaimed, ‘ I made my election between power and the people.’ But he rejoiced in the nation’s joy, and eagerly girded up his loins for the great struggle which he and all men felt instinctively was close at hand. The abrupt and impolitic declaration of the Duke of Wellington against any change in the representation of the people kindled the zeal of the Opposition both within and without the walls of parliament into a blaze, and Henry Brougham was the conducting-rod which discharged the consuming flame upon the heads of the ministry. After a fierce preliminary invective in allusion to the Duke of Wellington’s speech, he exclaimed, looking Sir Robert Peel and Sir George Murray full in the face: ‘ Him we scorn not; it is you we scorn—you, his mean, base, fawning parasites!’ Sir Robert was in a moment on his feet, and in a voice as angry and contemptuous as that of his assailant, denied ‘ that he was the parasite of any man.’ The uproar and confusion excited by language so unusual lasted for some time; but at length, according to immemorial usage on such occasions, the offensive expressions were pronounced to be merely parliamentary, and Mr Brougham went on with his speech. Very soon afterwards the ministry were out of office, and the country knew that Earl Grey had been sent for, and had undertaken to construct a cabinet upon the principles of peace, retrenchment, and reform. It seemed at first that Mr Brougham would not be in the ministry. He himself declared he should not, and he gave notice in the House of Commons that he would bring forward his motion on parliamentary reform let who would be minister. There was evidently some hitch or hesitation about his appointment to or acceptance of office. Some of the newspapers adverse to the cabinet in embryo asserted that Mr Brougham was first offered the attorney-generalship by Earl Grey, and that the only answer the learned gentleman made to the insulting proposition was tearing and trampling upon the official letter in presence of the messenger who brought it. He, the leader of the Opposition in the Lower House, and the member for Yorkshire, attorney-general! Monstrous! At last it was announced that Mr Brougham was to be lord high chancellor! The news was received, literally, with a shout of mingled terror and exultation. Henry Brougham a lord! and, moreover, a lord chancellor! Why, that alone in those days looked like a revolution. Mr Croker immediately accused the noble and learned baron of gross inconsistency in accepting office immediately after his declaration that he would not do so; to which

the Lord Chancellor indirectly replied in the speech of which we have already quoted the most important sentences. The deed was done—was irrevocable; and the astonished lords went home to muse and moralise upon the ominous coincidence of Brougham's appearance at the head of the House of Peers and the advent of the Asiatic cholera, just declared to be certain and imminent in these distracted kingdoms.

The admirers of the noble and learned lord, whose name was legion, felt great anxiety as to how their favourite would deport himself amongst the grave and reverend seigniors with whom he found himself so unexpectedly associated. He did not disappoint their expectations. Night after night, especially during the first session subsequent to his elevation, the lords were assailed and overborne by a torrent of sparkling and nervous eloquence utterly new and strange to their noble House. It was a tribune of the people haranguing against privilege and prescription from the woolsack of the hereditary Peers! Sight so portentous they had never seen, and it was some time before they could look the danger calmly in the face. When they did so, they quickly found there was no great cause for fear. The new chancellor they perceived was anything but the turbulent and irreverent demagogue they at first apprehended him to be; and the feeling of virulent antagonism gradually subsided. It was long, however, before the atmosphere of the august chamber had so far subdued his impetuous temperament that they could feel tolerably secure against a sudden infringement of the dignified courtesy usual to their House. On one occasion, we think in the third year of his chancellorship, a characteristic and amusing scene occurred. The House was thinly attended, and the Dukes of Wellington and Cumberland were sitting close to each other, conversing in a low tone of voice. The debate was a dull one, and the Lord Chancellor when speaking took occasion to remark that the epithet 'illustrious' was sometimes used in a conventional sense, implying no real merit or eminence in the person so designated. 'For instance,' said he, looking sharply in the direction of the two conversing dukes, 'the Duke of Cumberland is illustrious by "courtesy" only, but the Duke of Wellington is illustrious by his character and services.' A bombshell falling at the feet of the astonished dukes could not have more startled them—Wellington probably not so much. His Royal Highness of Cumberland was exceedingly indignant. 'Why,' he angrily demanded, 'had he, who had taken no part in the discussion, was not even listening to it, been dragged into it in that unseemly manner?' The Lord Chancellor coolly replied, 'that it had suddenly occurred to him that his Royal Highness and the Duke of Wellington afforded apt illustration of the truth he was endeavouring to enforce—that there was a vast and essential difference between individuals illustrious "by courtesy" and those who were illustrious by achievements and success.' This was making matters worse; and it was some time before the Duke of Cumberland could be pacified—his irritation being naturally greatly increased by the ironical nonchalance of the chancellor and the partially-suppressed hilarity of other peers.

The vicissitudes which marked the progress of the Reform Bill we need not dwell upon. Lord Brougham throughout the struggle displayed the restless energy which then distinguished him. The taunts he addressed to the Peers upon the insignificancy, even in point of wealth, of the aris-

tocracy, 'with all their castles, manors, rights of warren and rights of chase, and their broad acres reckoned at fifty years' purchase,' when compared with the vast possessions of the middle-classes; his assertion of their lordships' inferiority to the industrious men of England—not indeed in grace of manners or refined elegance of taste, but in sober, practical wisdom—were applauded to the echo, and helped to confirm and extend the delusion which prevailed as to the democratic tendencies of Lord Brougham's mind. His greatly-praised speech upon the second reading of the bill strikes us, on perusing it now, as scarcely worthy of the speaker or of the occasion. It is far inferior to the addresses of Francis Jeffrey and Sir James Mackintosh on the same subject, both of which, *because* they were superior to the sparkling mediocrity best adapted to a miscellaneous audience, fell dead and cold upon the House. There was also in Lord Brougham's address a manifest indication of a wish for compromise, cleverly veiled as it may be, which would have greatly lowered his lordship in the estimation of the more eager reformers had it not been lost sight of in the glitter of the more showy passages, of the peroration especially, with its illustration, always effective, hackneyed as it is, of the fabled Sibyl's diminishing books and increasing price. The opening of the speech offers a striking specimen of the exaggeration which at times so greatly marred the beauty and effect of his lordship's oratory:—'If I, now standing with your lordships on the brink of the most momentous decision that ever human assembly came to at any period of the world, and seeking to arrest you while it is yet time, in that position, could by any divination of the future have foreseen in my earliest years that I should have to appear here and to act as your adviser on a question of such awful importance, not only to yourselves but to your remotest posterity, I should have devoted every day and every hour of that life to preparing myself for the task which I now almost sink under.' It is quite certain that if he *had* so devoted every day and hour of his life, he would never have delivered that or any other speech from the woolsack. The first general election under the new law gave the Grey ministry an overwhelming majority. As the returns came in, the new danger, the great peril in this country of a too great success, broke for a moment upon Lord Brougham's mind, and he exclaimed, 'We shall be too strong!' Prophetic words, as the sequel abundantly proved. The ministry had encountered a fierce, able, almost desperate opposition, and the deadlier the struggle the more powerful did they emerge from it. They were now to grapple with a more insidious and fatal enemy—almost absolute political power; and they fell in public opinion almost as rapidly as they had risen. The first act of the reformed parliament was to repeal the habeas-corpus act in Ireland, to substitute courts-martial for jury-trial, and to prohibit popular meetings in that country. However much Mr O'Connell's turbulence might appear to justify measures of repression, the passing of such an act at the dictation of a ministry could not but destroy the prestige of the new House—not perhaps in the opinion of those who opposed the Reform measure, but certainly in that of the men who had so fiercely struggled to obtain it. Lord Brougham, as if desirous of attracting towards himself more than his due share of popular odium, ran riot in his advocacy of this penal enactment, and exulted with rampant delight over the expedients devised for

putting down 'agitation'—language which from *his* lips sounded very strangely. To crown all, Sir Andrew Agnew's preposterous bill for insuring the 'bitter' observance of the Sabbath, although subsequently defeated, was read a second time by the decision of a majority of the new House. The disappointment was general, intense—unreasonably so, as subsequent experience has proved. Sir Robert Peel read the new signs of the times with keen sagacity. The enthusiasm for the Whig ministry having utterly vanished, the next dissolution, whenever it should come, must tell a tale, and the far-sighted baronet immediately began to organise 'liberal conservatism.' The maintenance of the corn-laws 'in their integrity' was made a cabinet question; and coldness and disgust rapidly overgrew the once ardent and hopeful minds of the great movement party. Still it cannot be denied that great and wise measures were subsequently brought forward and passed by the Grey cabinet. For proof of this, we need only mention the Slave-Emancipation Act—the throwing open of the China trade—the modification, in a liberal sense, of the East India Company's charter—the chancellor's bankruptcy reforms—and the promise, at all events, of a popular reconstruction of municipal corporations. They failed, however, to win back the confidence of the people. The early retirement of Lord Durham from the cabinet also told gravely upon the public mind: it was believed, and there is now no doubt correctly believed, that to him the comparatively wide sweep of the Reform Bill—especially the total disfranchisement of the close boroughs—was mainly attributable. Lord Brougham was not for going so far. At a meeting of liberal members held in 1830, on the day after the resignation of the Wellington-Peel cabinet, at Lord Althorp's chambers, he said he should propose to cut off one member from every close borough, and to absolutely disfranchise some, 'but he greatly questioned the expediency of wholly abolishing this class of seats.' In the session of 1834 the squabbles, accusations, explanations of the ministry relative to the renewal of the court-martial clauses of the Irish Coercion Bill, still further damaged the cabinet in public estimation. Lord Grey ultimately withdrew from office, and after much caballing and negotiation, Lord Melbourne's 'lath-and-plaster' cabinet, as the 'Times' called it, was duly installed. The virulence which a portion of the Conservative press had never ceased to manifest against Lord Brougham burst forth at this time with tenfold bitterness. Amongst other agreeable imputations, he was accused over and over again, and in almost direct terms, of habitual addiction to drink—a charge covertly repeated in the House of Lords by the Duke of Buckingham, who remarked that the noble and learned lord would no doubt carouse 'pottle deep' over the success of the intrigues which had removed Earl Grey from office. The Lord Chancellor retorted angrily upon his Grace for assailing him with such 'alehouse slang;' and the dispute was apparently growing serious, when it was suggested, in behalf of the duke, that the words 'pottle deep' were Shakspeare's, and consequently legitimate—orthodox; with which Shakspearian explanation the Chancellor professed himself satisfied, and in his turn said that 'alehouse slang' was merely a parliamentary periphrasis, conveying no meaning of a personally offensive or uncivil nature. The accusation so perseveringly urged against Lord Brougham was a false and scandalous one. Intemperance

of speech he might be fairly enough charged with, but intemperance in drink was an utterly baseless and audacious falsehood. But worse, infinitely worse than the renewed rancour of the Conservative press and peers, was the tone assumed by the liberal papers, which either joined in the cry against the Chancellor, or coldly and feebly defended him. His foibles, once so carefully ignored or concealed, were openly and industriously paraded before the public eye, of course not without much exaggerative colouring. The following hit from an old friend, the 'Times,' seems a cruel and ungenerous one. It was called forth by an article in the 'Caledonian Mercury,' which denounced the arrogance of the leading journal, and accused it of aiming at the direction of the royal counsels. This article a correspondent of the 'Times' imputed to Lord Brougham. The 'Times' thus replied: 'If we have sought to direct the royal counsels in the formation of a cabinet, we have not played contemptible and mountebank tricks to persuade people that we *did* direct those counsels, and that we were actually (when we were not) authorised to share with Lord Melbourne in the trust of submitting a cabinet to his majesty. We did not pretend to be honoured with the king's commands, nor with the royal confidence, while we knew the king would sooner behold a mad dog enter his council-chamber than see us approach within five miles of Windsor. We never gave out to servants and hangers-on that we were going to Windsor when we ordered a postchaise to take us no further than Putney Bridge.' All these imputations were untrue, and the fact is certain that Lord Brougham did receive the king's commands. Other graceful amenities, such as calling the Chancellor 'the cracked and crazy weathercock of the House of Lords,' were showered upon him by the same journal with liberal profusion. But this bitter and undisguised hostility was not shewn till after Lord Brougham's speech upon the New Poor-Law had delivered him into his enemies' hands. In order that the reader may fully appreciate the indiscretion committed by the noble and learned lord, it will be necessary to run over a few of the circumstances connected with the introduction and enactment of that much-controverted measure.

In 1832 a Commission of Inquiry into the causes of the growth of pauperism in England was appointed by the Grey government. The commissioners' report determined the ministry to bring in a bill to provide, by a central board, possessed of ample powers, for the better, more economical, more salutary administration of relief to the poor and destitute than could be hoped for from the discordant action of thousands of independent local boards, all more or less liable to be acted upon by disturbing causes, which could have no influence over a central imperial authority. This bill, although a very stringent one in many of its provisions, maintained and embodied the principle of the old law—namely, that every necessitous person has an absolute claim or right to relief. It passed during Lord Melbourne's administration, safely and without encountering any very formidable opposition, through the House of Commons, under the judicious and temperate management of Lord Althorp, although the rumbling of the *Times*' 'thunder,' and other indications of the tendency of popular opinion, emphatically demonstrated that great circumspection and prudence were required in order to weaken or allay the growing apprehension already entertained by many thousands of persons, who

suspected the new bill was a device conceived by the owners of fixed property to destroy not only the abuses, but the very existence of a law which made the relief of destitution a legal obligation as well as a moral duty. Under these circumstances the Chancellor moved the second reading, in a speech which, spite of the innumerable interpretations, explanations, and excuses afterwards offered in its defence, not only gave the finishing blow to his own popularity, but excited a storm of reprobation throughout the country, due not to the measure itself, but to the introductory speech with which the opponents of the bill took care effectually, and for a time inextricably, to confound it. The new law, as we have before observed, embodied, like the old one, the principle that every necessitous person in England has a right to relief, while Lord Brougham's exceedingly clever speech was mainly directed to prove 'that the right to a share in a fixed fund is the grand mischief of the poor-laws, with the seeds of which they were originally pregnant.' As if this were not enough aliment to feed the rising clamour out of doors, his lordship launched into a laudation of the Rev. Mr Malthus and his doctrines, and with only one well-defined exception, denounced the institution of hospitals for the shelter and relief of the sick and feeble. 'The safest, and perhaps the only perfect charity,' said the Lord Chancellor, 'is a hospital for accidents or violent diseases, because no man is secure against such calamities. Next to this, *perhaps* a dispensary is the safest; but this is doubtful, because a dispensary is liable to abuse, and because, strictly speaking, sickness is a thing which a prudent man should look forward to and provide against as part of the ills of life. . . . But when I come to hospitals for old men—and old age is before all men, and every man is every day nearer to that goal—all prudent men of independent spirit will in the vigour of their days lay by sufficient to maintain them when age shall have ended their labour. Hospitals, therefore, for the support of old men and women may, strictly speaking, be regarded as injurious in their effect upon the community.' Language like this from the lips of a fortunate lawyer in the actual enjoyment of £14,000 a year, with a secured pension of £5000 on retirement from office, seemed to the embittered spirits out of doors very like triumphant mockery of care and toil-worn men, although of course not so meant by the unaccommodating orator. The plain-speaking he indulged in with respect to the 'wideswasting ruin' produced by the old poor-law—foreshadowing the swallowing up of their lordships' rentals unless some sharp remedy were speedily applied—may be judged of from the following sentences: 'I will not say that many farms have been actually abandoned: I will not say that many parishes have been wholly given up to waste for want of occupants (I know that there are instances of farms here and there, and of a parish—I think in the county of Bucks—which have been reduced to this state); but I will not say that as yet the system has so worked as to lay waste any considerable portion of territory.' All this was founded in truth, and the details of the facts alluded to were fully given by Mr George Nicholls, afterwards one of the Poor-Law Commissioners; but it was answered that no considerable portion of the territory of England could as yet have been thrown out of cultivation, since it was well known that year after year 'enclosure bills' for the reclamation and culture of poor lands had been

more and more numerous. One statement he made relative to the world-famous Deal boatmen called forth a very angry and indignant remonstrance. Their hardihood and daring had, he declared, vanished under the operation of the poor-law, for being able to procure twelve shillings a week from the parish, they refused to put to sea except in fine calm weather. This declamation was not indiscreet because the facts were untrue, but because they were offensive, and wholly unnecessary to induce the Peers to pass the bill. We need not say, however, that many wise, and good, and great men rank to this day on the side of Lord Brougham in the vexed question of the poor-law.

Of course the outcry against what the 'Times' called 'the shocking intimation given in one part of the Chancellor's speech against relieving even the aged, the helpless, and the sick,' became furious and unappeasable; and calmly-judging men saw that the fall of the cabinet was at no distant date inevitable. One word as to the excess of population and anti-poor-law theories propounded by the Rev. Mr Malthus, and eulogised by Lord Brougham. Without wishing to question the humanity of the reverend gentleman, or disputing the soundness of his views under certain circumstances—not certainly the circumstances of Great Britain, with her magnificent colonies calling with the myriad voices of their glorious but solitary rivers, their giant woods and fertile, far-stretching plains, upon the English, and Scotch, and Irishman, to come forth and cultivate the fair earth which the Creator has given them—we may be permitted to doubt the possibility of successfully applying his principles in such a state of society as we see in England. We do not misrepresent the views of Mr Malthus when we say they point to a day as early as may be consistent with prudence and self-safety, when the state shall inexorably refuse to relieve destitution, however incurred or however lamentable. This may, for aught we care to know, be true humanity, far-seeing wisdom, but it certainly could not be carried out in England. A few deaths from the refusal of food and shelter—and such results must under the most favourable circumstances be expected as long as improvidence, disease, misfortune, are incidental to humanity—would raise a hurricane of popular indignation, in which not only the obnoxious law, but the most valued institutions of the country—property itself perhaps not excepted—would be swept away amidst the tumult and uproar of a strongly-feeling, and, upon this matter, excitable and passionate people. The new poor-law proposition became law. It has since been purged of its more repulsive provisions, softened into a charitable but still firm and enlightened code, and is, we believe, in the main both considerate and corrective in its general operation.

Another and a very painful incident which occurred about this time added greatly to the disfavour into which the Melbourne cabinet and its chancellor had fallen. Mr Justice Williams, a newly-created Whig judge, sentenced six Dorchester labourers to be transported for seven years under colour of an obsolete statute against taking illegal oaths, originally enacted to repress mutiny in the navy, but in reality for being members of an agricultural trades-union. This cruel, impolitic, unjust sentence Lord Brougham defended in his place in parliament as wise, legal, and even merciful. He spoke to the winds, and a subsequent ministry were compelled to rescind the sentence.

Immediately after the prorogation of parliament Lord Brougham made a tour through the north. In Scotland the popularity of the venerable Earl Grey had not suffered nearly so much as in the southern part of the island. The mock-representation of that country under the old system, administered in modern times by the 'dynasty of Dundas,' was more illusory and insulting than that of England; and the Scottish reformers, anxious to testify their gratitude to the distinguished man who had been chiefly instrumental in giving them a potential voice in the national councils, gave the earl a magnificent banquet on the Calton Hill, at which, it was said, 2768 persons were present from first to last. Lord Brougham was there, and made, as he always did, an able, telling speech. 'Fellow-citizens of Edinburgh,' exclaimed the noble and learned lord with eloquent egotism—'fellow-citizens of Edinburgh, these hands are pure! In taking office, in holding office, in retaining office, I have sacrificed no feeling of a public nature, I have deserted no friend, I have abandoned no principle, I have forfeited no pledge, I have done no job, I have promoted no unworthy man, to the best of my knowledge; I have not abused the ear of my royal master, and I have not deserted the cause of the people.' In another part of his harangue he went out of his way to declaim against the rash and too eager innovators who wished to go faster than he, Lord Brougham, thought safe or expedient. This was caught up and observed upon by the Earl of Durham, whose remark, delivered with strong emphasis, that 'he for one regretted every hour which passed over the existence of recognised and unreformed abuses,' was received with shouts of applause. The Lord Chancellor listened to the earl's significant words, and the echoing cheers which followed them, with a flushed brow and kindling eye, but he offered no comment at the time. This incident was but a distincter revelation than had before been publicly given of a feud of some standing between the two noble lords. Lord Durham was by this time well known to entertain more decided opinions than the Chancellor; and by his early retirement from the Grey cabinet, after the passing of the Reform Act, he had avoided being compromised by their unpopular and halting measures. The quarrel was fanned and envenomed by the partisans on either side, and Lord Brougham threw out a defiance at Salisbury, which the Earl of Durham promptly replied to at the Glasgow banquet given in his honour. 'He has been pleased,' said Lord Durham, 'to challenge me to meet him in the House of Lords. I know well the meaning of the taunt. He is aware of his great superiority over me in one respect: he is a practised orator and powerful debater. I am not. I speak but seldom in parliament, and always with reluctance in an assembly where I meet with no sympathy from an unwilling majority. He knows full well the advantage he has over me; and he knows, too, that in any attack which he may make on me in the House of Lords he will be warmly and cordially supported by them. With all these advantages I fear him not, and I will meet him there if it be unfortunately necessary to repeat what he has been pleased to term "my criticisms." ' The wager of battle was thus by mutual consent to come off in the House of Peers on the meeting of parliament. Long before that time arrived the following paragraph in the 'Times' of November 15, 1834, announced the sudden dissolution of the Melbourne cabinet:—'The king has taken the oppor-

tunity of Lord Spencer's death to turn out the ministry, and there is every reason to believe that the Duke of Wellington has been sent for. The queen has done it all.'

This note, it was reported at the time, was communicated to the 'Times' by Lord Brougham himself. Be this as it may, its at first suspected authenticity the lapse of a few hours placed beyond doubt. The Whigs were out, and Sir Robert Peel, then at Rome, was, by the advice of the Duke of Wellington, immediately sent for. The Lord Chancellor was permitted to retain office for a short time, in order that he might decide some partly-heard Chancery cases; but at length a summons being received from the king to attend at the palace to deliver up the Great Seal, Lord Brougham bade a final adieu to official power. On the reinstalment of the Melbourne ministry in 1835, the Whigs, who, said the *Times*, 'had sworn at Lord Brougham, abjured him, heaped the opprobrium of all their manifold miscarriages on his head, scouted in all companies the notion of again co-operating with, much less applying to him again,' placed the Great Seal in commission; and in order to the prevention of unseemly quarrels or awkward disclosures in the House of Peers, the Earl of Durham was prevailed upon to accept the embassy to St Petersburg.

The official life of Lord Brougham having thus terminated, many persons hoped that, removed from the Delilah-lap of power, his old strength and usefulness might return. His eminent talents were as vigorous, his industry as untiring as ever. Could he but resign himself frankly to his position—prefer rendering sober services to the exhibition of brilliant personal displays—a great career was still unquestionably before him, in addition to abundant opportunities for the cultivation of literature; so much more noble, as he told the students of Glasgow University, than the avocations of worldly, ambitious men. Before turning over the page on which time has written his reply to the aspirations of Lord Brougham's political well-wishers, let us briefly glance at the noble and learned lord's performances in the world of letters, to which leisure and inclination now invited him.

There is an anecdote told, we think by Sir Walter Scott, of a French gentleman, who, finding himself possessed of a faculty for rhyming—or, as Wordsworth more elegantly expresses it, 'the accomplishment of verse'—and having a good deal of spare time on his hands, resolved on turning the book of Job into 'poetry.' In a much less absurd certainly, but similar spirit, Lord Brougham, relieved of the cares of office, and conscious of considerable controversial power, set himself to amend, or rather supersede, Paley's immortal and unrivalled work on 'Natural Theology,' by a discourse thereon, and the contribution of various addenda, chiefly relative to mental phenomena, which rather confuse and darken than confirm or illuminate the conclusions of that great and popular deductive writer. Paley's work, which Lord Brougham insinuates to be a mere plagiarism from Derham, has encountered more formidable rivals than the confident dissertations of the noble lord without its pre-eminence having been in the slightest degree affected. We may instance the Bridgewater treatises, which certainly display immense research, and the results of skilled and accurate observation; but they strike the mind merely as subsidiary confirmations of the great truth demonstrated beyond cavil by Paley's homely,

common-sense, irrefragable illustrations—namely the foresight, purpose, benevolence, divinely-artistic skill and arrangement manifested in the visible creation. But indeed the mists of familiarity, to use an expressive phrase of Shelley's, can scarcely blind the dullest of us to the evidences of prescience and design which surround us on every hand, albeit they were never so clearly, so admirably stated as by Paley. Lately, indeed, we have seen some faint symptoms of imputing the attributes we have enumerated as clearly deducible from the facts of creation, to electricity; but this is merely an aberration of minds confused and dazzled by the late brilliant discoveries of the properties of that mighty agent, and is a kind of fire-worship which in this age and country can scarcely be esteemed so respectable as that of the Ghebers. Lord Brougham's chief position is—that the existence of mind, that which thinks, 'I,' 'We,' apart from matter, is more demonstrable than the existence of matter itself; but 'I,' 'We,' that is consciousness of existence, must be possessed by the inferior animals—by the cat, the snail, the grasshopper; and how can this help the proof of an immortal spirit in man? The truth is that the whole argument, apart from revelation, and derived from the study of natural theology, as it is termed, amounts exactly to this—that creation indisputably proves the Creator to be all-wise, all-powerful, and all-just: that He has created nothing in vain—no aspiration, no faculty, no expectation, merely to balk and mock it: that man *has* aspirations after immortality, and progressive faculties fitted for an eternity of development, the noblest of which are even here, in this their nascent condition, only evoked by the hope of fame—that is, enduring life—immortality! The entire Gospel, if we rely only on natural theology, is admirably summed up by Tennyson in his hymn to the Strong Son of God, immortal love:—

'Thou wilt not leave us in the dust:
Thou madest man, he knows not why;
He thinks he was not made to die;
And Thou hast made him: Thou art just.'

This is all—a transcendent all, no doubt—that man by searching can discover of God and the future. Lord Brougham strenuously insists upon the importance of the study whereon he confidently discourses. We are rather inclined to think that he somewhat exaggerates its undoubted value; and we know that both science and religion have been retarded and dishonoured by attempts to make or break creeds by the necessarily ill-understood and imperfect evidence of—speaking comparatively—the partial and scanty facts which the utmost research of man has been or will ever be able to arrive at a knowledge of. Ignorance is not more certainly the parent of credulity than partial knowledge—and human knowledge in these matters must ever be confined and partial—divorced from wise humility is of the bigotry of unbelief. Pascal observes of the mocking sceptics who had counted the 'countless stars' and found them to consist of an exact number, that the telescope taught them to retract their presumptuous sneer. The spirit of that remark is of wide application; and we may be sure that spite of all the universe-made-easy dissertations of Lord Brougham and others, it will ever remain true, to again quote Blaise Pascal, that 'creation confounds reason.' It is a study, too, we may be

permitted to remark in conclusion, not to be lightly indulged in. Who that has gazed with the eye of speculative philosophy upon the marvellous revelations of astronomy, with its galaxies of innumerable stars and suns, and seen that the central orb, with his attendant planets of our system, is scarcely discernible amid the vast and countless globes which at inconceivable velocities rush through the infinite void which men call space—who thus gazing has not, we say, felt his heart die within him at the reflection of his own apparent insignificance, and that of the spot, on which he rides amidst the winged and stupendous universe, which the science of the heavens unfolds?—and as the mind staggers beneath an overwhelming sense of infinite magnificence and power, how readily does the mournful thought well up from the troubled soul—‘What is man, O Lord, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?’ Take comfort, child of earth! He who willed and rules those myriads of glorious worlds which speed in their ceaseless and awful course through the illimitable void, has also willed that *to you* they shall only present an aspect of divine calm, and peace, and brightness. For *you* the rushing of those mighty orbs is arrested; and Sirius, Arcturus, and Aldebaran are commanded to look down with a tremulous and tender light, mantling this earth of ours with the mild, silver glory in which young lovers stray and read each other’s eyes; and the contemplative man finds hope and solace, and a livelier appreciation of the infinite love which thus condescends to soften and conform the awful and unspeakable splendours of His universe to the weakness of humanity!

But our space warns us to proceed to other topics. Lord Brougham has published brief memoirs of the distinguished statesmen and men of science and letters who flourished during the reign of George III. They are remarkable for freedom and vigour of style; and the critical opinions enunciated are generally just and pertinent. One flagrant exception occurs relative to the poetic merits of M. de Voltaire. ‘The tragedies of Voltaire,’ says his lordship, ‘are the works of an extraordinary genius.’ This may be admitted, for unquestionably Voltaire *was* a person of extraordinary genius; but that genius was not, as unquestionably, *dramatic* genius. With this opinion Lord Brougham in another sentence agrees; for Voltaire’s tragedies, he says, are deficient in *real* pathos and real passion, whether of tenderness, terror, or horror. Still, according to his lordship, no one but ‘a great poet’ could have produced them. Voltaire was about as much a great poet as Lord Brougham himself. The value of his lordship’s opinion as to this point is easily settled by quoting the lines which he pronounces to be fine poetry. ‘Few things in poetry,’ he says, ‘are finer—(he is speaking of Voltaire’s play of ‘Zaïre’)—than Lusignan’s simple answer to Chatillon, who tells him that he was impotent to save his children:

Chatillon. Mon bras chargé de fers ne les pût pas secourir.

Lusignan. Hélas! et j’étois père, et je ne pûs mourir.’

The reader has only to compare this lackadaisical lament with the last scene in ‘Lear’ to estimate it accurately as an expression of the volcanic grief of parental bereavement. Lord Brougham also stands intrepidly up, as others have done before him, for the extreme force and poetic beauty of the lines

of Orosmane: 'Zaïre — vous pleurez!' and 'Zaïre — vous m'aimez!' This alone would be quite sufficient proof, were the fact doubtful, that Francis Jeffrey, not Henry Brougham, was the poetical critic of the 'Edinburgh Review.' Lord Brougham, in giving vent in his place in parliament to the dislike he entertained for the Provisional Government of France, took occasion to call M. Lamartine 'a middling poet and worse historian.' M. Lamartine may console himself: the critic who pronounces that unrivalled master of persiflage, M. de Voltaire, 'a great poet,' was scarcely likely to appreciate the tenderness and beauty of the 'Méditations Poétiques.' Lord Brougham has also given the world a translation of the oration of Demosthenes upon the Crown, which had the honour of being most viciously attacked in the 'Times'—by, according to the gossip of journalism, Mr Tyas.

Returning from this digression to the thorny field of politics, we find his lordship actively engaged as a volunteer skirmisher, now acting on one side and now on the other; at one moment assaulting the Conservative ranks, and the next carrying confusion into the camp and counsels of his old friends the Whigs. His enemies stigmatised this conduct by their favourite term eccentricity. The time, it would appear, had not come when a public man could be imagined to exist independently of party. It was not possible to conceive that Lord Brougham could be actuated by conscientious motives; and accordingly, when advocating this *measure*, and attacking that, he was said to be attaching himself alternately to the *cliques* by which the measures were originated! But there is one passage in this changeful and desultory warfare, the necessity for which all who respect and admire him for the spirit and power with which he has at various times combated for right and justice could not but look upon with sorrow and regret. We have before alluded to the angry outbreak between his lordship and the Earl of Durham, which the sudden dismissal of Lord Melbourne's ministry, and the subsequent departure of the earl for St Petersburg, prevented from being renewed in the House of Peers. The rebellion of Lower Canada at the close of 1837, put down by Sir John Colborne, necessitated in the opinion of the ministry a temporary suspension of the constitution of that province: it was at the same time thought expedient that Lord Durham—whose character for firmness and liberality would, it was rightly conjectured, be felt as a guarantee that no permanently despotic measures were in contemplation—should go to Canada, invested as Her Majesty's lord high commissioner, with large discretionary powers. The noble earl very reluctantly consented to undertake a mission, the difficulties and embarrassments of which he clearly foresaw. 'I feel,' he said, 'that I can accomplish the task assigned me only by the cordial, energetic support—a support which I am sure I shall obtain—of my noble friends the members of Her Majesty's government—by the co-operation of the imperial parliament; and, permit me to say, by the generous forbearance of the noble lords opposite, to whom I have always been politically opposed.' On arriving at his destination, Lord Durham found Upper Canada also in an alarming condition, chiefly brought about by the valorous eccentricities of its governor, Sir Francis Head—the author of other bubbles besides those from the Brunnens of Nassau. Tranquillity was soon restored. Lord

Durham induced the commander of the Queen's forces in the Upper Province to forego all thoughts of hanging the rebels he had captured, and to proclaim a general amnesty. The chief difficulty still remained—as to what was to be done with the ringleaders of the revolt, confined in Montreal prison. To try them, unless the juries were corruptly packed, was simply to afford them the triumph of an acquittal. Lord Durham thought it better to avail himself of a petition sent him by the prisoners themselves, pleading guilty, and placing themselves at his lordship's discretion—in order, as they said, to avoid the risk and agitation of a trial in the still feverish and unsettled state of the country. On the anniversary of Her Majesty's coronation, an ordinance appeared proclaiming a general amnesty to all political offenders, with the exception of the eight prisoners that had pleaded guilty, who were to be transported to Bermuda: others who had fled, would be liable, the document stated, to the punishment of death if they returned. As soon as this technically illegal but just and merciful ordinance reached England, great was the outcry amongst the lawyers. Lord Brougham led the attack, and displayed a virulence which the Duke of Wellington felt it necessary to reprove. The noble and learned lord's bill, declaratory of the illegality of the ordinance, was carried by a considerable majority; and the cabinet, although certain of adequate support in the Commons, sacrificed the lord high commissioner to the resentments of his political and personal enemies. Lord Durham thus relentlessly assailed, and shamefully abandoned, returned at once to England: his health gave way beneath the slights and insults to which he had been exposed, and living only long enough to instruct his successor, Mr Poulett Thompson (Lord Sydenham), in the plans he had conceived for the better government of the Canadas, he expired at Cowes, in the Isle of Wight, on the 28th of July 1840. No thinking person will assume that Lord Brougham acted in this matter from any other motive than that of a strong sense of public duty; and imperious indeed must that sense of duty have been, to compel him to appear to those who could not appreciate, or did not believe in the painfulness of the sacrifice, in the light of a man seeking to gratify private malice under the mask of public patriotism.

The opinions of Lord Brougham relative to the operation of the corn-laws, and the causes of the agricultural distress which since 1815 has periodically visited this country, were not at one time, as we have seen, very enlightened ones. Much to his credit he speedily, out of office, became wiser upon the subject, and he addressed the House of Lords several times very eloquently in furtherance of the repeal of the corn-duties. The motions with which he concluded his speeches were all of course negatived without a division. The question in the meantime had fallen into the hands of the more practical and energetic of the two Houses; the pressure from without daily increased in power and intensity; the wisest statesman of his time yielded to it; and the measure of 1846 was the result. It seemed strange that Lord Brougham, who had so strenuously insisted upon the necessity of rescinding the obnoxious duties, should rise in his place—now that so desirable a repeal, according to his own shewing, was about to be carried—and vehemently abuse the Anti-Corn Law League; declare that it was unconstitutional—all but unlawful; and that he never had yielded, and never would yield to 'any pressure from without.'

According to newspaper morals, no man was to deprecate the employment of what he conceived to be unconstitutional means, since it had chanced to answer a good purpose. The surprise of the Earl of Radnor was of course extreme; and Lord Brougham's reply, when reminded of the means by which Catholic emancipation and the Reform Bill had been carried, must have greatly increased his astonishment. Those measures, Catholic emancipation especially, had been passed by the pure force of eloquence and reason, not by any pressure from without, which was altogether a despicable and unclean thing. Lord Brougham, however, both spoke and voted for the repeal of the corn-duties. Two years afterwards he spoke and voted *against* the change in the navigation laws, for what reason consistent with his previous approval of the change in the commercial policy of the country we do not profess to comprehend.

Let us pass lightly over the remaining pages of the public life of this unquestionably highly-gifted and extraordinary man—especially we will not dwell upon his speeches and writings on the late French Revolution, and the superlative virtue and grandeur of Louis-Philippe's government. The parliamentary session of 1850 was also anything but a satisfactory one to the noble lord's admirers. Passing by his lordship's strangely-diverse speeches and motions relative to the Great Exhibition, what shall we say to his passionate deprecation of any interference with the discipline of the universities of Oxford and Cambridge? 'I hope,' said he, 'that no Germanic proceedings, and no German discipline will be introduced into our ancient and hitherto flourishing universities.' This was clearly aimed at the extension, through Prince Albert's influence, of the curriculum of the university of Cambridge to the inclusion of modern languages and useful sciences. The report that the place at the Board of Green Cloth, vacant by the death of Sir Thomas Marrable, was not to be filled up, greatly excited his ire; he beheld in it the commencement of a diabolical court-plan for lowering the aristocracy, by depriving them of the snug salaries constitutionally pertaining to boards of green cloth. 'If any person,' exclaimed Lord Brougham—'if any person should have said—as was said to his late lamented Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, by whom it was received with the reprobation which the phantasy, the foreign phantasy deserved—that the time had come for lowering the English aristocracy; if any one should have had the folly, the presumption so to speak, whoever they might be, must know now that parliament is resolved *not* to lower the English aristocracy. And the English aristocracy would be lowered if such things were allowed to pass as he knew were now passing—namely, that a lady of the highest rank, connected with the families of dukes and marquises by the nearest ties, was reduced to the humiliating necessity of advertising for necessary support.'

His lordship was also grievously amazed at the audacity of a committee of the House of Commons who dared to recommend the House to make large reductions in the salaries of ambassadors and of various judicial officers—especially of Masters in Chancery. Lord Brougham said the scanty emoluments of those learned persons were meddled with by thoroughly ignorant men, 'in order that the ruin of our home-service should keep pace with that of our foreign affairs.' 'Friend Bright' retorted in the Commons, that the ex-Chancellor had written to the

chairman of the committee, tendering himself for examination, in order to enlighten them on the subject of their deliberations, and that the committee had unanimously declined the favour, on the ground that it was not at all probable his lordship could offer any suggestion or communicate any information of the slightest value.' Lord Brougham has been always a staunch advocate for the dignity and pre-eminence of law courts and judges; he holds, spite of the general experience of this as well as other countries, that the liberties of the subject are safer under the ægis of legal tribunals than of parliaments. This notion or prejudice it was which governed his conduct on the 'privilege' question—a notion or prejudice which out of Westminster Hall is not happily very widely entertained.

Lord Brougham was married in 1819 to the widow of John Spalding, Esq., and the niece of the Lords Auckland and Henley. Two children, daughters, have been born to him: the first, Eleanor Sarah, died in infancy; the second, Eleanor Louisa, died on the 30th of November 1839. His lordship's mother died on the last day of the same year, the 31st of December 1839.

His lordship, except during the sitting of parliament, resides chiefly at Cannes, in the south of France, where he has built a château, embedded in orange-groves, and led to by a long avenue of fruit-trees. His residence and expenditure have, according to Mr Baillie Cochrane, greatly benefited the neighbourhood, where he is much liked and respected. This choice of a residence abroad, this 'foreign phantasy,' to quote his lordship's words, has, there can be no doubt, increased the disfavour with which he has been of late years regarded. This disfavour is said to have been painfully manifested by the want of public sympathy on a recent occasion when Lord Brougham announced that the state of his health rendered it probable that he was then in his place in the House of Lords for the last time. But Lord Brougham could not expect to fill the mind of the nation for so long a period to the exclusion of every other subject. Men's thoughts were at the time concentrated on other topics, and there was nothing practical or urgent enough in the misgivings of an invalid to recall them. Such was not the case when it was reported some years before that he was *dead*. Then was political enmity disarmed; then were even cliques forgotten; then was the Man judged of apart from the turmoil of polemics that had so long hissed around him; and then did the press and the people declare with one voice that a noble and mighty spirit had departed from among us.

It is now said that Lord Brougham's health is improving; and we may fairly indulge a hope, that a long, calm evening may yet remain to him which, if wanting the fervid brilliancy of his day of life, may glow with a more equable and genial light, and be rendered subservient to the unselfish aims of a wise and pure ambition.



THOMAS MOORE.

THOMAS MOORE, a man of brilliant gifts and large acquirements, if not an inspired poet, was born on the 28th of May 1780, in Augier Street, Dublin, where his father carried on a respectable business as a grocer and spirit-dealer. Both his parents were strict Roman Catholics, and he of course was educated in the same faith; at that time under the ban not only of penal statutes, but of influential opinion both in Great Britain and Ireland. Thus humble and unpromising were the birth and early prospects of an author who—thanks to the possession of great popular talent, very industriously cultivated and exercised, together with considerable tact and prudence, and pleasing social accomplishments—won for himself not only the general fame which ordinarily attends the successful display of genius, but the especial sympathy and admiration of his countrymen and fellow religionists, and the smiles and patronage of a large and powerful section of the English aristocracy, at whose tables and in whose drawing-rooms his sparkling wit and melodious patriotism rendered him an ever-welcome guest. Few men, indeed, have passed more pleasantly through the world than Thomas Moore. His day of life was one continual sunshine, just sufficiently tempered and shaded by passing clouds—‘mere crumpling of the rose-leaves’—as to soften and enhance its general gaiety and brightness. With its evening thick shadows came—the crushing loss of children—and the gray-haired poet, pressed by his heavy grief, has turned in his latter years from the gay vanities of brilliant society, and sought peace and consolation in seclusion, and the zealous observance of the precepts and discipline of the church to which he is, not only from early training and association, but by temperament and turn of mind, devotedly attached.

As a child, Moore was, we are told, remarkable for personal beauty, and might have sat, says a writer not over-friendly to him, ‘as Cupid for a picture.’ This early promise was not fulfilled. Sir Walter Scott, speaking of him in 1825, says: ‘He is a little, very little man—less, I think, than Lewis, whom he resembles: his countenance is plain, but very animated when speaking or singing.’ The lowness of his stature was a sore subject with Moore—almost as much, and as absurdly so, as the malformation of his foot was with Lord Byron. Leigh Hunt, in a work published between twenty and thirty years ago, gives the following detailed portrait of the Irish poet:—‘His forehead is bony and full of character, with bumps of

wit large and radiant enough to transport a phrenologist; his eyes are as dark and fine as you would wish to see under a set of vine-leaves; his mouth, generous and good-humoured, with dimples; "his nose, sensual and prominent, and at the same time the reverse of aquiline: there is a very peculiar characteristic in it—as if it were looking forward to and scenting a feast or an orchard." The face, upon the whole, is Irish, not unruffled by care and passion, but festivity is the predominant expression.' In Mr Hunt's autobiography, not long since published, this portrait is repeated, with the exception of the words we have enclosed within double inverted commas—struck out possibly from a lately-awakened sense of their injustice; and it is added that 'his (Moore's) manner was as bright as his talk was full of the wish to please and be pleased.' To these testimonials as to the personal appearance and manners of Thomas Moore we can only add that of Mr Joseph Atkinson, one of the poet's most intimate and attached friends. This gentleman, when speaking to an acquaintance of the author of the 'Melodies,' said that to him 'Moore always seemed an infant sporting on the bosom of Venus.' This somewhat perplexing idea of the mature author of the songs under discussion was no doubt suggested by the speaker's recollections of his friend's childhood.

Whatever the personal graces or defects of Mr Moore, it is quite certain at all events that he early exhibited considerable mental power and imitative faculty. He was placed when very young with Mr Samuel Whyte, who kept a respectable school in Grafton Street, Dublin. This was the Mr Whyte who attempted to educate Richard Brinsley Sheridan, and pronounced him to be 'an incorrigible dunce'—a verdict in which at the time the mother of the future author of the 'School for Scandal' fully concurred. Mr Whyte, it seems, delighted in private theatricals, and his labours in this mode of diffusing entertaining knowledge were, it appears, a good deal patronised by the Dublin aristocracy. Master Moore was his 'show-actor,' and played frequently at Lady Borrowes's private theatre. On one occasion the printed bills announced 'An Epilogue—*A Squeeze at St Paul's*, by Master Moore,' in which he is said to have been very successful. These theatricals were attended by several members of the ducal family of Leinster, the Latouches of Dublin, with many other Irish notabilities; and it was probably here that Moore contracted the taste for aristocratic society which afterwards became a passion with him.

The obstinate exclusion of the Catholics from the common rights of citizenship naturally excited violent and growing discontent amongst that body of religionists; and Thomas Moore's parents, albeit prudent, wary folk, were, like thousands of other naturally sensible and pacific people, carried away for a moment by the tremendous outburst of the French Revolution. The meteor-blaze which suddenly leaped forth and dazzled the astonished world seemed a light from Heaven to the oppressed nations of Europe; and in Ireland especially it was hailed as the dawn of a great deliverance by millions whom an unwise legislation had alienated and almost maddened. Young Moore, when little more than twelve years of age, sat upon his father's knee at a great banquet in Dublin, where the toast—'May the breezes from France fan our Irish oak into verdure!' was received with a frantic vehemence which, child as he was, left an impression upon him that did not pass away with many years. The Day-star of

Liberty, as it was termed, which arose in France, set in blood and tempest; but the government, alarmed at the ominous aspect of the times, relaxed (1793) the penal laws, and Catholics for the first time were eligible for admission to the Dublin University: eligible—that is, to partake of the instruction conferred at the national seat of learning, but not for its honours or rewards. These were still jealously reserved for the dominant caste. Young Moore was immediately entered of Trinity College; and although he succeeded by his assiduity and ability in extorting an acknowledgment from the authorities that he had earned a classical degree, he was, for religion's sake, as a matter of course denied it. Some English verses, however, which he presented at one of the quarterly examinations in lieu of the usual Latin metre, were extolled; and he received a well-bound copy of the 'Travels of Anarchasis' as a reward. The young student's proficiency in the Greek and Latin languages was also acknowledged, though not officially.

For several previous years the thunder-cloud which burst so fatally in 1798 had been slowly gathering in Ireland. Moore sympathised with the object, if not with the mode, of operation contemplated by the opponents of English rule in that country; and he appears to have been only saved from serious if not fatal implication in the rebellion by the wise admonitions of his excellent mother, aided by his own instinctive aversion to the committal of any act which might compromise his present and future position, by placing him amongst extreme men in the front and forlorn-hope of the battle, instead of amidst the wiser respectabilities of liberalism, from whose ranks a man of wit and genius may, he knew, shoot his diamond-tipt arrows at the enemy not only without danger, but with almost certain fame and profit to himself. Moore was intimate with the two Emmets, and an active member of a debating-club, in which the eldest, the unfortunate Robert, endeavoured to mature his oratorical powers against the time when his dream of political regeneration should be realised. Towards the close of the year 1797, the at the time celebrated newspaper called 'The Press' was started by Arthur O'Connor, the Emmets, and other chiefs of the United Irishmen. It was published twice a week, and although, Mr Moore says, not distinguished at all for talent, had a large circulation amongst the excited masses. Moore first contributed a poetical effusion—anonously of course—and soon growing bolder with impunity, contributed a fiery letter, which had the questionable honour of being afterwards quoted in the House of Commons by the minister as one of his proofs that severe repressive measures were required to put down the dangerous spirit manifested in Ireland. On the evening this letter appeared, young Moore read it after supper to the assembled family—his heart beating violently all the while lest the sentiments it contained, and the style in which they were expressed, should reveal the eloquent author. His fears were groundless: no one suspected him; and the only remark elicited by the violent letter was a quiet one from his sister—'that it was rather strong!' Next day his mother, through the indiscretion of a person connected with the newspaper, discovered his secret, and commanded him, as he valued her blessing, to disconnect himself at once from so dangerous a pursuit and companionship. The young man obeyed, and the storm of 1798 passed over harmlessly for him. Moore was once slightly questioned upon the

subject of the apprehended conspiracy by Lord Chancellor Clare, who insisted upon compelling a disclosure, upon oath, of any knowledge the students of the university might possess of the persons and plans of the plotters. Moore at first declined being sworn, alleging in excuse that he had never taken an oath, and although perfectly unconscious himself of offence against the government, that he might unwittingly compromise others. This odd excuse Lord Clare, after consulting with Duigenan, famous for his anti-papist polemics, declined to receive, and Moore was sworn. Three or four questions were asked as to his knowledge of any conspiracy to overthrow the government by violence; and these briefly answered, the matter ended. This is Mr Moore's own version of a scene which has been rendered in various amusing and exaggerated forms.

The precocity of Moore's rhyming genius had been also exemplified by a sonnet, written when he was only fourteen years of age, and inserted in a Dublin magazine called 'The Anthologia.' Two or three years later he composed a Masque, which was performed by himself, his elder sister, and some young friends, in the little drawing-room over the shop in Augier Street, a friend, afterwards a celebrated musician, enacting orchestra on the pianoforte. One of the songs of the masque was written to the air of Haydn's Spirit Song, and obtained great applause. Master Moore belonged, moreover, to a band of gay spirits who occasionally amused themselves by a visit to Dalkey, a small island in the Bay of Dublin, electing one Stephen Armitage, a respectable pawnbroker, and 'very agreeable singer,' King of that ilk. On one of these coronation days King Stephen conferred the honour of knighthood upon Incedon, with the title of Sir Charles Melody; and he created Miss Battier, a rhyming lady, Henrietta, Countess of Laurel, and His Majesty's Poetess-Laureate. The working laureate was, however, Master Moore, and in that capacity he first tried his hand at political squibbing, by launching some not very brilliant sarcasms against governments in general. Lord Clare, we are told, was half alarmed at this Dalkey court and its poets, and insisted upon an explanation from one of the mock officials. This is, however, we believe, a fable, though at the time a current one.

In 1799, being then only in his twentieth year, Thomas Moore arrived in London for the purpose of entering himself of the Middle Temple, and publishing his translation of the Odes of Anacreon. He had already obtained the friendship of Earl Moira, and that nobleman procured him permission to dedicate the work to the Prince of Wales. His poetical career may now be said to have fairly commenced. It was a long and brilliant one, most of his works having rapidly passed through numerous editions, and been perhaps more extensively read than those of any contemporary author, always excepting the romances of Scott. There can be no reasonable doubt that Moore owed much of this popularity and success to the accident of his position, and the favouring circumstances of the times in which he wrote. The *enfant gaté* of high and influential circles, as well as the melodious expositor and poet-champion of the wrongs of a nation to whose glorious music he has happily, for himself, married much of his sweetest verse, he dwelt in a peculiar and irradiating atmosphere, which greatly enhanced his real magnitude and brightness. Even now, when the deceptive medium has lost its influence, it is somewhat difficult, and may

seem ungracious, to assign his true place in the splendid galaxy of British poets to a writer who has contributed so largely to the delight of the reading and musical population of these kingdoms. His verse is so pleasantly-graceful and melodious, that one hardly likes to shew that it owes its chief attraction to the elaborate polish and musical flow of its brilliant fancies, rather than to its intrinsic light and truth and beauty. Critics desirous of assigning a high place to the poetry of Moore, and therefore, to avoid testing him by the standard of our great imaginative poets, have invented a new theory, or rather have revived an old fallacy, with regard to the qualities and direction of a poet's mind as exhibited in his works. They say Moore is the poet of fancy, not of imagination—of artificial life, not of nature; and therefore not to be truly estimated by comparing him with poets of imagination and of nature. Imagination and fancy they assert to be two entirely distinct attributes, and that a poet may be deficient in the first and eminent in the second. This is a manifest though ingenious error. The difference is one of degree, not of nature. Fancy is imagination, but imagination of inferior power and range; and they bear precisely the same relation to each other as the graceful and the pretty do to the noble and the beautiful. An example will illustrate our meaning better than many words. Moore thus describes the coming on of evening:—

'Twas one of those ambrosial eves
A day of storm so often leaves,
At its calm setting, when the West
Opens her golden bowers of rest,
And a moist radiance from the skies
Shoots trembling down, as from the eyes
Of some meek penitent, whose last
Bright hours atone for dark ones past;
And whose sweet tears o'er wrong forgiven,
Shine as they fall with light from Heaven.'

Milton has the following lines on a sufficiently similar theme:—

' Now came still Evening on, and Twilight grey,
Had in her sober livery all things clad.
Silence accompanied; for beast and bird
Those to their grassy couch, these to their nests
Were slunk: All but the wakeful nightingale:
She all night long her amorous descant sung.
Silence was pleased. Now glowed the firmament
With living sapphires. Hesperus that led
The starry host rode brightest, till the moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length
Apparent Queen, unveiled her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.'

It cannot be seriously denied that imagination is displayed in both these extracts: the difference is, that in the first it is dwarfed and enfeebled to fancy; in the last, it is exalted and kindled into inspiration. Those therefore who, abandoning the high ground sometimes claimed for Moore, content themselves with asserting that he is *par excellence* the poet of fancy, in effect say that he is a poet of confined and inferior imaginative power. The other canon, that he is the poet of artificial life, and therefore not to be measured or compared with a poet of nature, is still more

easily disposed of. By artificial life is of course meant human social life: it does not imply or contemplate the difference between poetical descriptions of flowers and shrubs ranged in a conservatory, or the scene-paintings of a theatre, and poetical transcripts of the natural world, with its streams and woods and flowers. Well, then, all human life is artificial, from the highest to the lowest. Burns's simplest maiden is artificial—highly so: there is not one of us but is 'sophisticated.' Perhaps high, courtly, artificial life is meant. But Rosalind, Beatrice, Juliet, Ophelia, were court ladies; Constance and Catherine were queens; and are they not exquisitely natural?—and was not he who drew them as much the poet of nature as when he stamped Aubrey, or a Carrier, or the Sailor in the 'Tempest,' or Shallow, on his glorious canvas? Choking grief, and burning indignation, and yearning tenderness, are felt and expressed in marble palaces as keenly as in the poor man's hut; and there, too, may be found exuberant mirth, and pleasant wit, and gentlest tears and smiles.

If indeed be meant by artificial life the masks and wrappings, the adjuncts of highly-artificial life—that is, the court-dresses and plumes, the perfume and silk-hangings, the conventional speech *before company*—the phrase of 'the poet of artificial life' is intelligible; but to apply it in that sense to Mr Moore is to lower and insult, not to defend and honour him. Let us, before subscribing to so depreciatory a judgment, stroll through the gay parterre of the poet's works, and I think we shall find, when we compare notes at the close, that although his writings are not radiant with the divine gems which high poetic genius scatters along its starry path, they at all events sparkle with beautiful fancies, and breathe a music which, if not of the spheres, is of the sweetest of earth's melodies.

The Odes of Anacreon obtained much present popularity at a time when the moralities of respectable literature were not so strictly enforced by public opinion as in the present day. Many of them are paraphrases rather than translations, containing, as Dr Laurence, Burke's friend, remarked at the time, 'pretty turns not to be found in Anacreon.' Mr Moore in his preface battles stoutly for the *qualified* morality of the Bard of Teos. 'His morality,' he says, 'was relaxed, not abandoned, and Virtue with her zone loosened may be an emblem of the character of Anacreon.' This prettily-expressed nonsense is perhaps the best excuse that can be offered for the sensuous gaiety, the utterly material philosophy, displayed and inculcated in the Odes. More attention and respect are due to another of the prefatorial excuses: 'To infer,' says the translator, 'the moral disposition of a poet from the tone of sentiment which pervades his work, is sometimes a very fallacious analogy.' This may be so 'sometimes,' and indeed we are quite willing to admit its truth with regard to Mr Moore himself, who, in the relations of son, husband, and father, was a very estimable person, and as different from the compound of Blue-Beard and Lovelace that his earlier poems especially would imply as light from darkness. But with respect to Anacreon the analogy is *not*, we apprehend, a fallacious one. He died at eighty-five, as he had lived, a debauchee, choked with a grape-stone, as it is recorded—a figurative mode probably of expressing that he died under the influence of the wine whose praises he was per-

petually singing. He was, too, it appears from his own confession, horribly afraid in his latter years of Pluto's dread abode—a terror that could scarcely have beset him for mere wine-bibbing under a mythology in which Bacchus was deified. Be this as it may, there can be no doubt that the light gaiety and sensuous joyousness of the Odes are more skilfully rendered by Moore than in any previous English translation of the Teian Muse. Some, however, of his favourite similes are greatly overdone. Mr Richard Swiveller himself was not fonder of the 'rosy' than the poet in these paraphrastic translations. *Couleur de rose* pervades the whole series in overpowering profusion—rosy lips, rosy cheeks, rosy hands, rosy breath, rosy smiles, we almost think rosy tears and rosy teeth, both of which we all know should be invariably 'pearly.' But enough of Anacreon, whose verses are rapidly passing away before the influence of a purer taste and a manlier, healthier tone of mind than prevailed when he could be either popular or dangerous. 'Thomas Little's Poems, Songs,' &c. given to the world by Mr Moore in 1801, are a collection of puerile rhapsodies still more objectionable than the Anacreontic Odes; and the only excuse for them was the extreme youth of the writer. Byron thus alluded to the book in his once famous satire:—

'Tis Little, young Catullus of his day,
As sweet but as immoral in his lay.'

Many years afterwards his lordship, in a letter to Moore (1820), reverted, half in jest half in earnest, to the work in these words: 'I believe all the mischief I have ever done or sung has been owing to that confounded book of yours.' The most objectionable of these songs have been omitted from the recent editions of Moore's works, and we believe no one has more deplored their original publication than the author himself.

In 1803, thanks to his verses and Lord Moira's patronage, Moore obtained a place under the government—that of Registrar to the Court of Admiralty at Bermuda. The unrespective favouritism which in those days governed nominations in the public service is pleasantly illustrated by this appointment. 'Il fallut un calculateur: ce fût un danseur qui l'obtint!' was Beaumarchais's sarcasm on Monsieur de Calonne's nomination. A similar principle was followed here. An accountant and man of business was wanted at Bermuda; but as there was a young poet to reward, all vulgar common-sense considerations were thrust aside, and the youthful translator of Anacreon received the appointment. Moore sailed in the *Phoenix* frigate, and took formal possession of his post; but he soon wearied of the social monotony of the 'still vexed Bermoothes,' hastily appointed a deputy to perform all the duties of his office for a share of the income, and betook himself to America. He was as much out of his proper element there as in Bermuda. The rugged republicanism of the States disgusted him, and after a brief glance at Canada he returned to England, having been absent about fifteen months.

Soon after his return he favoured the world with his impressions of Bermuda, the United States, and Canada. His sketches of Bermudan scenery have been pronounced by Captain Basil Hall and others to be extremely accurate and vivid. On the truthfulness of his American social and political pictures and prophecies, Time—a much higher authority—has

unmistakably delivered judgment. We extract one or two of their minor beauties :

' While yet upon Columbia's rising brow
The showy smile of young Presumption plays,
Her bloom is poisoned and her heart decays
Even now in dawn of life ; her sickly breath
Burns with the taint of empires near their death ;
And, like the nymphs of her own withering clime,
She's old in youth, she's blasted in her prime.'

This, it must be confessed, like his gunpowder letter in Arthur O'Connor's paper, is 'rather strong' than civil. It will also be admitted to be somewhat perplexing that the poet who, but for his mother's interference and his own wise second-thoughts, would have joined the confederacy of United Irishmen, and who *has* since then shed melodious tears over the graves of Lord Edward Fitzgerald and Robert Emmet, should denounce the errors and deficiencies of America as—

' The ills, the vices of the land where first
Those *rebel* fiends that rack the world were nurst.'

But let us pass on to a pleasanter subject. While in Canada Mr Moore composed the popular 'Boat-song,' the words and air of which were, he says, inspired by the scenery and circumstances which the verses portray, and by the measured chant of the Canadian rowers. Captain Hall also testifies to the fidelity of this descriptive song.

The republication in 1806 of *Juvenile Songs, Odes, etcetera*, elicited a fierce and contemptuous denunciation of them from the *Edinburgh Review*, and this led to a hostile meeting between the editor of that publication, the late Lord Jeffrey, and Mr Moore. They met at Chalk Farm, near Hampstead ; but the progress of the duel was interrupted by police-officers, who, on examining the pistols of the baffled combatants, found that they had been charged with powder only. This was probably a sensible device—it was not at all an uncommon one—on the part of the seconds to prevent mischief ; or it might have been, as is usually believed, that the bullets dropped out of one or both of the pistols by the jolting of the carriages in which the combatants reached the field of expected battle ; but of course the discovery created a great laugh at the time. Moore indignantly denied through the newspapers that he was cognisant of the innocent state of Mr Jeffrey's pistol—an assertion there cannot be the slightest reason for doubting. This droll incident led to his subsequent acquaintance with Lord Byron, who, unmindful or regardless of Mr Moore's denial of the 'calumny,' repeated it with variations in his 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,' chiefly with a view to annoy Mr Jeffrey. Moore was again indignant, and demanded an apology or satisfaction. His letter did not, however, reach the noble lord till many months afterwards, when *explanations* ensued, and the affair terminated by a dinner at the house of Mr Rogers, where the four poets, Byron, Campbell, Moore, and Rogers, met each other for the first time.

The intimacy thus commenced, if we may judge from the biography of Byron, ripened into a lasting friendship on the part of Moore. This feeling was but faintly reciprocated by Byron. Indeed, if we are to believe his own statement, made in one of his latest letters, the noble poet

was almost incapable of friendship, 'never having,' he says, 'except towards Lord Clare, whom he had known from infancy, and perhaps little Moore,' experienced any such emotion. 'Little Tommy dearly loves a lord,' was Byron's sneering expression more than once; and perhaps he believed Moore's loudly-expressed regard for himself to be chiefly based on that predilection.

Moore had before this married a Miss Dyke, who is described as a lady of great beauty and amiability, and moreover distinguished for considerable decision of character and strong common-sense—qualities which more than once proved of essential service to her husband. They had several children, the loss of whom, as we have before stated, has darkened and embittered the close of the poet's days.

Two political satires, called 'Corruption' and 'Intolerance,' were next published, and followed by 'The Sceptic,' described as a philosophical essay. Neither of them reached a second edition. The aim of 'The Sceptic' was to set forth in sober seriousness the beauty, true enlightenment, and amiability of Ignorance, with whom Faith, Hope, Charity, and Patience, fleeing in disgust from such contradictory sciolists as Newton, Descartes, Locke, &c. are represented as dwelling in content and love. In his enthusiasm for the leaden goddess, Moore exclaims—

'Hail, modest Ignorance!—the goal and prize,
The last, best knowledge of the simply wise.'

This philosophic ignorance he further opines to be 'the only daughter of the schools that can safely be selected as the handmaid of Piety.' Figaro's exclamation—'Que les gens d'esprit sont bêtes!' has received frequent serious confirmation, and never perhaps more so than in this panegyric on Ignorance by Thomas Moore.

The 'Intercepted Letters; or the Twopenny Post-Bag, by Thomas Brown, the Younger,' was Moore's next successful work. It is a collection of sarcastic *jeux d'esprits* levelled at the Prince-Regent and the ruling politicians of the day. They had a great but necessarily transitory success. Such *pièces d'occasion* inevitably lose their force and piquancy by the passing into oblivion of the ephemera against which they were directed. It may sufficiently indicate the slight permanency and limited range of such pin-points, however sharp and polished, to state, that of all Moore's sarcastic verse, excellent in its way, as everybody admits it to be, only one piece—

'There was a little man,
And he had a little soul,'

has had the honour of translation into a foreign language. Wit which strikes at individuals dies with the world's remembrance of the crimes or follies of the persons assailed; and who cares now for the brilliant butterflies of Carlton House, or the gilded gaddies, social or political, which infested the atmosphere of the vain regent's court? It has been frequently made a reproach to Moore, that in aiming the light arrows of his wit at the prince, he was ungratefully assailing one who had heaped favours and benefits upon him. 'These favours and benefits,' replies Mr Moore, 'are very easily summed up: I was allowed to dedicate "Anacreon" to his

Royal Highness; I twice dined at Carlton House; and I made one of the fifteen hundred envied guests at the prince's grand fête in 1815!

In 1811 Moore made a first and last appearance before the world as a dramatist, by the production at the Lyceum theatre of an operatic piece called 'An M.P.; or the Blue Stocking.' It was emphatically damned, notwithstanding two or three pleasing songs, which somewhat redeemed its dull and vapid impertinence. The very pretty song of 'Young Love lived once in an humble shed' occurs in this piece. Moore's acquaintance with Leigh Hunt dates from the acting of the 'Blue Stocking.' Mr Hunt was at the time editor of the 'Examiner' newspaper, in which he had just before paid some compliments to Moore's poetry; and the nervous dramatist, naturally anxious to propitiate a critic whose opinion was esteemed oracular in certain circles, wrote him a rather fulsome letter, in which he set forth, as an *ad misericordiam* plea for lenient judgment, that he had rashly been induced to promise Arnold a piece for his theatre, in consequence of the state of attenuation to which the purses of poets are proverbially liable. The 'M.P.' was, as we have said, condemned, and Esop's disappointed fox received another illustration. 'Writing bad jokes,' quoth Mr Moore, 'for the Lyceum to make the galleries laugh is in itself sufficiently degrading; but to try to make them laugh, and fail to do so, is indeed deplorable.' In sooth, to make 'galleries' either laugh or weep was never Mr Moore's aim or vocation. His eye was ever fixed upon the gay company of the 'boxes,' occasionally only glancing apprehensively aside from its flattering homage to scan the faces of the sour critics of the pit. And yet to make the galleries of the theatre and the world laugh has tasked and evidenced wit and humour, in comparison with which the gayest sallies, the most sparkling of Mr Moore's fancies, are vapidly itself. The mortified dramatist gave up play-writing for ever, or, as he contemptuously expressed it, 'made a hearty abjuration of the stage and all its heresies of pun, equivocation, and clap-trap.' He was wise in doing so. The discretion evinced by the hasty retreat was only exceeded by the rashness of the venture.

The intimacy of Thomas Moore and Leigh Hunt continued for some years. Moore, in company with Lord Byron, dined once or twice with Hunt in prison during his confinement for a pretended libel upon the regent. A pertinent anecdote, throwing some light on Byron's sneer respecting Moore's love of lords, is told of one of these visits. The three friends, Byron, Moore, and Hunt, were walking before dinner in the prison garden, when a shower of rain came on, and Moore ran into the house, and up stairs, leaving his companions to follow as they best might. Consciousness of the discourtesy of such behaviour towards his noble companion quickly flashed upon him, and he was overwhelmed with confusion. Mr Hunt tried to console him. 'I quite forgot at the moment,' said Moore, 'whom I was walking with; but I was forced to remember it by his not coming up. I could not in decency go on, and to return was awkward.' This anxiety—on account of Byron's lameness—Mr Hunt remarks, appeared to him very amiable.

This friendship came to an abrupt and unpleasant close. Lord Byron agreed with Hunt and Shelley to start a new periodical, to be called 'The Liberal,' the profits of which were to go to Leigh Hunt. Byron's parody

on Southey's 'Vision of Judgment' appeared in it, and ultimately William Hazlitt became a contributor. Moore immediately became alarmed for his noble friend's character, which he thought would be compromised by his connection with Hunt and Hazlitt, and wrote to entreat him to withdraw himself from a work which had 'a taint in it,' and from association with men upon whom society 'had set a mark.' His prayer was complied with, and the two last-named gentlemen were very angry, as well they might be. There has been a good deal of crimination and recrimination between the parties on the subject, not at all worth reproducing. The truth is that both Hunt and Hazlitt, but especially the latter, were at the time under the ban of influential society and a then powerful Tory press; and Moore, with his usual prudence, declining to be mad-dog'd in their company and for their sakes, deliberately cut two such extreme Radicals, and induced his noble friend to do likewise. How could a prudent man who had given hostages to fortune, which Moore by this time had, in a wife and children, act otherwise?

Moore had long cherished a hope of allying his poetry with the expressive music of Ireland; of giving appropriate vocal utterance to the strains which had broken fitfully from out the tumults and trappings of centuries of unblest rule. A noble task! in which even partial success demands great powers and deserves high praise. The execution of the long-meditated design now commenced; and the 'Melodies,' as they appeared, obtained immense and well-deserved popularity. It is upon these his fame as a poet will mainly rest; and no one can deny that, as a whole, they exhibit great felicity of expression, and much graceful tenderness of thought and feeling, frequently relieved by flashes of gay and genial wit and humour. No one could be more keenly aware, or could more gracefully acknowledge than Moore, the great help to a poet's present reputation of connecting his verse with national or local associations. He instances in proof of its value the popularity in Bermuda of a song comparatively valueless in itself—a popularity owing to its association with a well-known tree growing near Walsingham in that group of islets—

' 'Twas there in the shade of the calabash tree,
With a few who could feel and remember like me,' &c.

Mr Dudley Costello brought him home a goblet, the inscription on which states that it was formed of one of the fruit-shells of the tree which he had rendered famous, and which now bears his name. But it must be confessed that this kind of appreciative association, however gratifying to an author's vanity, or decisive of present success, is but a frail, unpromising plank to float down to posterity upon. If the poetry of a song is only remembered because it recalls local incidents, or objects, or memories, its power must be a very confined and fleeting one. The man who had sung or heard Moore's song under the calabash tree, if a sojourner in distant lands, would dwell upon its words and air with pleasure for no other reason than because he *had* so sung or heard them; but not so his son—not so his descendants: it must for them have a distinct self-existent beauty of its own, or it will pass from their lips and language. If, therefore, Moore's songs are, as we are frequently told, to perpetuate the music and poetry and romance of Ireland in distant climes, it must be for some

other reason than because they were once heard on the banks of the Shannon, or that they allude incidentally to Irish events, or bear Irish names. It is not from individual local association that the song of the 'Captives of Israel' awakens a tide of gushing emotions in the Jewish soul. The song embodies an enduring national sentiment, expresses and enshrines a national lamentation and a national hope, in strains exclusively of Israel. Do Moore's graceful, and tender, and witty melodies do this? How many of them are Irish songs in the sense in which those of Béranger are French—those of Burns Scotch—idiomatic, national, racy of the soil? There are not very many of them that even allude to Irish topics, and those that do—'Oh! breathe not his Name!' 'The Harp that once through Tara's Halls,' and a dozen others—are essentially English songs—always excepting the air, to the magical beauty of which English music has no pretence—English in their mode of thought and turn of expression. And the gay, witty melodies—'Wreathe the Bowl,' 'Fill the Bumpers Fair,' and many others, not even excepting the brilliant song of 'Through Erin's Isle'—are theirs the wit and humour—the *Irish* wit and humour which the graphic pens of Edgeworth and others have made familiar to us, and of which such ballads as 'Rory O'More' give a faithful reflex, though a pale and faint one? It is just as much English, French, Italian wit and humour as Irish. Again, what distinctive Irish character, or what distinctive national sentiment is enshrined in the great mass of the more tender and graceful melodies—'Flow on, thou Shining River!' 'Fly not Yet,' 'The Young May Moon,' 'Go where Glory waits Thee,' or 'Love's Young Dream?' Take, for instance, the concluding verse of the last song, where a hackneyed thought—common to all countries—by the aid of the beautiful Irish air sinks with such a dying fall upon the ear—

'Oh that hallowed form is ne'er forgot,
Which first love traced;
It fondly haunts the greenest spot,
On memory's waste:
'Tis odour fled, as soon as shed—
'Tis morning's winged dream—
'Tis a light that ne'er will shine again
On life's dull stream!'

The melody of these lines glides into the heart and sparkles in the brain of young and old—harmonising with the fresh romance of youth, and recalling to the aged the far-off music of their prime; but surely the sentiment the verses embody is cosmopolitan, not Irish, chiefly or especially? Moore, whether for good or evil, has, temporarily at least, divorced Irish music—at all events, in the great majority of instances—from Irish sentiment; and the national airs, as illustrated and rendered vocal by him, will recall to the exile and the wayfarer not memories of Ireland, but of the home where the brother or the lover first heard a sister or a mistress sing them—be that home in the Green Isle, in Scotland, England, or wherever else the English race dwell and English song is cultivated. In his war-melodies Moore fails, not from coldness of national partisanship, but from want of power. Compare the best of them with the 'Battle-Song' of Burns, and the difference between the two men in high poetic faculty will be at once apparent. The 'Minstrel Boy,' and 'Let Erin

'Remember the Days of Old,' would find appropriate expression from a lady's voice and a pianoforte accompaniment. Burns's 'War Ode' would most fitly resound from the lips of valiant men in the very shock and grasp of battle, accompanied by the flash of swords and the roar of cannon.

Moore is not the poet of strong emotions. Yet is there genuine pathos in many of his beautiful songs; but it is pathos of the gentle kind, such as a cambric handkerchief wipes away, to leave the eyes of the fair songstress only the more radiant for such sweet tears, and revealing an expression, or rather realising one of the most charming similes Moore himself has ever penned—

'Her floating eyes! Oh, they resemble
Blue water-lilies, when the breeze
Is making the waves around them tremble!'

It must not, however, be forgotten, in estimating the value of Moore's ballads, that before his time fashionable English songs were, almost without exception, as far as words went, mere rubbish. He effected a valuable reform in this department of poetry and verse, and hosts of imitators maintain the improvement so well that it is sometimes difficult to distinguish between the productions of the master and those of some of his self-constituted pupils and followers. His wit, however, cannot be so easily imitated; and there is certainly a wide difference between the classical and polished fancies of Moore and the tinsel conceits of the mass of our later song-writers.

In 1812 Moore determined on writing an Eastern tale in verse; and his friend Mr Perry of the 'Chronicle' accompanied him to Messrs Longman, the publishers, to arrange for the sale of a work of which the proposed author had not yet written a line nor even settled the subject. Mr Perry appears to have been an invaluable intermediary. He proposed at once, as the basis of the negotiation, that Moore should have the largest sum ever given for such a work. 'That,' observed the Messrs Longman, 'was three thousand guineas.' And three thousand guineas it was ultimately covenanted the price should be, thanks to Moore's reputation, and the business abilities of his friend Perry. It was further agreed that the manuscript should be furnished at whatever time might best suit the author's convenience, and that Messrs Longman should accept it for better for worse, and have no power or right to suggest alterations or changes of any kind. The bargain was altogether a safe one on Moore's side, and luckily it turned out equally profitable for the publishers.

In order to obtain the necessary leisure and quiet for the composition of such a work, Moore resolved to retire from the gaieties of Holland and Lansdowne Houses, and other mansions of his distinguished patrons and friends, to the seclusion and tranquillity of the country. He made choice of Mayfield Cottage, near Ashbourne in Derbyshire, and not far distant from Donnington Park, Lord Moira's country-seat, where an excellent library was at his service. It may be as well to mention that when this early and influential friend of Moore went out to India as governor-general, he apologised for not being able to present his poetical protégé with anything worth his acceptance in that country. 'But,' said Lord Moira (Marquis of Hastings), 'I can perhaps barter a piece of India patronage against something at home that might suit you.' This offer, which would have gravely

compromised Moore with his Whig friends, he with some asperity declined. The governor-general went to India, and Moore retired to Derbyshire, remaining, with the exception of his Bermudan registrarship, placeless. This offer and refusal Moore communicated by letter to Leigh Hunt.

Mayfield Cottage, when the poet and his wife arrived to view it, wore anything but an inviting aspect. 'It was a poor place,' Moore wrote, 'little better than a barn; but we at once took it, and set about making it habitable and comfortable.' He now commenced the formidable task of working himself up into a proper Oriental state of mind for the accomplishment of his work. The first part of this process consisted in reading every work of authority that treated of the topography, climate, zoology, ornithology, entomology, floriculture, horticulture, agriculture, manners, customs, religion, ceremonies, and languages of the East. Asiatic registers, D'Herbelot, Jones, Tavernier, Flemming, and a host of other writers, were industriously consulted; and so perfect did Mr Moore become in these various branches of knowledge, that a great Eastern traveller, after reading 'Lalla Rookh,' and being assured that the poet had never visited the scenes in which he placed his stories, remarked that if it were so, a man might learn as much of those countries by reading books as by riding on the back of a camel! This, however, was but a part of the requisite preparation. 'I am,' says Mr Moore, 'a slow, painstaking workman, and at once very imaginative and very matter-of-fact;' and he goes on to say that the slightest exterior interruption or contradiction to the imaginary state of things he was endeavouring to conjure up in his brain threw all his ideas into confusion and disarray. It was necessary, therefore, to surround himself in some way or other with an Eastern atmosphere. How this could be managed in the face of the snows of three Derbyshire winters, during which the four stories which compose 'Lalla Rookh' were written, it is difficult to conceive, and perhaps to the fact that it could *not* be effectually done, must be ascribed the ill success which beset the poet during an entire twelvemonth. Vainly did he string together peris and bulbuls, and sunny apples of Totkahar: the inspiration would *not* come. It was all 'Double, double, toil and trouble,' to no purpose. Each story, however trippingly it began, soon flagged, drooped, and, less fortunate than that of

——'The bear and fiddle,
Begun and broke off in the middle,'

expired of collapse after a brief career of a few score lines only, frequently nothing like so many. Some of these fragments have since been published. One of them, 'The Peri's Daughter,' ran to some length, and is rather pretty and sparkling.

We subjoin a brief specimen. A peri had married the 'rightful Prince of Ormuz,' and must be supposed to have left this heir-apparent *de jure* to the crown of Ormuz, as after a time she comes floating back to her husband's bower with a charming present in her care:—

* Within the boat a baby slept,
Like a young pearl within its shell,
While one, who seemed of riper years,
But not of earth or earth-like spheres,
Her watch beside the slumberer kept;

Gracefully waving in her hand
 The feathers of some holy bird,
 With which from time to time she stirr'd
 The fragrant air, and coolly fann'd
 The baby's brow, or brush'd away
 The butterflies that bright and blue
 As on the mountains of Malay
 Around the sleeping infant flew.
 And now the fairy boat hath stopp'd
 Beside the bank—the nymph has dropp'd
 Her golden anchor in the stream.'

Here concluded both the peri's voyage and the 'Peri's Daughter,' both muse and boat coming alike to a dead stop; and Mr Moore, finding the 'Peri's Daughter'—spite of his most desperate efforts to get on—immovably aground, abandoned the lady, the child, the ferry-boat, and the golden anchor, notwithstanding the rightful prince was, and is to this day, anxiously but vainly expecting his peri-wife and semi-peri child.

This uninspiring state of things seemed interminable—the three thousand guineas were as far off as ever; and apprehension of the necessity of a bodily journey to the East, in order to get at the genuine 'atmosphere,' must have suggested itself, when a gleam of light, in the idea of the 'Fire-Worshippers,' broke in upon the poet; the multifarious collection of Eastern materials deposited in the chambers of his brain arranged themselves in flowing numbers, without encountering any further accident; and at the end of three years 'Lalla Rookh' was ushered before an admiring world. Its success was immense, and the work ran rapidly through many editions. 'Paradise and the Peri,' the second story, although not so much praised as the first and third, is, we fancy, much the most read of the four; and from its light, ringing tone, its delicate and tender sentiment, its graceful and musical flow, will always be a principal favourite with the admirers of Thomas Moore's poetry. Amongst the numerous testimonials to the merits of 'Lalla Rookh' there is one, pridefully recorded by the author, that must have compensated him a thousandfold for the coarse remark of Hazlitt, that Moore ought not to have published 'Lalla Rookh' even for three thousand guineas. Its chief incidents were represented by *tableaux vivans* at the Château-Royal, Berlin, in 1822, by, amongst others, the imperial and royal personages whose names appear in the following extract from a printed French programme of the entertainments:—

'Fadladin, Grand Nasir,	-	Comte Haach, Maréchale de Cour.
Aliris, Roi de Bucharie,	-	S. A. I. Le Grand Duc Nicholas de Russie.
Lalla Roukh,	-	S. A. I. La Grande Duchesse.
Arungzebed, le Grand Mogul,	-	S. A. R. Le Prince Guillaume (Frère du Roi.)
Abdallah, Père d'Aliris,	-	S. A. R. Le Duc de Cumberland.
La Reine, son épouse,	-	S. A. R. La Princesse Louise de Radzivil.'

Some portions of the scenery were magnificent, especially the gate of Eden, with its crystal bar, and occasional glimpses of splendour jetting through and falling upon the repentant Peri. At the close of the entertainments, Son Altesse Impériale la Grande Duchesse, and now Empress of all the Russias, made, it is said, the following speech:—'Is it, then, all over? Are we now at the close of all that has given us so much delight?

And lives there no poet who will impart to others and to future times some notion of the happiness we have enjoyed this evening?' In answer to this irresistible appeal one of the actors, the poetical Baron de la Motte Fouqué, stepped gallantly forward, and vowed that *he* would give the poem to the world in a German dress. On hearing which the Empress Lalla Rookh 'graciously smiled.' This story, we beg to observe, rests for its authority on the preface to Monsieur Le Baron de la Motte Fouqué's translation, and whether, consequently, the speech of the Grand Duchess is a veritable imperial speech or a trade puff we cannot take upon ourselves, from internal evidence alone, to determine.

It has been already remarked that the local descriptions in 'Lalla Rookh' have been pronounced by excellent authority to be surprisingly accurate. The trees and the birds are all called by their proper names, the right sort of perfumes are used, eyelids and finger-nails are stained of the correct colour, Eastern ceremonial is truly described, and men in these tales wear turbans and swear by Allah, with many other accuracies of the same kind. All this is said to constitute their beauty and excellence as Oriental romances. With all proper deference to the critical authority which thus pronounces, we beg to demur to such a dictum. The mechanical and elaborate accuracy so much extolled relates only to the dress, the externals of Eastern society, and does not touch its life, its peculiar modes of thought, impulse, action. If to dress people in Eastern clothes, and to take care that neither they in their speech, nor the author in his descriptions, miscall anything, nor make any considerable blunder in the conventional language of ceremony, be to write an Eastern tale, then are Racine's Frenchmen, with classical tropes and figures in their mouths, and tunics and togas on their backs—Pyrrhus, Orestes, Britannicus—true Greeks and Romans, and Shakspeare's Coriolanus, Brutus, Antony, who talk very little mythology, and utter not a few anachronisms, are *not* true types—real living incarnations of the Roman character and spirit. Neither is Juliet—in whose glowing, impassioned speech we hear nothing about myrtles, or sunny skies, or Madonas—a true Italian woman! Surely that which stamps men and women, Greeks, Italians, Turks, is the character which religion, manners, usages, climate, institutions, impress upon their minds, giving to each separate, well-defined nationality its peculiar ideas, expression, action! Judged by this test, where is the Orientalism of these tales? The actors in them, so far as they have any individuality, are all Europeans—chiefly English and Irish. Hafed talks lofty patriotism, just as Captain Rock would had he the faculty of verse—Al Hassan is the stereotyped European tyrant. The love of Azib has not a tint of Orientalism about it; and Zelica, an enthusiastic young lady, cruelly deceived by a monster—not an uncommon result, we grieve to say here, although not often attended by such extremely fatal results as in her case—has, much to her credit, notions of purity and marriage entirely in accordance with those of the thousands of fair readers who have wept through the twenty editions of her griefs. The Peri! Well, perhaps we must let the East have the Peri, although even she looks at times remarkably like a young and gentle Irish Sister of Mercy. As for Fadladeen, he is a very 'old courtier of the Queen's,' and Mokanna dates as far back as the invention of minor theatres and blue flame. No—no; 'Lalla Rookh' sparkles with pretty fancies we admit, and

contains passages of considerable beauty, but Oriental, in the meaning which ought to attach to the word, the work is not. Nor do we hold that the poetic fame of the writer of the 'Melodies' will be at all enhanced by it as a whole, although Paradise and the Peri will perhaps always be attractive for innocent and gentle natures. It is in the more impassioned portions of this series of poems that Moore chiefly fails. The light wings of his lyric muse are not fitted for either lofty or lengthened flights. A brief, gay theme, a lively or tender sentiment breathed through a song—these are Moore's triumphs, and in this varied, if confined, range of composition, he has no superior, perhaps, taken altogether, no equal; but of highly imaginative or sustained poetry he is hopelessly incapable; and when he *does* attempt to scale the lofty heights of human passion, the descent is lamentable. It were easy to give proofs of this from the tragic portions of 'Lalla Rookh,' but the task is an ungracious one, and we decline it. Still one may hold this opinion of the comparative inferiority of these poems without subscribing to Hazlitt's remark—that Moore ought not, for his fame's sake, to have written them for three thousand guineas. Whatever is vital in his writings will survive, spite of the earthy matter with which it may be for a time associated and partially confounded. It is difficult besides to pronounce dogmatically upon what a man who has his bread to earn should *not* do for three thousand guineas, if it may be done without moral offence. Mr Hazlitt could not be entitled to pronounce such a judgment until after he had himself been similarly tempted, and had *not* fallen.

An odd anecdote illustrative of Moore's increasing and widely-spread fame may here be given. He was surprised one day at receiving from Sweden an offer to be elected a knight of the ancient Order of St Joachim. This distinction, it was announced in the missive, which purported to come from the chancellor of the order, was tendered as a mark of the admiration entertained by the honourable fraternity for his very charming poetry. Moore was puzzled—mystified. He had never before heard of the Order of St Joachim, and vehemently suspected some kind friend of seeking to play him a malicious trick. St Joachim! Might it not turn out to be St Jok'em? He, however, stealthily inquired amongst persons versed in knightly orders, and was informed that there really was a Swedish knighthood of the name mentioned, and that several presentable persons had belonged to it. Still, after due deliberation, he resolved to decline the generously-proffered honour. It was too hazardous. Sir Joke'm Moore! He was a man to face the battery of a three-decker cheerfully rather than risk the possibility of such a sobriquet as that!

The bow so long bent required relaxation, and in the first flush of his great success, while his ears were still ringing with the applauses, and his nostrils still titillating with the incense which the press showered upon 'Lalla Rookh,' pronounced by general consent—'when they *do* agree, their unanimity is wonderful'—to be unrivalled as a work of melody, beauty, and power, Moore set out on a continental tour with his friend and brother-poet Rogers. On his return to England he published the 'Fudge Family'—not a very brilliant performance, and which, with the exception of its political hits, is but an imitation of 'Les Anglaises Pour Rire.' He also worked at the 'Melodies,' and wrote articles for the 'Edinburgh Review.' In 1818 one of the most pleasing incidents in his life occurred.

A public dinner was given in his honour at Dublin, the Earl of Charlemont in the chair—the poet's venerable father, Garret Moore, being present on the chairman's right hand, the honoured and delighted witness of the enthusiastic welcome bestowed upon his son by his warm-hearted fellow-countrymen. Moore made a graceful, cleverly-turned speech; but he was no orator: few literary men are. He could not think upon his legs; and you could see by the abstraction of his look that he was not speaking in the popular sense, but reciting what had previously been carefully composed and committed to memory. Such speeches frequently read well, but if long, they are terrible things to sit and hear.

The following year Moore accompanied Lord John Russell on a continental tour, taking the road of the Simplon to Italy. Lord John went on to Genoa, and Moore directed his steps toward Venice, for the purpose of seeing Byron. It was during this visit that the noble lord made Moore a present of his personal memoirs, for publication after the writer's death. Moore gives the following account of the transaction:—"We were conversing together when Byron rose and went out. In a minute or two he returned carrying a white leathern bag. "Look here!" he said, holding it up, "this would be worth something to Murray, though you, I daresay, would not give sixpence for it." "What is it?" I asked. "My life and adventures," he answered. On hearing this I raised my hands in a gesture. "It is not a thing that can be published during my life, but you may have it if you like: then do whatever you please with it." In taking the bag, and thanking him most warmly, I added: "This will make a nice legacy for my little Tom, who shall astonish the latter end of the nineteenth century with it." He then added: "You may shew it to any of your friends you think worthy of it." This is as nearly as I can recollect all that passed.' These memoirs Moore sold to Mr Murray for two thousand guineas, but at Lord Byron's death, his executors and family induced Moore to repay Mr Murray, and destroy the manuscript. The precise reasons which decided Moore to yield to the solicitations of the deceased lord's friends and family are not known, but there can be little doubt that they were urgent, and in a moral sense irresistible. A man does not usually throw away two thousand guineas for a caprice, even of his own, much less for that of others. It is not likely that the world has lost much by the destruction of these memoirs. Lord Byron's life is sufficiently written in his published works for all purposes save that of the gratification of a morbid curiosity and vulgar appetite for scandal.

During the journey to and from Italy, Moore sketched the 'Rhymes on the Road,' which were soon afterwards published. There is nothing remarkable about them except his abuse of Rousseau and Madame Warens, *à propos* of a visit to Les Charmettes. Moore was violently assailed for this by writers, who held that as he had himself translated Anacreon, and written juvenile songs of an immoral tendency, he was thereby incapacitated from fy, fying naughty people in his maturer and better years. This seems hardly a reasonable maxim, and would, if strictly interpreted and enforced, silence much grave and learned eloquence, oral as well as written. His denunciations of the eccentric and fanciful author of the 'Confessions,' which twenty years before he would probably have called the enunciations of 'Virtue with her zone loosened,' were certainly violent and unmeasured,

and not perhaps in the very best taste. The following little bit is genuine Moore:—

‘And doubtless ’mong the grave and good,
And gentle of their neighbourhood,
If known at all, they were but known
As strange, *low* people—low and bad.
Madame herself’—

But it is scarcely worth while continuing the quotation. The man in Goldsmith’s play had nothing like the intense horror of anything *low* which Moore had, and this with him, if a weakness, was also a safeguard. The pity and indignation with which, now in his fortieth year of discretion, he looked upon literary talent if applied to other than pure and holy purposes, he traces in quite fiery lines—

‘Out on the craft! I’d rather be
One of those hinds that round me tread,
With just enough of sense to see
The noonday sun that’s o’er my head,
Than thus with high-trust genius curst,
That hath no heart for its foundation,
Be all at once that’s brightest, worst,
Sublimest, meanest in creation.’

Poor Jean Jacques had little of the ‘sublime’ to boast of, and we have met in our time with much meaner people than the half-mad pauper, as Mr Moore pleasantly terms him.

During the journey to Italy Lord John Russell hinted to his companion that he seriously contemplated retiring from public life. Mr Moore was distressed by the contemplation of such a possibility, and addressed a miscellaneous poem soon afterwards to his lordship. It is called a ‘Remonstrance,’ and concludes with the following somewhat *bizarre* verse:—

‘Like the boughs of that laurel by Delphic decree,
Set apart for the fane and its service divine,
So the branches that spring from the old Russell tree,
Are by Liberty claimed for the use of her shrine.’

This is certainly not one of Moore’s most brilliant hits.

Pecuniary difficulties, arising from the misconduct of his deputy in Bermuda, now threatened Mr Moore, and flight to France—for process against him had issued from the Court of Admiralty—became immediately necessary. The deputy-registrar, from whom Mr Moore had exacted no securities, had made free with the cargoes of several American vessels, and immediately decamped with the proceeds, leaving his principal liable, it was feared, to the serious amount of six thousand pounds. Active and successful efforts were, however, made by Moore’s friends to compromise the claims, and ultimately they were all adjusted by the payment of one thousand guineas. Three hundred pounds towards this sum were contributed by the delinquent’s uncle, a London merchant; so that Moore’s ultimate loss was seven hundred and fifty pounds only. During the progress, and at the close of these negotiations, numerous offers of pecuniary assistance were addressed to Mr Moore, all of which he gratefully but firmly declined.

Whilst the matter was pending, Moore resided near Paris at La Butte

Coaslin, on the road to Belle Vue. This was also the residence of some agreeable Spanish friends of the poet. Kenny the dramatic writer lived also in the neighbourhood. Here Moore composed his 'Loves of the Angels,' passing his days, when they were fine, in walking up and down the park of Saint Cloud, 'polishing verses and making them run easy,' and the evenings in singing Italian duets with his Spanish friends. Previous to leaving Paris at the close of 1822, he attended a banquet got up in his honour by many of the most distinguished and wealthy of the English residents in that gay city. His speech on this occasion was a high-flown panegyric upon England and everything English, and grievously astonished Byron, Shelley, Hunt, and others, when they read it in Italy. Either they thought the tone of some of the Irish melodies was wrong, or the speech was. They did not reflect that a judicious speaker always adapts his speech to his audience. Apt words in apt places are the essentials of true eloquence.

Moore's publishers' account, delivered in the following June, exhibited a very pleasing aspect. He was credited with one thousand pounds for the 'Loves of the Angels,' and five hundred pounds for 'Fables for the Holy Alliance.' These were the halcyon days of poetry. There was truth as well as mirthful jest in Sir Walter Scott's remark a few years afterwards, in reply to Moore's observation, 'that hardly a magazine is now published but contains verses which would once have made a reputation.' 'Ecod!' exclaimed the baronet, 'we were very lucky to come before these fellows!'

The 'Loves of the Angels' is throughout but a prolonged, melodious echo of Mr Moore's previous love-poetry. The angels talk of woman's eyes, lips, voices, grace, precisely after the manner of his amatory songs. The opening lines, which are flowing and pretty, seem a kind of periphrasis of the Hebrew verse—'When the morning stars sang together, and the sons of God shouted for joy'—

'Twas when the world was in its prime,
When the fresh stars had just begun
Their race of glory, and young Time
Told his first birthdays by the sun.'

The three angel-stories, told in very graceful verse, are grounded upon rabbinical and mythological fables and precedents, and excite but the faintest interest in the reader. It is difficult to remember anything about them five minutes after their perusal—the sensation produced resembling that which one feels after listening for half an hour to the silvery murmuring of a brook in the summer month of June. Just as dreamy and inarticulate as that sound is the musical and cadenced flow of love-verses, destitute, or nearly so, of interest, true tenderness, or passion. In proof of our assertion that this poem is but a repetition of Mr Moore's early and earthly painting of female beauty, we have only to quote the following lines from the second angel's story:—

'You both remember well the day,
When unto Eden's new-made bowers
Alla invoked the bright array
Of his supreme angelic powers,
To witness the one wonder yet,
Beyond man, angel, star, or sun,
He must achieve, ere he could set
His seal upon the world as done;

To see that last perfection rise—
That crowning of Creation's birth—
When 'mid the worship and surprise
Of circling angels, Woman's eyes
First opened upon heaven and earth,
And from their lids a thrill was sent,
That through each living spirit went,
Like first light through the firmament.

* * * *

Can you forget her blush, when round
Through Eden's lone, enchanted ground,
She looked and saw the sea, the skies,
And heard the rush of many a wing
On high behests then vanishing,
And saw the last few angel eyes
Still ling'ring, mine among the rest,
Reluctant leaving scenes so blest ?

In this passage mere jingling exaggeration supplies the place of poetical enthusiasm; and were it not ungenerous to quote Milton twice against Moore, we should be tempted to contrast it with the awakening of the true Eve beside the fountain in the 'Paradise Lost.' But the reader's mind will have spontaneously referred to it, and that must suffice. As this is the last of Mr Moore's poetry we shall have to notice, we would fain take leave of it with a more favourable specimen. The following lines from the close of the book are pleasing, and, moreover, possess a touch of human feeling. One of the angels, we should say, is condemned to waste his immortality on earth; and to console him in his wanderings, the fair one for whom he has temporarily lost heaven is to be his undying companion:—

'In what lone region of the earth
These pilgrims now may roam or dwell,
God and his angels, who look forth
To watch their steps, alone can tell.
But should we in our wanderings
Meet a young pair whose beauty wants
But the adornment of bright wings
To look like Heaven's inhabitants;
Who shine where'er they tread, and yet
Are humble in their earthly lot,
As is the wayside violet
That shines unseen, and were it not
For its sweet breath, would be forgot;
Whose hearts in every thought are one,
Whose voices utter the same wills,
Answering as echo doth some tone
Of fairy music 'mong the hills—
So like itself we seek in vain
Which is the echo, which the strain;
Whose piety is love, whose love,
Though close as 'twere their soul's embrace,
Is not of earth but from above;
Like two fair mirrors face to face,
Whose light from one to the other thrown
Is Heaven's reflection and their own:
Should we e'er meet with aught so fair,
So perfect here, we may be sure

'Tis Zaraph and his bride we see ;
 And call young lovers round to view
 The pilgrim pair, as they pursue
 Their pathway towards Eternity.'

In 1825 Moore paid a visit to Sir Walter Scott at Abbotsford. The meeting was a cordial one, and the Baronet, Mr Lockhart informs us, pronounced Mr Moore 'to be the prettiest warbler' he ever knew. What somewhat diminishes the value of this praise is, that, according to the warbler himself, Sir Walter—but the thing seems incredible—had no genuine love or taste for music, except indeed for the Jacobite chorus of 'Hey tuttie, tattie,' now indissolubly united to 'Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled!' which, when sung after supper by the company, with hands clasped across each other, and waving up and down, he hugely delighted in. Scott accompanied Moore to Edinburgh, and both of them, with Mr Lockhart and his lady, went to the theatre on the same evening that it was honoured by the presence of the celebrated Mrs Coutts, afterwards Duchess of St Albans. Soon after their at first unmarked entrance, the attention of the audience, which had till then been engrossed by the lady-millionaire, was directed towards the new-comers, and according to a newspaper report, copied and published by Mr Moore in one of his last prefaces, considerable excitement immediately prevailed. 'Eh!' exclaimed a man in the pit—'eh! yon's Sir Walter, wi' Lockhart and his wife; and wha's the wee body wi' the pawkie een? Wow, but it's Tam Moore just!' 'Scott—Scott! Moore—Moore!' immediately resounded through the house. Scott would not rise: Moore did, and bowed several times with his hand on his heart. Scott afterwards acknowledged the plaudits of his countrymen, and the orchestra during the rest of the evening played alternately Scotch and Irish airs.

At the request of the Marquis of Lansdowne, who was desirous that he should reside near him, Moore at this period took a journey into Wiltshire, to look at a house in the village of Bromham, near Bowood, the seat of the noble Marquis, which it was thought might suit him. He, however, pronounced it to be too large, and declined taking it. On his return he told his wife there was a cottage in a thickly-wooded lane in the neighbourhood to let, which he thought might be made to do. Mrs Moore immediately left town, secured it, and there they shortly afterwards took up their permanent abode. They have greatly improved and enlarged Sloperton Cottage; and covered almost as its front and two porches are with roses and clematis, with the trim miniature lawn and garden in front, along which runs a raised walk enclosed with evergreens, from which a fine view is obtained, it presents an entirely satisfactory aspect of well-ordered neatness, prettiness, and comfort. It is situated within about two miles of Devizes, and is within easy reach of the country residence of Lord Lansdowne. It was here he wrote the biographies of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Lord Byron, and Richard Brinsley Sheridan, of which we need only remark that they are industriously compiled and pleasantly written.

In 1824, five years before the passing of the Catholic Relief Act, Moore published 'The Memoirs of Captain Rock, written by Himself.' It is a bitter, rhapsodical, and of course one-sided commentary upon the government of Ireland by England, not only since the Reformation, but from the

time of Pope Adrian's famous bull, which is twisted into an exclusively English grievance and insult. Captain Rock, assisted at the commencement by a sour gentleman in a flaxen wig and green spectacles, is of course the grim mouthpiece through which Mr Moore pours the *amavis liquidus* of his unpent wrath upon the devoted heads of the oppressors of his country. Truly a terrible fellow, if one were to believe him in serious earnest, is this tremendous captain—

‘Through Connaught, Leinster, Ulster, Munster,
He’s the boy to make the fun stir.’

But to take him at his word would be a very great mistake indeed, and especially, we are sure, annoying, if not alarming to himself. He is not half such a terrible desperado as he looks, for all his cut-throat-looking beard and whiskers. They are shams put on for the nonce to hide a decidedly festive physiognomy—‘a mouth good-humoured, with dimples, and a nose not aquiline, but,’ says the literal painter, ‘with a character of scenting feasts and orchards.’ These are not the features of men fitted to the pulling down of strongholds and plucking kings by the beard. In truth, rebellion was never at all in Mr Moore’s line. It lay in his way; he foolishly stumbled over it; and instantly cut its acquaintance, except in so far as a pretty song or musical sentiment may be held to constitute the continuance of a tender and fragile connection. A poet less likely than Moore to kindle a nation into a blaze never perhaps existed. ‘Revolutions,’ said Napoleon, ‘are not made with rose-water.’ Nor with rose-verse neither, fortunately, or the Bard of Erin might have found himself suddenly raised upon bucklers to a position in which he would have made the strangest figure, and one too as difficult to get down from as to climb up to. Happily, much of the injustice of which Captain Rock is made to declaim so scholarly against has been remedied since the book was written; and as the irritating memories of the dead and buried past, fade away, we may hope to see no more editions of a gentleman who, however amiably disposed in reality, certainly talks in a very fierce and alarming manner. The style of the book, moreover, proves very clearly that its author, unlike Molière’s ‘Bourgeois Gentilhomme,’ had *not* been talking prose all his life; for intelligible, honest prose it is not. Neither is it verse; for the lines are not cut into quantities and rhymed, but it has all the tropes and figures which are found in certain kinds of poetry. Changes in the personality of the vice-regal government are said to resemble Penelope’s web! The ignoring the existence of an Irish Catholic—Meres Hibernus—by certain of the penal statutes, finds a parallel in Milton’s devils, who occupied no space in Pandemonium. The death of Lord Strafford, with which wicked or righteous deed the Irish certainly had nothing to do, is like the awful mementos in the Egyptian banqueting-rooms—placed there to chasten pride and check the exuberance of riot; and throughout the book Cleopatra and the Rapparees, Pericles and Irish Grand-Juries, Limerick and Pharsalia, Orangemen and the Bucentaur of Venice, jostle each other in the oddest manner conceivable; presenting a partycoloured *mélange* which, but for the sad truths it occasionally sets forth, and the vigorous blows now and then struck at enactments which no longer stain the statute-book, would be purely ludicrous.

The next considerable work of Moore's—for his light, Parthian warfare in the politics of the hour continued as usual, and with about the same success, as in his younger days—was 'The Travels of an Irish Gentleman in Search of a Religion'—a perfectly serious and earnest book in defence of the Roman Catholic faith. There is a vast amount of erudition displayed in its pages; and remembering how slow and painstaking a workman Moore declared himself to be, it must, one would suppose, have been the work of years. The author's object is to prove, from the writings of the early fathers and other evidence, that the peculiar dogmas and discipline and practice of the Church of Rome date from the apostolic age, or at least from the first centuries of the Christian era, and are consequently true. This the writer does entirely, at least to his own satisfaction, which is the case, we believe, with controversial writers generally. The book concludes with the following words, addressed to the Catholic Church, which his after-life proves to have been earnest and sincere:—'In the shadow of thy sacred mysteries let my soul henceforth repose, remote alike from the infidel who scoffs at their darkness, and the rash believer who would pry into its recesses.'

These imaginary travels were published anonymously, but the book was always known to be Moore's. Apart from any other evidence, the poetic translations of portions of the writings of ancient bishops would have amply sufficed to determine the authorship. Without adverting to the elegant and tender stanzas addressed to 'A Fallen Virgin' by St Basil, which the gravest bishop might be proud of, who, let us ask, save the author of the 'Loves of the Angels,' would have raked amongst the homilies of St Chrysostom till he lit upon the following one, and who but Moore would have paraphrased it into such verse? The homily selected is one which is said to have been composed by St Chrysostom in reprobation of the ladies of Constantinople, who in his day, before the cross had sunk before the crescent in the Eastern metropolis, were accustomed to go too finely dressed to church. Moore's version begins thus:—

'Why come ye to the House of Prayer
With jewels in your braided hair?
And wherefore is the House of God
By glittering feet profanely trod?
As if, vain things, ye came to keep
Some festival, and not to weep.

* * *

Vainly to angered Heaven ye raise
Luxurious hands where diamonds blaze,
And she who comes in brodered veil
To weep her frailty, still is frail.'

This is very well, and may likely enough have been fairly rendered from the venerable bishop's homily; but if the following be not pretty nearly unadulterated Moore—Chrysostom's prose bearing about the same proportion to the verse as Falstaff's ha'porth of bread to the intolerable quantity of sack—we have been strangely misled as to the stern and ascetic character of the celebrated opponent and victim of the Empress Eudoxia. Chrysostom is made to reply as follows to the supposed excuses of the more plainly-dressed females of his congregation:—

'Behold! thou say'st my gown is plain,
My sandals are of texture rude:
Is this like one whose heart is vain,
Like one who dresses to be wooed?
Deceive not thus, young maid, thy heart;
For far more oft in simple gown
Doth beauty play the Tempter's part
Than in brocades of rich renown;
And homeliest garb hath oft been found,
When typed and fitted to the shape,
To deal such shafts of mischief round
As wisest men can scarce escape.'

There is nothing objectionable in these lines in themselves, nor in these which Mr Moore attributes, though with some hesitation, to St Basil—

'Not charming only when she talks,
Her very silence speaks and shines—
Love gilds her pathway when she walks,
And lights her couch when she reclines.'

But it does startle one to find such words placed in the mouths of the great bishops of Constantinople and Cesarea, who, according to other authorities, were hardly conscious of the existence of any beauty save that of holiness, or that there was any deformity in the world but that of sin. The style of these travels is a great improvement on the ornate slipshod of Captain Rock. Great liveliness of manner is exhibited throughout, and some of the political hits are capital.

The last, and, according to Moore's own authority, one of the most successful of his works, as far as a great sale constitutes success, was the prose romance of 'The Epicurean.' There is much learning displayed in this book, and it contains some striking descriptions. We also meet occasionally with passages of simple and natural beauty and eloquence, the more striking and effective from the contrast they afford to the cumbrous and ambitious rhetoric through which they are sparsely scattered. It was commenced in verse, and gradually reached to a considerable length in that form, but ultimately, like the 'Peri's Daughter,' broke down irretrievably. No one who respects Mr Moore's poetical fame will regret this after reading the fragment which has been published. 'The Epicurean' is a moral and religious story; and it has this great merit, that it has very little of the merely sensuous imagery in which Mr Moore generally indulged. The plot is of the most commonplace kind, and the conduct of the story so entirely languid and lulling, that it may be freely indulged in without the slightest fear of ill consequences by the most nervous and impressionable lady-reader in the three kingdoms. Let us glance it through. The hero is Alciphron, the chief of the sect of Epicureans established at Athens. Those philosophic votaries of Pleasure, whilst following out the essential principle of their founder—a dangerous deceit, if there was ever one, plausibly and ingeniously as it has been defended, necessarily rejecting, as it does, self-sacrifice, without which virtue is a mere sound—these votaries, we repeat, whilst adhering strictly to the principle of their founder, that pleasure is the highest good, had neglected his subsidiary, and, strictly speaking, inconsequent teachings, that the highest pleasure must be found in the gratification of the purest and simplest tastes. Upon that—the goal to be obtained, pleasure, being the prime end of the philosophy—each disciple would of course have his

own opinion. Well, Alciphron had drunk deep of 'pleasure,' had drained the cup of indulgence to its dregs, and was unsatisfied. Man delighted not him, nor woman neither, and he was weary of all things beneath the sun. A passionate longing to throw off the burthen of the mystery, which to his eyes hung like a pall over a world without a purpose, an existence without an object, possessed and consumed him.

The 'perhaps' of Hamlet incarnated, or, more correctly speaking, shadowed forth in that divine soliloquy, was with Alciphron, as with all of us who think, 'the question.' Finally, determined by a dream, he journeys to Egypt, with a view to discover if possible the 'sacred interior meaning' of the religion of its priests, and ascertain if therein lay the key to the riddle of the universe. Alciphron, not long after his arrival in Egypt, penetrates by accident into the subterranean Elysium of the priests, beneath the Pyramids. Once there, the thousand-and-one magical deceptions of heathen priestcraft familiar to most readers are played off upon the distinguished Greek, whom Orcus, the Egyptian high priest, and an irredeemable villain of course, is desirous of winning to the faith of the Pharaohs. His high-flying verbiages, however, produce but slight effect upon the refined and subtle Epicurean—the dark riddle appears as insoluble as ever—and of all that surrounds him he believes only in the beauty of a young priestess of the moon, Alethe, with whom he falls desperately in love; which sentiment, we need hardly say, is fervently reciprocated by Alethe. Even the eager questioning of Alciphron's restless spirit upon creation, destiny, life, and death, is hushed in the presence of the young beauty, and the Athenian philosopher is made to rhapsodise thus: 'The future was now but of secondary consideration; the present, and that deity of the present, woman, were the objects that engrossed my whole soul. It was indeed for the sake of such beings alone that I considered immortality desirable; nor without them would eternal life have appeared worth a single prayer.' The fair priestess of the moon is secretly attached to the religion of Christ, though as yet but dimly so; a glimpse only of its radiant and consoling light and truth having reached her from her mother, who had some time before her death been instructed in the new and elevating faith then dawning upon the dark horrors of bewildered and bewildering heathenism. She bears about with her the emblem of the religion of sorrow, and hope, and love—a small gold cross, of which Alciphron once or twice obtains a glimpse. Finally, Alethe, during the progress of one of the gorgeous illusions got up for the especial edification of Alciphron, contrives her own and his escape from the subterranean Elysium. They fortunately reach undiscovered a very curious and convenient carriage, used by the high-priest in his journeys to the outer world. It runs in grooves, and when they have comfortably seated themselves, it at once flies down the inclined plain immediately before it, and by the impetus of its descent climbs up the next acclivity; and so on, up and down, without pause or intermission. As there was only one of these surprising carriages in the establishment, successful pursuit was out of the question. They get clear off, ascend the Nile, and reach a Christian hermitage. The venerable recluse dwelling there knew Alethe's mother, and receives her with great joy. Alciphron is also warmly welcomed. The venerable father discourses to him of the Christian faith, and supplies him with a copy of the Scriptures, which, read

by the light of Alethe's eyes, rapidly produce conviction in the mind of the enamoured Greek. The lovers are ultimately betrothed to each other; and we seem to be approaching a pleasant, matrimonial catastrophe, when the bright prospect is suddenly overcast—gloom, thunder, and eclipse succeed, and continue till the curtain falls. A terrible decree of the Roman emperor against the Christians is fulminated, and the ferocious edict is as remorselessly enforced on the banks of the Nile as on those of the Tiber—the facile polytheism of Rome tolerating and enforcing all religions save that alone, which not only glides into the cell of the captive, whispering hope and consolation, but mounts the steps of the loftiest throne to speak of life, death, and judgment to come. The recluse and Alethe are seized, with many others—hurried before the Roman governor and Orcus the high-priest—and commanded, as a proof of their renunciation of Christianity, to burn incense before idols. They refuse, and the old man is instantly sacrificed. Alethe is about to undergo the same fate, when the Roman governor, touched by her beauty and gentleness, adjourns her punishment till the morrow, spite of the opposition of Orcus, who is furious at the thought of the renegade priestess escaping her terrible doom. The Roman chief expresses a hope that reflection will induce Alethe to save her life by an act so easy of performance as that of casting a few grains of incense upon the idol altars, and she is borne away in custody; not, however, till after Orcus, in mockery of an ornament and ceremony usual with Christian maidens when about to suffer martyrdom, has caused a fillet of coral-berries to be fastened round her brows. Alciphron, who in the meanwhile had been distracted with grief and terror, obtains access to Alethe through the intervention of a Roman officer whom he had known at Athens, and finds her resigned, constant, and cheerful, but for a burning, throbbing pain in her temples. Alciphron fancying the coral-chaplet might be too tightly bound, unties and endeavours to take it off. It resists his efforts.

‘It would not come away!’ exclaims Alciphron; and he repeats these passionate, despairing, agonising words, wrung from him by the overwhelming bitterness and horror of the moment—‘It would not come away!’ The berries, it is discovered, had been saturated with a deadly poison by order of Orcus, in order to insure the destruction of his victim. Alethe, after smiling placidly upon her betrothed husband, dies. This is the catastrophe of the Epicurean—melancholy and distressing, no doubt, but so feebly, so inartistically told, that it merely shocks the reader; and the tumultuous emotions of pity, love, grief, indignation, which the death of the beautiful, the innocent, the young, brought about by violence, should excite, are scarcely more awakened than by a newspaper report of a fatal accident having befallen a person whom the reader had never seen or heard of before. The book has already virtually fallen out of the literature of the country. Fashion and the influence of a popular name may rule for a time, but in the long-run common-sense and a cultivated taste will pronounce the irreversible verdict.

On the 30th of June 1827, the day after the publication of ‘The Epicurean,’ Moore was one of the gay and distinguished assemblage at a magnificent fête at Boyle Farm, in the environs of London, the cost of which had been clubbed by five or six rich young lords. It appears by Mr Moore’s description to have been a very brilliant affair. There were crowds of the

élite of society present of both sexes; well-dressed men and groups of fair women, 'all looking their best;' together with dancing, music, the Tyrolese minstrels, and Madame Vestris and Fanny Ayton, rowing up and down the river, singing Moore's 'Oh come to Me when Daylight sets!' and so on. The author of 'The Epicurean' relates all this for the purpose of introducing an anecdote concerning his book, and we notice it for the same reason. During one of the pauses of the music, the Marquis of Palmella—Moore *disguises* the name of the Portuguese ambassador in this impenetrable mode, the Marquis of P—lm—a—approaching the poet, remarked upon the magnificence of the fête. Moore agreed. 'The tents,' he remarked, 'had a fine effect.' 'Nay,' said the marquis, 'I was thinking of your fête at Athens. I read it this morning in the newspaper.' 'Confound the newspaper!' Moore had a great aversion to having his best *morceaux* served up without the context in that manner; but worse remained behind. A Mr D—— accosted him a few minutes afterwards, and mentioning the book, added these flattering words: 'I never read anything so touching as the death of your heroine.' 'What!' exclaimed the delighted author, 'have you got so far as that already?' 'Oh dear, no, I have not seen the book—I read what I mentioned in the Literary Gazette.' 'Shameful!' says Mr Moore, 'to anticipate my catastrophe in that manner!' Perhaps so; but that which we should like especially to know is whether Mr B——m, who is mentioned as being present at the enunciation of these courtesies, was Mr Brougham. If so, the flash of the keen gray eyes that followed the compliment on the touching death of Alethe, must, to an observant looker-on, have been one of the most entertaining incidents of the fête.

The smart political squibs, scattered like fireflies through the dreary waste of journalism during the last active years of Moore's life, are not obnoxious to criticism. Squire Corn, Famished Cotton, Weeping Chancellors, Salmagundian Kings, and knavish Benthamites, as pencilled by Moore, have passed from the domain of wit and verse into that of the historian and the antiquary, into the hands of the collector of forgotten trifles; and there we very willingly leave them, pleasant, piquant, and welcome, as we fully admit them in their day to have been. Moore has also written several pieces of religious verse, which, although not of very high merit as poetry, finely at times bring out and illustrate the Christian spirit in its most engaging aspect—unalloyed, unclouded by the mists of fanatic sectarianism. As, for instance, in this verse—

'The turf shall be my fragrant shrine,
My temple, Lord! that arch of thine,
My censer's breath, the mountain airs,
And silent thoughts my only prayers.'

The spirit that inspired these lines is infinitely more spiritual and Christian than that which breathes upon and gives galvanic momentary life to the dry bones of mouldering controversial bigotry. Such a hymn is worth the 'Travels of an Irish Gentleman' a thousand times over, and Sullivan's replies to them into the bargain.

Our brief passage through the trim gardens, gay with flowers, sparkling with light, and vocal with melody, of Moore's poetry, verse and prose, here concludes, and we have now, it may be presumed, the means of forming a sound judgment upon his pretensions as poet, romancist, and politician.

First, then, as to his rank as poet. Whilst freely expressing our opinion as to his deficiency in highly-imaginative, sustained, poetical genius, and his entire want of dramatic power, we have at the same time done justice to the point and quickness of his wit, the varied brilliancy of his sparkling fancies, and the fine harmony and cadenced flow of his verse. That he was not an inspired creative poet like Shakspeare, Milton, Burns, and a few others, is true; but beneath those heaven-reaching heights there are many still lofty eminences upon which gifted spirits sit enthroned, their brows encircled with coronets bright with gems of purest ray, serene, though pale, indeed, and dim in presence of the radiant crowns of the kings of poetry and song, between whom also there are degrees of glory; for immeasurably above all, far beyond even the constellated splendour

‘Of the blind old man of Scio’s rocky isle,’

soars Shakspeare, palm-wreathed and diademed with stars. One of these lesser heights and circlets must unquestionably be awarded to Thomas Moore. His wing, it must be admitted, is feeble, requiring artificial stimulants and help to lift him above the ground a sufficient time for warbling a brief melody. He did not sing as a flower exhales—from the law and necessity of its nature; still there is at times a grace, and tenderness, and music, about his carefully-polished snatches of song, which the world is not sufficiently rich in to willingly let die. The truly-inspired poet, we need hardly add, requires no artificial preparations of congenial ‘atmospheres’ to perfect and pour forth the divine thoughts and harmonies which crowd his brain, inflame his blood, and stir his heart. He sings because it is a vital condition of his life that he should do so. The thoughts of Burns kindled into glorious song as he followed his plough along the level field or mountain-side. The ‘Mary in Heaven’ welled up from his throbbing heart as the sudden inrush of tumultuous memories brought back the image of the loved and lost, and came forth with stifling sobs and blinding tears of passionate regret and tenderness; and as the Poet of all Time lay dreaming in his youth by the silver Avon, the immortal creations with which he has peopled the world, thronged dimly in his brain, with a confused murmur of the sorrows, the remorse, the griefs, the agonies, the mirth, the wit, the joys, the tears, the love, afterwards incarnated and winged forth from amid the din and drudgery of a play-house. Who can read the account of Moore’s painful three years’ incubation at Mayfield Cottage—which we have given nearly in his own words—and for another moment believe in his poetic inspiration? Fancy a really inspired man, possessed of the necessary faculty of verse, coming forth, after brooding for that long period over his work, and presenting to the world a pretty, perfumed, spangled lay-figure like ‘Lalla Rookh,’ as a true, living creation, radiant with the light and vital with the breath of poetry!

With respect to the somewhat objectionable character of Moore’s earlier productions, much excuse is to be found in the heartless, soulless, meretricious, withered state of society—not in which he was born, that was sound and healthy, if somewhat perverse, but in which he chiefly passed his youth and prime of manhood. The debased and debasing tone of ‘good’ Irish society, at a time when such men as Toler and others of the same stamp could rise by dint of unblushing subserviency and hair-trigger

pistols to the highest and most dignified offices in the state, and when corruption in its unveiled loathsomeness was the admitted principle of government, can only be truly estimated by those who, for their sins doubtless, have been compelled to rake in the private histories of that altogether disreputable period. This fetid atmosphere necessarily affected the imitative and impressionable genius of Moore, and his Juvenile Songs may be said to have been but a reflex—a refined one too—of the reckless, debauched, bacchanalian, sensuous tone of sentiment and manners then so fatally prevalent. The air of the regent's court was scarcely healthier or more purifying; and exposed to such influences—poor, and ambitious of applause, intoxicated by the smiles of exclusive fashionable circles, in which he was not indeed born, but which gradually became a necessity of his existence, and whose continued favour could only be purchased by ministering to their tastes—Moore, under such circumstances, should be forgiven much. As public sentiment acquired a healthier tone, so did his writings; and his last considerable effort, 'The Epicurean,' is as distinguished for the reticence of its language and the purity of its sentiment as for the absence of the fanciful genius which threw a glittering veil over the productions of his earlier life. This excusatory suggestion has been forestalled by Moore himself, and is well expressed in the following verse of one of his songs:—

‘Oh blame not the Bard if he fly to the bowers,
Where Pleasure lies carelessly smiling at Fame:
He was born for much more, and in happier hours
His soul might have burned with a holier flame!’

We very heartily believe it; and in estimating frailties of this nature, so powerfully influenced by the strong god Circumstance, we should do well, whilst reading Moore's somewhat boastful excuse, to bear also in mind the words of a far greater man—

‘What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted.’

Turning from Moore the poet to Moore the politician, there is not much to remark upon; neither certainly is there place for two opinions. Moore wrote politics at times—pointed, bitter, rankling politics—but he was really at heart no politician. There was no earnestness in what he did in this way, and it was early and abundantly evident from his alternate eulogies and vituperation of democratic institutions, that he had no firmly-based convictions. His love for Ireland was a sentiment only: it never rose to the dignity of a passion. Not one of his patriotic songs breathes the fiery energy, the martyr zeal, the heroic hate and love, which pulsate in the veins of men who ardently sympathise with a people really oppressed, or presumed to be so. But let us hasten to say, that if there was little of the hero or martyr, there was nothing of the renegade or traitor about Thomas Moore. The pension of three hundred a year obtained for him of the crown by his influential friends was not the reward of baseness or of political tergiversation. It was the prize and reward of his eminence as a writer, and his varied social accomplishments. If he did not feel strongly, he at all events felt honestly; and although he had no mission to evoke the lightning of the national spirit, and hurl its consuming fire at the men

who, had they possessed the power, would have riveted the bondage of his people, he could and did soothe their angry paroxysms with lulling words of praise and hope, and, transforming their terribly real, physical, and moral griefs and ills into picturesque and sentimental sorrows, awakened a languid admiration, and a passing sympathy for a nation which could boast such beautiful music, and whose woes were so agreeably, so charmingly sung. Liberal opinions Moore supported by tongue and pen, but then they were fashionable within a sufficiently-extensive circle of notabilities, and had nothing of the coarseness and downrightness of vulgar Radicalism about them. The political idiosyncrasy of Moore is developed in the same essential aspect in his memoir of Lord Edward Fitzgerald as in his national songs. There is nothing impassioned, nothing which hurries the pulse or kindles the eye—but a graceful regret, a carefully-guarded appreciation of the acts and motives of that unfortunate and misguided nobleman run throughout. Moore was what men call a fair-weather politician—which means, not that storms do not frequently surround them but that by a prudent forethought, a happy avoidance of prematurely committing themselves, they contrive to make fair weather for themselves, however dark and tempestuous may be the time to other and less sagacious men, and who, when their sun does at last shine, come out with extreme effulgence and brilliancy. Moore, therefore, as a politician, was quite unexceptionable, though not eminent. He was at once a pensioned and unpurchased, and, we verily believe, unpurchasable partisan; an honest, sincere, and very mild patriot; a faithful, and at the same time prudent and circumspect lover of his country, its people, and its faith. There are very high-sounding names in the list of political celebrities, of whom it would be well if such real though not highly-flattering praise could be truly spoken.

Moore's prose works require but little notice at our hands beyond that incidentally bestowed upon them in our passage through his works. None of them that we are acquainted with add at all to the reputation for genius acquired by his poetry. The flow and rhyme of verse are indispensable to carry the reader through stories without probability or interest, and to render men and women, not only without originality—that frequently happens—but destitute of individualism, decently tolerable. We are ignorant of the contributions to the 'Edinburgh Review;' but they could scarcely have much enhanced the power and attractiveness of a periodical which in his time numbered amongst its contributors such names as Jeffrey, Brougham, Sidney Smith, Hallam, Macaulay, and others of that mint and standard. Moore is assigned by his friends a high rank amongst the defenders or apologists of the Church of Rome; and we believe his 'Travels,' like Cobbett's 'Reformation,' have been translated by papal authority and command into most of the languages of Europe. Of his merits in this department of literature, which is quite out of our way, we do not presume to offer an opinion. His book unquestionably displays a vast deal of research and learning; but whether it is so entirely perverse as its adversaries contend, or so pre-eminently irrefragable and convincing as its admirers assert, we really cannot say.

It is, after all, in the home-life of individuals that their true character must be read and studied. The poet and the politician—the latter more

especially—dwell, as regards their vocations, apart from the household tests which really measure the worth, the truth, the kindliness of individual men and women. Moore, we are pleased to be able to repeat, as a son, a husband, a father, a friend and neighbour, bore, and deservedly, the highest character. His domestic affections were ardent, tender, and sincere, and the brilliant accomplishments which caused his society to be courted by the great ones of the world shed its genial charm over the quiet fireside at which sat his wife, and in whose light and warmth the children whose loss have bowed him to the grave grew up only to bloom and perish. There have been much greater poets, more self-sacrificing, though perhaps no more sincere lovers of their country; but in the intimate relations of domestic life, and the discharge of its common, every-day, but sacred obligations, there are few men who have borne a more unspotted and deservedly-high reputation than Thomas Moore.

One word as to the music—the airs of the melodies. They were for the most part, it is well known, arranged, and the accompaniments generally written, by Sir John Stevenson. The changes in the melody which not unfrequently occur, whether hurtfully or otherwise individual taste must determine, were, Moore himself emphatically assures us, invariably his own.



WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THIS poet, whose works now occupy so large a space in English literature, was born at Cockermouth in Cumberland, in April 1770. His father was law-agent to the Earl of Lonsdale, and that noble family in after years always kept a kindly watch over the welfare of the son. One of his brothers, Christopher, was afterwards well known as Dr Wordsworth, the master of Trinity College. The poet dedicated the 'Sonnets to the Duddon' to him, and at his death committed to his son the preparation of his biography. Another brother was commander of the *Abergavenny* East Indiaman, and perished in that ill-fated vessel. He seems to have been a man of susceptible temperament, and of a gentle and affectionate disposition, and his untimely fate was among the heaviest blows William ever experienced. His sister Emmeline was the constant companion of the poet down to the day of her death, and has left one or two of her poetical effusions mingled among his. She was a woman of exquisite sensibility, and of pure and well-stored mind, and was a great favourite not only with her brother, who has commemorated her in numerous beautiful pieces, but of all with whom she came in contact. Coleridge, one of the finest judges of female character, was charmed with her, and has left in one of his letters a delightful sketch of her manners and appearance. Wordsworth seems to have considered the domestic hearth too sacred for defined portraiture, and he has left no picture of his father, and, except in the 'Prelude,' only a single one of his mother. It depicts her watching him with fluttering heart, as he appeared before the vicar with his companions—

‘A trembling, earnest company.’

‘How fluttered then thy anxious heart for me,
Beloved mother! Thou whose happy hand
Had bound the flowers I wore with faithful tie:
Sweet flowers, at whose inaudible command
Her countenance, phantom-like, doth reappear;
Oh lost too early for the frequent tear,
And ill-requited by this heartfelt sigh.’

It was into the bosom of this cultivated English family that the old English spirit chose to descend in one of its noblest and purest forms.

In due time the young poet was sent to Hawkeshead Grammar School, which was then under the mastership of a relative. We have few notices

of his schoolboy life, but it is stated that he prosecuted with great zeal the study of the classics; and there can be no doubt, from such poems as 'Dion' and 'Laodamia,' that the stately and sculptural spirit of the highest classic poetry must have entered into and become a part of his very being. It is not unlikely that this would combine, with his passionate devotion to nature, to heighten his radical disinclination to join in the every-day occupations and sympathise with the ordinary interests of the world. If there be no high moral law by which a great poet is produced in immediate contact with the scenes most fitted to develop his peculiar genius—a law in no degree more inconceivable than that by which the camel is located among the sands of Arabia—it was, at all events, a happy accident which cast Wordsworth's lot among the lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland. That whole district may be said to stand single in the world, and to have in the peculiar character of its beauty no parallel elsewhere. It is in the concentration of every variety of loveliness into a compass which in extent does not greatly tax the powers of the pedestrian, that it fairly defies rivalry, and affords the richest pabulum to the poetical faculty. There every form of mountain, rock, lake, stream, wood, and plain, from the conformation of the country, is crowded with the most prodigal abundance into a few square miles. Coleridge characterises it as a 'cabinet of beauties.' 'Each thing,' says he, 'is beautiful in itself; and the very passage from one lake, mountain, or valley to another is itself a beautiful thing again.' Wordsworth, in his own 'Description of the Country of the Lakes,' dwells with the zest and minuteness of idolatry upon every feature of that treasury of landscape. The idea he gives of the locality is very perfect and graphic. If the tourist were seated on a cloud midway between Great Gavel and Scafell, and only a few yards above their highest elevation, he would look down to the westward on no fewer than nine different valleys, diverging away from that point, like spokes from the nave of a wheel, towards the vast rim formed by the sands of the Irish Sea. These vales—Langdale, Conistone, Duddon, Eskdale, Wastdale, Ennerdale, Buttermere, Borrowdale, and Keswick—are of every variety of character; some with, and some without lakes; some richly fertile, and some awfully desolate. Shifting from the cloud, if the tourist were to fly a few miles eastward, to the ridge of old Helvellyn, he would find the wheel completed by the vales of Wytheburn, Ulswater, Hawswater, Grasmere, Rydal, and Ambleside, which bring the eye round again to Winandermere, in the vale of Langdale, from which it set out. From the sea or plain country all round the circumference of this fairy-land, along the gradually-swelling uplands, to the mighty mountains that group themselves in the centre, the infinite varieties of view may be imagined—varieties made still more luxuriant by the different position of each valley towards the rising or setting sun. Thus a spectator in the vale of Winandermere will in summer see its golden orb going down over the mountains, while the spectator in Keswick will at the same moment mark it diffusing its glories over the low grounds. In this delicious land, dyed in a splendour of ever-shifting colours, the old customs and manners of England still lingered in the youth of Wordsworth, and took a firm hold of his heart, modifying all his habits and opinions. Though a deluge of strangers had begun to set in towards this retreat, and even the spirit of the factory threatened

to invade it, still the dalesmen were impressed with that character of steadiness, repose, and rustic dignity, which has always possessed irresistible charms for the poet. Their cottages, which, from the numerous irregular additions made to them, seemed rather to have grown than to have been built, were covered over with lichens and mosses, and blended insensibly into the landscape, as if they were not human creations, but constituent parts of its own loveliness. In this old English Eden, all his schoolboy days, Wordsworth wandered restlessly, drawn hither and thither by his irresistible passion for nature, and receiving into his soul those remarkable photographs which were afterwards to delight his countrymen. There can be no doubt that the charms of this lake scenery added still more strength to the poet's peculiar tendencies, and developed a conservative sentiment, which, though temporarily overcome, afterwards reared itself up in haughtier majesty than before. The poet was naturally led to indulge much in out-of-door wanderings and pastimes, such as skating, of which he has left a picture unapproachable in its vividness and precision.

Considering the effect of Wordsworth's subsequent theories upon his style, it is remarkable how pure, unaffected, and dignified it was at this time. Indeed, so far as style is concerned, he never, even in the vigour of manhood, excelled his juvenile productions. In 1786 he wrote some verses in anticipation of leaving school, which are chaste and sweet. Thus, in illustration of the idea, that wherever he might be, he would ever turn his look backward to his native regions—he says—

‘Thus from the precincts of the west
The sun, while sinking down to rest,
Though his departing radiance fail
To illuminate the hollow vale,
A lingering lustre fondly throws
On the dear mountain-tops where first he rose.’

Among his sonnets there is one written in very early youth, which is remarkable for precocious maturity of diction :—

‘Calm is all nature as a resting wheel :
The kine are couched upon the dewy grass ;
The horse alone, seen dimly as I pass,
Is cropping audibly his later meal :
Dark is the ground ; a slumber seems to steal
O'er vale and mountain and the starless sky.
Now in this blank of things a harmony,
Home-felt and home-created, comes to heal
That grief for which the senses still supply
Fresh food, for only then when memory
Is hushed am I at rest. My Friends ! restrain
Those busy cares that would allay my pain ;
Oh leave me to myself, nor let me feel
The officious touch that makes me droop again !’

In the year 1789, also, two small pieces were produced which in simplicity and melody he never afterwards surpassed. The one is that beginning—

‘Glide gently, thus for ever glide,’

which has been always much admired ; the other is brief enough for

quotation. It is entitled, 'Lines Written while Sailing in a Boat at Evening'—

'How richly glows the water's breast
Before us, tinged with evening hues,
While, facing thus the crimson west,
The boat her silent course pursues!
And see how dark the backward stream!
A little moment past so smiling;
And still perhaps with faithless gleam
Some other loiterers beguiling.

Such views the youthful bard allure;
But heedless of the following gloom,
He deems their colours shall endure
Till peace go with him to the tomb.
And let him nurse his fond deceit;
And what if he must die in sorrow?
Who would not cherish dreams so sweet,
Though grief and pain may come to-morrow?'

In 1787 Wordsworth went to Cambridge, but at every convenient opportunity he seems to have made his escape, and pedestrianised among his beloved lakes and mountains. Even at this early date he had fixed on Grasmere as his future place of abode. In the 'Evening Walk,' which he was engaged in composing during this and the two following years, and which consisted of a series of very striking pictures of the Lake country, he thus alludes to this darling object of his life:—

'Even now hope decks for me a distant scene
(For dark and broad the gulf of time between),
Gilding that cottage with her fairest ray
(Sole bourne, sole wish, sole object of my way;
How fair its lawns and sheltering woods appear!
How sweet its streamlet murmurs in mine ear!)
Where we, my friend, to happy days shall rise,
Till our small share of hardly-paining sighs
(For sighs will ever trouble human breath)
Creep hushed into the tranquil breast of death.'

He varied these trips by a tour among the magnificent mountains of Wales with Mr Jones, afterwards a clergyman of the Church of England; and in 1790 the two made a pedestrian journey through France and Switzerland to the north of Italy. The 'Descriptive Sketches' arose out of this ramble. It is strikingly illustrative of the effect of the first French Revolution on the European mind, that even the inflexible intellect of Wordsworth was carried away in the general whirl. Indeed he seems at this time to have been subject to a subdued melancholy, or even misanthropy, in looking on the ordinary ways of men, and particularly of politicians. The uprising of the French stirred his blood like 'the sound of a trumpet;' and in common with all the young and ardent spirits of the time, he looked for the advent of a new and more blessed era. He seems by the tone of his 'Sketches' to have thought with Rousseau, that the 'state of nature' is the condition most favourable to virtue and dignity; and with Shelley, that it is the rulers of the world who 'blast the human flower in its bud.' Southey and Coleridge, no less eagerly than Byron, were gazing across the Channel on the great drama enacting before the eyes of an excited world; while Wordsworth, strange to say, more impetuous than any of them, placed his knap-

sack on his back, and with staff in his hand, set out on his pilgrimage to the promised land. All France was in a delirium of enthusiasm: everywhere the rattle of arms and the flapping of the tri-coloured banner. Every warlike sound was music to Wordsworth's ear as he plodded along the endless avenues of elms. To him it seemed that

‘From every cot the watchful bird
Crowed with ear-piercing power till then unheard.’

The following prayer shows how deeply the youthful poet had imbibed the revolutionary infection:—

‘Grant that every sceptred child of clay
Who cries, presumptuous, “Here the flood shall stay!”
May in its progress see thy guiding hand,
And cease the acknowledged purpose to withstand;
Or swept in anger from the insulted shore,
Sink with his servile bands to rise no more.’

In this wild exaltation of feeling he ascended among the mists and cata-racts of the Swiss mountains; and the style and language in which he has embodied his recollections are totally unlike those usual to him, and sometimes remind one of flames crackling and forcing upward through the narrow crater of a volcano. Still, however, his exquisite poetical taste enabled him to extract from his tour more pleasure than is possible to the ordinary pedestrian. He has recorded his experiences and ideas of such perambulations in lines which ought to be learned by rote, as the poetic manual of all travellers on foot. These and future excursions must at that time have cost money; and from a sonnet composed in gratitude to Raisley Calvert, we are led to believe that he was considerably indebted to that gentleman for at least a part of his power to rove wherever fancy carried him.

Thus between desultory study and perpetual wandering his college time was spent. He has himself recorded in his posthumous work the ‘Prelude’ the development of his mind at Cambridge, so far as it was possible to do so with accuracy, looking back from a more mature period of life. In his first session he seems to have given himself up with all the zest of a novice to the boatings, the drivings, the fêtes, and the frivolities that enlivened the banks of the Cam. These unusual gaieties relaxed to some extent the tone of his imagination; and even the delight he felt on first revisiting the scenes of his boyhood scarcely reawakened the poesy within him. But the old familiar objects, and the impressive changes that had passed during his brief absence over many dear friends among the mountains, tended to solemnise his thoughts; and when he returned to the university, it was with a deeper love towards the spiritual world of books. His studies, however, do not appear to have been pursued on any rigid system. He affected, as his inclinations led him, occasionally the classics, and occasionally the abstract sciences; and even in his riper years he felt it difficult to determine whether this careless roving of the intellect tended more to strengthen or to debilitate.

In 1793 he graduated, and published his first poetical venture, ‘The Evening Walk,’ and ‘Descriptive Sketches,’ already referred to. These works contained no trace whatever of any tendency to that theory which after-

wards led him to adopt a style sometimes bordering on the mean. On the contrary, the style was remarkably dignified and forcible, the faults being too much luxuriance and splendour rather than meagreness and vulgarity. The matter consisted merely of descriptions of scenery, intermingled with a few pensive reflections, and some crude and juvenile theories, if they merit so dignified a title, of man and the world. The best criticism on these pieces in the smallest compass is by Samuel Taylor Coleridge. That extraordinary man laid his hands on them in 1794, while spending his last session at Cambridge, and at once discovered the indisputable marks of an original poetic genius. 'There is,' says he in his 'Biographia,' 'a harshness and acerbity connected and combined with words and images all aglow which might recall those products of the vegetable world where gorgeous blossoms rise out of a hard and thorny rind or shell, within which the rich fruit is elaborating. The language is not only peculiar and strong, but at times knotty and contorted, as by its own impatient strength; while the novelty and struggling crowd of images, acting in conjunction with the difficulties of the style, demand always a greater attention than poetry, at all events than descriptive poetry, has a right to claim.' A few lines will exemplify the golden splendour of the diction, and prove that their writer did not adopt the meagre phraseology of one or two of the lyrical ballads from poverty of fancy:—

'Here half a village shines in gold arrayed,
Bright as the moon; half hides itself in shade;
While, from amid the darkened roofs, the spire,
Restlessly flashing, seems to mount like fire:
There, all unshaded, blazing forests throw
Rich golden verdure on the lake below.
Slow glides the sail along the illumined shore,
And steals into the shade the lazy oar;
Soft bosoms breathe around contagious sighs,
And amorous music on the waters dies.'

After leaving the university, Wordsworth, who was uneasy about his future lot, planted himself down in the midst of the metropolis. He had often heard of it in his schoolboy days as of some city paved with gold, and peopled with princes. Even now he plunged amid its crowds with the eagerness and delight of a child. He rushed to every sight, and frequented every spectacle and every place of public resort. His imagination was deeply impressed with London; and he found an unlimited field of thought in its endless variety of character. It is curious how little its wonders permanently affected or modified his mind, and how few contributions to his poesy appear to be drawn from this era in his activity. Perhaps this may be partly explained by the fact, that his whole soul was now riveted on the scenes that were rapidly succeeding each other on the other side of the Straits—the drama of France was fast rising into breathless interest. The Royalist legions were mustering in masses on the far bank of the Rhine, and the fate of the new-born Liberty trembled in the balance. The suspense was too great for the poet. He could not breathe in England. Its atmosphere was too stagnant for his wild hopes, and he hurried across the strip of water that severed him from the Revolution. He fixed his abode on the banks of the Loire, where he resided for two successive winters. During all this time he was lapped in a delicious day-dream.

He believed that the old world was passing away, and that all things were to become new. His unsuspecting faith is affecting even in the mere faint description of it given by himself when its ardour had passed away before the stern realities of the world. He principally associated with some Royalist officers, and was favoured with their confidences. But he only smiled at their menaces and their prayers for the destruction of the patriots. All Wordsworth's sympathies were with the latter; and one military man, a patriot, of whom he has left a charming picture, was frequently the companion of his walks. The delighted pair talked in rapt language of the millennium that was approaching. One day they met a poor half-starved and half-naked girl; the patriot pointed to the sad object, and said it was *their* mission to banish such spectacles. Wordsworth believed it, and his heart warmed. The old and new systems were now in the death-grapple. The crisis speedily came. The Royalists were driven over the frontier. The imprisonment of the king and the September massacres followed. Wordsworth hurried up to Paris while the blood of the unhappy victims was scarcely yet dried upon the streets. He had never anticipated such libations to freedom. His mind was at this period wrought up to a kind of half frenzy. He listened to all the street orators as well as to the orators of the legislation. He saw what kind of men were at the head of affairs, and divined too truly what was to come. He felt in his solitary attic as if the air of Paris was too stifling for him to breathe. Yet he never once faltered in his republican faith; and he has himself solemnly left it on record, that if he had had even ordinary qualifications as an orator, or as a political writer, he would have plunged at once into the heat of the struggle as the enemy of the faction of Robespierre, and probably have perished obscurely in that terrible convulsion. Fortunately, it was otherwise ordained; and the poet fled from the blood-stained soil of France back to his own country. He did not, however, abandon one jot of his creed. The Girondins perished; things went into utter confusion; horror followed horror, yet still Wordsworth, afterwards so conservative, clung with undiminished fervour to the fortunes of the republic. The intervention of Great Britain filled him with abhorrence. He retired more deeply into his inner speculations, and fell into a state of utter doubt, in which the best-established maxims and doctrines were subjected to a merciless scrutiny. This painful condition proved very prejudicial to his higher poetical powers; and it was long till the conversation of his sister, and communion with his beloved nature, produced a renovating process of reaction in his spiritual frame. He then turned himself from his excited dreams to investigate the heart of man, and examine what true hope it might afford him of a more glorious future, and thus gradually attained that firm faith in mankind, and in the progress of the people, to which he may be said, through his posthumous publications, to give melodious utterance from the sepulchre. This whole episode in Wordsworth's inward history is worthy of attention, both morally and psychologically. Coleridge's Gallomania had subsided before 1793; Wordsworth's lasted for some years afterwards. Indeed his mind appears, if we are to trust his 'Prelude,' to have been in a continual mood of gloomy discontent with established institutions:—

—— ‘I rejoiced,
 Yea afterwards—truth most painful to record!—
 Exulted in the triumph of my soul,
 When Englishmen by thousands were o’erthrown,
 Left without glory in the field, or driven,
 Brave hearts, to shameful flight. It was a grief—
 Grief call it not, ’twas anything but that—
 A conflict of sensations without name,
 Of which he only, who may love the sight
 Of a village steeple as I do, can judge,
 When in the congregation bending all
 To their great Father, prayers were offered up,
 Or praises for our country’s victories;
 And ’mid the simple worshippers, perchance
 I only, like an uninvited guest,
 Whom no one owned, sat silent—shall I add?
 Fed on the day of vengeance yet to come.’

But his somewhat scholarly distrust and dislike of the current ways of the world were perhaps the very influences that turned his hopes to the abnormal force of the Revolution, and the spectacle of its miserable results must in time have tended to confirm this distrust and dislike beyond the possibility of eradication. By and by he emerged the constant advocate of a strong government, which should rigidly administer the institutions matured in a long course of ages, and only suffer them to be altered slowly and gradually according to the dictates of experience.

In 1794 the step was taken by which those remarkable men, afterwards known in popular parlance as the Lakers, were brought into contiguity. In that year Coleridge, Southey, Robert Lovell, and George Burnet, came down to Bristol, as the most convenient port from which they could embark for the wild banks of the Susquehanna. On that remote river they were to found a Platonic Republic, where everything was to be in common, and from which vice and selfishness were to be for ever excluded. These ardent and intellectual adventurers had made elaborate calculations how long it would take them to procure the necessaries of life and to build their barns, and how they should spend their leisure in what Coleridge sung as

‘Freedom’s undivided dell,
 Where toil and health with mellowed love shall dwell;
 Far from folly, far from men,
 In the rude romantic glen.’

Yet, it is supposed, they knew nothing of the Susquehanna more than of any other American river, except that its name was musical and sonorous; and far from having anything wherewith to convey themselves and their movables across the Atlantic, they had to borrow five pounds to make up their lodging bill. This sum was advanced them with unalloyed pleasure by Mr Cottle, a bookseller in the town, a benevolent and worthy man, who seems almost to have been located there for no other purpose than to introduce the three chief Lake Poets to the world.

The bubble of the Susquehanna, or, as it was called, Pantisocracy, was exploded by Southey, Coleridge, and Lovell all getting into the bonds of matrimony, which have a miraculous virtue in testing the solidity of schemes of life. They married three sisters of the name of Fricker. It was the perpetual restlessness of Coleridge which first brought him and his com-

panions into contact with Wordsworth. The former wonderful man, in capabilities perhaps the mightiest of that illustrious group, and in his mental constitution one of the most puzzling psychological phenomena which human nature has ever presented, was the originator of the Pantisocratic proposal. He was of luxurious imagination, deep emotiveness, various learning, and an exquisite nervous susceptibility. In 1795 he was making excursions through the lovely and tranquil scenery of Somersetshire, when he became acquainted with a most excellent man, Mr Poole, resident in the quiet village of Stowey. On his return to Bristol, where he got married, he still exhibited his usual uneasiness. First he removed to his immortal rose-bound cottage at Clevedon, then back to the pent-up houses of Redcliff Hill, and from these again to the more open situation of Kingsdown. Nothing would then satisfy him but he must set up a political serial, to be called 'The Watchman;' and his own sketches of his travelling canvass for that periodical might take rank with some chapters of Quixote. Take, for instance, this picture of a great patriot at Birmingham, to whom he applied for his magnificent patronage:—He was 'a rigid Calvinist, a tallow-chandler by trade. He was a tall, dingy man, in whom length was so predominant over breadth, that he might almost have been borrowed as a foundry poker! Oh that face!—a face *κατ' ἐμ φασιν*! I have it before me at this moment. The lank, black, twine-like hair, pinguinatescent, cut in a straight line along the black stubble of his thin, gunpowder eyebrows, that looked like a scorched aftermath from a last week's shaving. His coat-collar behind, in perfect unison, both of colour and lustre, with the coarse yet glib cordage which I suppose he called his hair, and which, with a bend inward at the nape of the neck—the only approach to flexure in his whole figure—slunk in behind his waistcoat; while the countenance—lank, dark, very hard, and with strong perpendicular furrows—gave me a dim notion of some one looking at me through a used gridiron, all soot, grease, and iron.' This thoroughbred lover of liberty, who had proved that Mr Pitt was one of the horns of the second beast in the *Revelations* that spake as a dragon, nevertheless declined to take 'The Watchman;' and in short, after a disastrous career, that serial died a natural death. The disappointed editor took refuge for a brief season with Mr Poole at Stowey, and there, for the first time, he met Wordsworth, who then resided about twenty miles off, at Racedown in Dorsetshire. He afterwards went on a visit, for a few days, to Wordsworth's mansion. Coleridge was at that time busy with a tragedy, and his host was in the very heat of a similar effort. Wordsworth submitted his to his guest, who in a letter to Cottle pronounced it 'absolutely wonderful.' 'I speak,' said Coleridge, 'with absolute sincerity, and I think unblinded judgment, when I tell you that I feel myself a little man by his side, and yet I do not think myself a less man than I formerly thought myself.' Coleridge procured an introduction for his friend's tragedy to Harris, the manager of Covent Garden, who pledged himself without delay to decide on its fate; but as it does not appear what followed, it is probable that this potentate, as usual, gave himself little farther trouble on the subject. Indeed it is not likely that a drama by a man so stately and unimpassioned as Wordsworth would be found adapted to the meridian of the stage. But it is curious that many great geniuses have in early youth aimed at this distinction.

The list includes writers as far removed from each other, in the character of their minds, as Plato and Béranger.

Coleridge returned for a short time to Bristol, but in January 1797 he removed to Stowey, where he rented a small cottage. This must have been a pleasant episode in the lives of the gifted individuals whom it brought together in that sweet village. Wordsworth, who was now twenty-seven, had come with his sister to Allfoxden, which was within two miles of Stowey. Charles Lloyd, a young man of most sensitive and graceful mind, and of great poetical susceptibility, resided in family with Coleridge. Charles Lamb, then in the spring-time of his life, was also a frequent inmate; and often afterwards, under the cloud which lowered over his noble devotedness in London, his fancy wandered back to that happy valley. Why, says he to Charles Lloyd, who unexpectedly looked in upon him in the great Babylon—

‘Why seeks my Lloyd the stranger out?
What offering can the stranger bring
Of social scenes, homebred delights,
That him in aught compensate may
For Stowey’s pleasant winter-nights,
For loves and friendships far away?’

The Pantisocratist, George Burnet, was also a visitor. Mrs Coleridge herself had a poetical taste, and there is one very graceful piece of hers written on the receipt of a thimble from her kind friend Mr Cottle. Just such a thimble, sings Sarah Coleridge—

‘Just such a one, *mon cher ami*
(The finger-shield of industry),
The inventive gods, I deem, to Pallas gave,
What time the vain Arachne, madly brave,
Challenged the blue-eyed virgin of the sky
A duel in embroidered work to try.
And hence the thimble’d finger of grave Pallas
To the erring needle’s point was more than callous.
But, ah! the poor Arachne! she, unarmed,
Blundering through hasty eagerness, alarmed
With all a rival’s hopes, a mortal’s fears,
Still missed the stitch, and stained the web with tears.’

Hartley Coleridge, the ærial child who awakened the fears and sympathies of Wordsworth, was a fine boy, rejoicing his parents’ hearts; and the happy pair had cut a road into their neighbours’ orchards, that they might pass to their firesides under arches of blossoms, and with a speed suiting their affections. Alas! that sweet Stowey. Cottle, in his old age, has painted one or two pictures of it and of its gifted habitants, now in their graves, that go to the heart. Take the scene with Coleridge in the jasmine arbour, where the tripod table was laden with delicious bread and cheese, and a mug of the true brown Taunton ale. ‘While the dappled sunbeams,’ says the old man calling up kindly memories, ‘played on our table through the umbrageous canopy, the very birds seemed to participate in our felicities, and poured forth their selectest anthems. As we sat in our sylvan hall of splendour, a company of the happiest mortals, the bright blue heavens, the sporting insects, the balmy zephyrs, the feathered choristers, the sympathy of friends, all augmented the pleasurable to the highest

point this side the celestial. . . . While thus elevated in the universal current of our feelings, Mrs Coleridge approached with her fine Hartley; we all smiled, but the father's eye beamed transcendental joy. But all things have an end! Yet pleasant it is for memory to treasure up in her choicest depository a few such scenes (those sunny spots in existence), on which the spirit may repose when the rough adverse winds shake and disfigure all besides.' Or take the more lively visit to Allfoxden on Wordsworth's invitation. Away they all went from Stowey; the poet and Emmeline, Coleridge and Cottle. They were to dine on philosopher's fare—a bottle of brandy, a loaf, a piece of cheese, and fresh lettuces from Wordsworth's garden. The first mishap was the theftuous abstraction of the cheese; and, on the back of it, Coleridge, in the very act of praising the brandy as a substitute, upset the bottle, and knocked it to pieces. Then all tried to take off the harness from the horse. Cottle tried it, then the bard of Rydal; but in vain. Coleridge, who had served his apprenticeship as Silas Comberbatch in the cavalry, then twisted the poor animal's neck almost to strangulation; but was at last compelled to pronounce that the horse's head must have grown since the collar was put on! It was useless, said he, to try to force so huge an *os frontis* through so narrow a collar. All had given up, when lo! the servant-girl turned the collar upside down, and slipped it off in an instant, to the inconceivable wonder and humiliation of the poets, who proceeded to solace themselves with the brown bread, the lettuces, and a jug of sparkling water. Who, knowing the subsequent fates of the tenants of Stowey, would not love to dwell on these delightful pictures of their better days?

It must not be supposed, however, that the tempter never entered into this Eden; but when he did so, it was generally through the mischief-making pranks of Coleridge, who constantly kept his friends in hot water. He and Lamb had just published a joint volume of poems, and Coleridge could not refrain from satirising and parodying their offspring in the newspapers. Take this epigram as a specimen:—

‘TO THE AUTHOR OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.

Your poem must eternal be—
Dear Sir, it cannot fail;
For 'tis incomprehensible,
And without head or tail.’

Of course nobody could suspect Coleridge of this; and indeed, to his infinite amusement, a vain fellow affected to hesitate about being introduced to him, on the ground that he had mortally injured him by the writing of this very epigram! But Lamb could not fail to observe the doings of the poet-metaphysician more closely, and the result was a quarrel, which induced that ‘gentle creature’ to send him an unnaturally bitter series of theological questions, such as—‘Whether the vision beatific be anything more or less than a perpetual representment, to each individual angel, of his own present attainments and future capabilities, somehow in the manner of mortal looking-glasses, reflecting a perpetual complacency and self-satisfaction?’ Troubles from without added to this confusion within. The village wiseacres, to whom the habits of Wordsworth and his eccentric friend were totally incomprehensible, had decided that they

were terrible scoundrels, who required to be looked after. One sage had seen Wordsworth look strangely at the moon; another had overheard him mutter in some unintelligible and outlandish brogue. Some thought him a conjurer; some a smuggler, from his perpetually haunting the sea-beach; some asserted that he kept a snug private still in his cellar, as they knew by their noses at a hundred yards' distance; while others were convinced that he was 'surely a desperate French Jacobin, for he was so silent and dark that nobody ever heard him say one word about politics.' While the saturnine and stately Wordsworth was thus slanderously assailed, his fluent and witty associate could not expect to escape. One day, accordingly, while on a pedestrian excursion, Coleridge met a woman who, not knowing who he was, abused him to himself in unmeasured Billingsgate for a whole hour, as a vile Jacobin villain, who had misled George Burnet of her parish. 'I listened,' wrote the poet to a friend, 'very particularly, appearing to approve all she said, exclaiming, "Dear me!" two or three times; and, in fine, so completely won her heart by my civilities, that I had not courage enough to deceive her.' This is all very ludicrous and amusing now; but at the time its effect was such, that the person who had the letting of Allfoxden House refused point-blank to relet it to Wordsworth. This was of course a great vexation to Poole and Coleridge, who set about trying to procure another house in the vicinity.

But the two bards were not a subject of jealousy and suspicion to the ignorant peasantry alone. A country gentleman of the locality became so alarmed, that he called in the aid of that tremendous abstraction—the state; and a spy was sent down from headquarters, and lodged in mysterious privacy in Stowey Inn. The poets could never stir out but this gentleman was at their heels, and they scarcely ever had an out-of-door conversation which he did not overhear. He used to hide behind a bank at the seaside, which was a favourite seat of theirs. At that time they used to talk a great deal of Spinosà; and as their confidential attendant had a notable Bardolph nose, he at first took it into his head that they were making light of his importance by nicknaming him 'Spy Nosy;' but was soon convinced that that was the name of a man 'who had made a book, and lived long ago.' On one occasion Bardolph assumed the character of a Jacobin, to draw Coleridge out; but such was the bard's indignant exposure of the Revolutionists, that even the spy felt ashamed that he had put Jacobinism on. Poor Coleridge was so unsuspecting, that he felt happy he had been the means of shaking the convictions of this awful partisan, and doing the unhappy man some good. At last the spy reported favourably, to the great disgust of the rural magnate who had engaged his services, and who now tried to elicit fresh grounds of suspicion from the village innkeeper. But that worthy was obstinate in his belief that it was totally impossible for Coleridge to harangue the inhabitants, as he talked 'real Hebrew-Greek,' which their limited intellects could not understand. This, however, only exasperated his inquisitor, who demanded whether Coleridge had not been seen roving about, taking charts and maps of the district. The poor innkeeper replied, that though he did not wish to say any ill of anybody, yet he must confess he had heard that Coleridge was a poet, and intended to put Quantoock into print. Thus the friends escaped this peril, which was then a formidable one. Coleridge was at the time wandering about

among the romantic coombes of the Quantock Hills, making studies for a poem on the plan afterwards followed out by Wordsworth in his 'Sonnets to the Duddon;' and in the heat of the moment he resolved to dedicate it to Government, as containing the traitorous plans which he was to submit to the French, in order to facilitate their schemes of invasion. 'And these, too,' says he, 'for a tract of coast that from Clevedon to Minehead scarcely permits the approach of a fishing-boat.'

These troubles and vexations did not, however, prevent Wordsworth from prosecuting his poetical undertakings. His industry must have been incessant. At this time 'Peter Bell' was composed, with 'An Adventure on Salisbury Plain,' and many smaller pieces. But it is curious that he appears to have been principally concerned about his tragedy. Coleridge and he had now formed a plan for making a tour to Germany in company, and it was necessary to raise funds. For this purpose they resolved on making a sacrifice of their darling tragedies, and the ever-serviceable Cottle was applied to. Accordingly, in 1798, Coleridge made a formal offer to that benevolent bookseller of these works, and also of a volume of his friend's pieces, to contain 'Salisbury Plain,' 'Tale of a Woman,' a few minor poems and notes. The tragedies extended, along with the stage directions, to 6000 lines, and the price was to be paid down within four months. Cottle offered thirty guineas for each of them, which, however, was not accepted at the time, owing to the hope entertained by the authors that they might yet succeed in getting them brought upon the stage. Wordsworth asked thirty guineas for the volume of poems; but no arrangement was concluded in respect to it.

In the meantime the 'Lyrical Ballads' were fast maturing. The plan had been concocted jointly by the two poets, and a distinct part in its execution had been assigned to each. It had originated in the idea that a series of poems might be composed of two sorts—the one, in which the incidents and agents were to be in part supernatural; the other, in which the subjects were to be chosen from ordinary life. Accordingly, the supernatural and romantic department was assigned to Coleridge, while Wordsworth was 'to give the charm of novelty to things of every day,' and to 'awaken the mind's attention to the lethargy of custom, and direct it to the loveliness and the wonders of the world before us.' This noble task was not so easy then as it is now. A continuous series of poets had concentrated the world's admiration on extravagant and melodramatic characters and plots, and had substituted for the truthfulness of nature and the simplicity of diction requisite for its expression, images drawn from the commonplaces of the poetical treasury, and words and phrases which made up for their inapplicability by a fine sonorousness and by pleasant associations. Cowper and Burns had done much to shake this artificial and ruinous system, but in 1798 it was still rampant in literature. Wordsworth, however, from his haughty and uncordial nature, did not proceed on his delicate duty with tact, but sometimes, instead of pruning the poetic tree, stripped it at once of fruit, flowers, and leaves. For in his anxiety to recommend a dignified simplicity of style and the virtues of lowly life, he occasionally fell into poverty of diction and phrases polluted by mean associations, and delivered philosophic lectures and refined sentiments through characters most unlikely to entertain them. These faults were,

however, merely exceptional, and would have escaped general censure but for an imprudence to be afterwards noticed. Notwithstanding the rich luxuriance of Coleridge's own style, it is not unlikely that he had a considerable share in carrying his friend to these extremes. While at Christ's Hospital he had been rigidly tutored by old Bowyer to cut away all superfluous words, and to reject pompous phrases and metaphors. He recalls that veteran's commands with delightful raciness. '*Lute, harp, and lyre,*' says he, '*Muse, Muses, and inspirations, Pegasus, Parnassus, and Hippocrene,* were all an abomination to him. In fancy I can almost hear him now exclaiming—"Harp? harp? lyre? Pen and ink, boy, you mean! Muse, boy; Muse? Your nurse's daughter, you mean! Pierian spring? Oh ay; the cloister pump, I suppose!"'

At his first interview with Wordsworth, Cottle had heard some of the lyrical poems read, and had earnestly advised their publication, offering for them the same sum he had given to Coleridge and Southey for their works, and stating flatteringly that no provincial bookseller might ever again have the honour of ushering such a trio to renown. Wordsworth, however, strongly objected to publication; but in April 1798 the poet sent for Cottle to hear them recited 'under the old trees in the park.' Coleridge despatched a confirmatory invitation. 'We will procure a horse,' wrote persuasive Samuel Taylor, 'easy as thy own soul, and we will go on a roam to Linton and Limouth, which, if thou comest in May, will be in all their pride of woods and waterfalls, not to speak of its august cliffs, and the green ocean, and the vast Valley of Stones, all which live disdainful of the seasons, or accept new honours only from the winter's snow.' The three friends did go on their romantic excursion, saw sweet Linton and Limouth, and arranged the publication of the first volume of the '*Lyrical Ballads.*' Accordingly it appeared in the summer of that year, and was chiefly composed of Wordsworth's pieces, but contained the '*Ancient Mariner,*' and other poems, by Coleridge.

In September the two authors set off for the continent. Their different temperaments displayed themselves very remarkably on the voyage. The bard of Rydal seems to have kept very quiet; but his mercurial companion, after indulging in most questionable potations with a motley group of eccentric foreigners, got up and danced with them a succession of dances, which, he says, might very appropriately have been termed *reels*. Where Wordsworth was may be conjectured from Coleridge's remark, that those 'who lay below in all the agonies of sea-sickness must have found our Bacchanalian merriment

———"a tune
Harsh and of dissonant mood from their complaint."

One of the party was a Dane, a vain and disgusting coxcomb, whose conversation with Coleridge, whom he first took for a '*Doctor Teology,*' and then for '*un philosophe,*' actually outburlesqued burlesque. The astounded bard for the first time in his life took notes of a dialogue, of which a single sample is enough:—

The Dane. Vat imagination! vat language! vat vast science! vat eyes! vat a milkwhite forehead! Oh my heafen! vy, you're a got!

Answer. You do me too much honour, sir.

The Dane. Oh me, if you should tink I is flattering you! No, no, no. I haf ten tousand a year—yes, ten tousand a year—yes, ten tousand pound a year! Vell, and vat is dhat? Vy, a mere trifle! I 'ouldn't gif my sincere heart for ten times dhe money! Yes, you're a got!—I a mere man! But, my dear friend, dhink of me as a man! Is—is—I mean to ask you now, my dear friend—is I not very eloquent? Is I not speak English very fine?

And so his Daneship, in this extraordinary style, went on fishing for compliments, and asking whether he did not speak just like Plato, and Cato, and Socrates, till he lost all opinion of Coleridge on finding that he was a Christian. The discarded poet then wrapped himself in his great-coat, and looked at the water, covered with foam and stars of flame, while every now and then detachments of it 'darted off from the vessel's side, each with its own small constellation, over the sea, and scoured out of sight like a Tartar troop over a wilderness.' By and by he lay down, and 'looking up at two or three stars, which oscillated with the motion of the sails, fell asleep.'

They landed at Hamburg, on the Elbe Stairs, at the Boom-House. Wordsworth, with a French emigrant, whose acquaintance he had cultivated at sea, went in search of a hotel, and put up at 'Die Wilde Man,' while the other wild man, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, strolled about, amusing himself with looking at the 'Dutch women, with large umbrella hats shooting out half a yard before them, and a prodigal plumpness of petticoat behind,' and many similar striking and unusual spectacles.

In Hamburg the pair were introduced to the brother of the poet Klopstock, and to Professor Ebeling, a lively and intelligent man, but so deaf that they had to 'drop all their pearls into a huge ear-trumpet.' At Mr Klopstock's they saw a bust of the poet, whom they afterwards visited. It had a solemn and heavy greatness in the countenance, which corresponded with the notions entertained by Coleridge of his style and genius, and which were afterwards discovered not to exist in the prototype himself. Coleridge, whose chief object in coming to Germany was to become acquainted with the German language and literature, left Wordsworth in Hamburg, and went to Ratzeburg, where he boarded in the pastor's house. He returned, however, for a few days, to take final leave of his friend, and the two paid a visit to Klopstock together. His house was one of a row of what appeared small summer-houses, with four or five rows of young meagre elms in front, and beyond these a green, bounded by a dead flat. The bard's physiognomy disappointed them as much as his domicile. Coleridge recognised in it no likeness to the bust, and no traces either of sublimity or enthusiasm. Klopstock could only speak French and German, and Coleridge only English and Latin, so that Wordsworth, who was accomplished in French, acted as interpreter. It may here be mentioned that this ignorance of Coleridge's brought upon him a peculiar sort of civility at Ratzeburg. The *amtman* of that place, anxious to be civil, and totally unable to find any medium of communication, every day they met, as the only courtesy he had it in his power to offer, addressed to him the whole stock of English he possessed, which was to this effect:—'ddam your plood unt eyes, my dearest Englander, vhee goes it?' The conversation with Klopstock turned entirely upon English and German

literature, and in the course of it Wordsworth gave ample proofs of his great taste, industry, and information, and even showed that he was better acquainted with the highest German writers than the author of the 'Messiah' himself. On his informing the latter that Coleridge intended to translate some of his odes, the old man said to Coleridge—'I wish you would render into English some select passages of the "Messiah," and *revenge* me of your countrymen.' 'This,' says Coleridge, 'was the liveliest thing he produced in the whole conversation.' That genius was, however, deeply moved, but could not help being disgusted with the venerable bard's snow-white periwig, which felt to his eye what Mr Virgil would have been to his ear. After this Coleridge left Hamburg, and resided four months in Ratzeburg, and five in Gottingen. Wordsworth had two subsequent interviews with Klopstock, and dined with him. He kept notes of these conversations, some of which are given in 'Satyrane's Letters,' in the second volume of the 'Biographia Literaria.' One or two incidents strongly illustrate Wordsworth's peculiar character and poetical taste. He complained, for example, of Lessing making the interest of the 'Oberon' turn upon mere appetite. 'Well, but,' said Klopstock, 'you see that such poems please everybody.' He immediately replied, that 'it was the province of a great poet to raise people up to his own level—not to descend to theirs.' Klopstock afterwards found fault with the Fool in 'Lear,' when Wordsworth observed that 'he gave a terrible wildness to the distress'—a remark which evinced a deep appreciation of that awful drama. Wordsworth subsequently made a short tour, and visited Coleridge at Gottingen on his return.

During their absence their joint venture had fared ill. Some congenial spirits had indeed marked it with prophetic eye. Wilson, then in the heyday of his life, noted the advent of a great poet, and it seemed to him as 'if a new sun had risen on mid-day.' Hannah More also used to express herself strongly on the subject, and made Cottle read over the 'Lyrical Ballads' to her at her mansion of Barleywood. She was much delighted with the universally-decried 'Harry Gill;' and when Cottle came to the words, 'Oh may he never more be warm!' she held up her hands in smiling horror. But the reviews were very severe; and though the mighty organs of criticism had not yet arisen, and their formidable artillery still slept in the arsenal of the future, the volume was almost dead-born. Mr Arch, a London bookseller, to whom the first edition had been sold, made nothing of it. On Coleridge's return to Bristol, he and Cottle went on a visit to Wordsworth, then in the north. At this interview the 'Ballads,' being a sore subject, were only once alluded to by the chief party interested, and that merely to account for their failure, which he attributed partly to the reviews, and partly to the unintelligibility of the 'Ancient Mariner!' On his return Cottle went to London, and sold the copyright of the 'Ballads' to Longman and Rees, who on a subsequent occasion told him that the valuator had estimated it at *nothing*, and at his request gave it back to him. Cottle then presented it to Wordsworth, who has thus reaped all the profits of this part of his works.

Probably this is the fittest place to notice the few love poems of Wordsworth, as most of them bear date in 1799. These refer to a girl whom he denominates Lucy, and speaks of as dead; but whether she was a real or

an imaginary character does not appear. More probably she was real; and his pieces relating to her may be taken as representing the utmost what he was capable of in that department. There are few writers who have depicted female character in all its loveable features more graphically and delicately than Wordsworth, or have more charmingly given utterance to the domestic and family affections. He himself took the stockdove as his emblem. Nay, in one or two pieces he even describes with highly-polished taste, and in rich strains of poetry, the sufferings and the woes of lovers. But even in the most exquisite passages of 'Vaudracour and Julia,' he always appears to describe the passion of love from without, and never to penetrate it from within itself. Indeed he was without strong passions, except his single passion for external nature; and in particular, he was defective in that most dithyrambic of all passions—love; which, during its brief sway in its most exalted phases, suspends calculation, and emerges in the character of the beautiful and winged, but blind child, which the fancy of the ancients has represented. Accordingly, not his power only, but even his taste, abandons him in his attempts to body forth the feeling of love. Thus in one fine lyric, expressly written to commemorate a 'strange fit of passion,' he gives some exquisite pictures of the effects of the moon's apparent motions on a dreamy mind equal to anything in 'Christabel.' He is riding towards Lucy's cot—

'My horse moved on; hoof after hoof
He raised, and never stopped,
When down behind the cottage roof
At once the bright moon dropped.'

But just as he has wrought up the reader to expect a fine development of the superstitious feeling pointed at, he suddenly strikes upon the rock ahead of love, and goes sheer down a thousand fathoms—

'What fond and wayward thoughts will *slide*
Into a lover's head!
"Oh mercy!" to myself I cried—
"If Lucy should be dead!"'

Another love lyric he closes in this way—

'Few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave; and oh,
The difference to me!'

And in another he sings of his dead Lucy as if she had been a fossil in some sepulchral mine—

'No motion has she now, no force;
She neither hears nor sees;
Rolled round in earth's diurnal course,
With rocks, and stones, and trees.'

Indeed where his love verses are most graceful, and even faultlessly beautiful, the rhythm, the cadence, the dying fall, the tremulous tenderness—in short, the spirit and divinity of the passion—are totally wanting. Thus the fine poem—

'They say that men have died for love,'

which in its music and style is perfect, yet seems a succession of conceits, like those of the Italian sonnetteers, rather than the utterance of passion; and this becomes the more manifest on comparing it with the effusions of great and emotive minds. Thus the verse—

‘Thou thrush! that singest loud, and loud, and free,
Into yon row of willows flit,
Upon that alder sit,
Or sing another song, or choose another tree!’

is in itself undoubtedly a fine one, but contains not a trace of that inexpressible plaintiveness which seems to breathe even more from the rhythm than the words of the similar piece in Burns—

‘Oh stay, sweet warbling woodlark, stay!’

which ends—

‘For pity’s sake, sweet bird, nae mair,
Or my poor heart is broken.’

And even the most fiery sparkles of Wordsworth in his fieriest moods pale before the glow of such passages as those of Rousseau in the chamber of Heloise, or Goethe when he depicts his Wilhelm Meister at the door of the youthful actress, while the moon whitened the poplars overhead, and the music of the wandering minstrels came through the silent midnight. The moderns are uniformly inferior to the ancients in everything of the dithyrambic species, amorous or not, and have never reproduced any work analogous to those Grecian religious dithyrambs, where the heat and hurry of the poet melted a score of words into one, which stretched its giant length through half-a-dozen lines. And of all modern poets, Wordsworth is the least successful in this style. Thus his ode to the lark—

‘Up with me—up with me into the clouds’—

is by no means equal to Shelley’s fierce lyric to the same bird—

‘Like a cloud of fire
The blue deep thou wingest—
And singing ever soarest,
And soaring ever singest.’

Nor can it stand comparison with Keats’s wild verses to the nightingale, in which he longs with that melodist

‘To fade away into the forest dim.’

In 1800 we find that Wordsworth, who was doubtless by this time quite cured of his Lucy-mania, had attracted Coleridge down to the Lake country. The latter arrived in Keswick, where he resided for so many years, in July, and so fascinated his landlord, that he at first refused to take any rent, and at last consented to accept about half what he would have got from others. Wordsworth lived twelve miles off; and close at hand was the eccentric Guilfred Lawson—a country knight, who kept wild beasts as playthings, to whom Coleridge in a letter laughingly alludes, mentioning particularly an epistle which that magnate received, ending in a postscript of two lines, coolly asking whether the writer might forward him a buffalo and a rhinoceros. Here Coleridge agreed

to supply Wordsworth with a poem for the second volume of the 'Lyrical Ballads,' to be called 'Christabel;' but notwithstanding solitary walks on the misty mountain-tops, his brain was exhausted by 'Wallenstein,' and was utterly paralysed. At last by chance, when dining out, he got what ordinary men would call drunk; and next day his poetic power returned, and poured forth verses so exuberant and rich, that Wordsworth now declined the contribution both as too long and too good. The 'Lyrical Ballads' were therefore published without the 'Christabel;' and this time they excited even more intense hostility than at first. This was not owing entirely to the causes formerly mentioned, and inherent in the original plan of the work, but more to a preface containing certain canons of poetry which he laid down as the main articles of his poetical creed. The substance of these may be expressed in two or three propositions:—*First*, he purposely chose his incidents and situations from low and rustic life, because in it our elementary feelings coexist in a state of greater simplicity, and consequently may be more accurately contemplated and more forcibly communicated; and in it also the passions of men are incorporated with the beautiful and lasting forms of nature. *Second*, he preferred the language of low and rustic life (purified from what appear to be its real defects, from all lasting and rational causes of disgust), because in that condition men communicate hourly with the best objects from which the best part of language is derived, and convey their notions in simple and unelaborated expressions. And *third*, he asserted that the language of poetry is in noway different, except in respect to metre, from that of good prose. It is needless to enter into an elaborate argument, as Samuel Taylor Coleridge has already done with unsurpassable ability, to expose these principles, and to show that what is new in them is not true, and what is true, not new.

It is probable that Wordsworth did not propound them in the unlimited sense in which they were interpreted by his critics; and in a subsequent edition the preface in which they were contained was removed to a subordinate position. But there can be no doubt that this theory induced him to be needlessly prolix and tedious on feelings and incidents without poetical interest, and occasionally to use mean phrases, and language polluted by undignified, or even disagreeable associations. These were indeed rare and exceptional cases, for his own naturally stately and dignified genius protected him from frequent transgressions. But though a hundred lines deleted might have made all right, the public, who felt outraged by his critical defiance, took these hundred lines as illustrating the predominant character of two volumes of very beautiful and various poetry. The critics rose *en masse* against him. Jeffrey's first assault was in 1802, in a critique on Southey's 'Thalaba,' and was directed against the Lakers as a school. It is amusing to observe his then idea of their characteristics. He charges them in a body with the antisocial principles of Rousseau, his discontent at things as they are, his paradoxical morality, and his hankering after a state of voluptuous virtue and perfection; and endows them with the simplicity and energy of Schiller and Kotzebue, the homeliness and harshness of Cowper, the innocence of Ambrose Phillips, and the quaintness of Quarles and Dr Donne. The storm continued year by year to increase; and the charges multiplied so ludicrously fast, that Southey in his 'Doctor'

thus satirised them :—‘ The poet Southey is said to carry shaving to its *ne plus ultra* of independency, for he shaves *sans* looking-glass, *sans* shaving-brush, *sans* soap, or substitute for soap, *sans* hot water, *sans* cold water, *sans* everything except a razor. . . . But on reflection I am not certain whether it is of the poet Southey that this is said, or of the poet Wordsworth. I may easily have confused one with the other in my recollections, just as what was said of Romulus might have been repeated of Remus while they were both living and flourishing together. . . . Indeed we should never repeat what is said of public characters without qualifying it as a common report or magazine authority. It is very possible that the Lake poets may both of them shave after the manner of other men.’

With all the defects before-mentioned, it cannot now be disputed that the prevailing features of the ‘ Lyrical Ballads ’ were aptness and simplicity, and occasionally dignity and richness of diction—a power of picturing objects and landscapes with much precision of outline—tenderness and delicacy of feeling—and a tendency to direct the eye to all that is really beautiful and elevating in the ordinary incidents of common life: a tendency at times leading to portraiture pure ideal. The ‘ Pet-Lamb,’ and ‘ We are Seven,’ are well-known examples. The following is a fine picture of the dawning from the loudly-decried ‘ Idiot Boy :’—

‘ By this the stars were almost gone—
The moon was setting on the hill,
So pale you scarcely looked at her;
The little birds began to stir,
Though yet their tongues were still.’

And how gorgeous are some of the verses of ‘ Ruth :’—

‘ He told of the magnolia spread
High as a cloud, high over head!
The cypress and her spire;
Of flowers that with one scarlet gleam
Cover a hundred leagues, and seem
To set the hills on fire.

The youth of green savannas spake,
And many an endless, endless lake,
With all its fairy crowds
Of islands that together lie
As quietly as spots of sky
Among the evening clouds.’

Of his feminine tenderness of feeling, the fine pastoral of ‘ Michael ’ is an example. Space forbids all but one brief quotation, but few will be able to read the poem itself without the relief of tears :—

‘ Thus living on through such a length of years
The shepherd, if he loved himself, must needs
Have loved his helpmate; but to Michael’s heart
This son of his old age was yet more dear—
Less from instinctive tenderness, the same
Fond spirit that blindly works in the blood of all,
Than that a child, more than all other gifts
That earth can offer to declining man,
Brings hope with it, and forward-looking thoughts
And stirrings of inquietude, when they,
By tendency of nature, needs must fail.’

But, indeed, while blamed for his mean diction, he had already commenced the composition of those Sonnets, not frequently rivalled in the English language in purity, precision, and dignity—qualities which find fit representation in this dedication:—

‘Happy the feeling from the bosom thrown
In perfect shape (whose beauty Time shall spare
Though a breath made it) like a bubble blown
For summer pastime into wanton air:
Happy the thought best likened to a stone
Of the sea-beach, when polished with nice care
Veins it discovers exquisite and rare,
Which for the loss of that moist gleam atone
That tempted first to gather it. That here,
Oh chief of friends! such feelings I present
To thy regard, with thoughts so fortunate,
Were a vain notion; but the hope is dear,
That thou, if not with partial joy elate,
Wilt smile upon this gift with more than mild content.’

Wordsworth was not latterly inaccessible to conviction in regard to the phraseology of some parts of his ‘Ballads,’ and has altered it, sometimes for the worse. Thus, in the ‘Leech-Gatherer,’ the lines—

‘He answered me with pleasure and surprise,
And there was while he spoke a fire about his eyes,’

has been altered into

‘Ere he replied, a flash of mild surprise
Broke from the sable orbs of his yet vivid eyes.’

Indeed his defects were all the more remarkable, that he was all along fastidiously studious of his words, and his criticisms upon some of his own lines and phrases are very striking. Thus in his lines in the ‘Ode to the Cuckoo’—

‘Shall I call thee bird—
Or but a wandering Voice?’

he remarks—‘This concise interrogation characterises the seeming ubiquity of the voice of the cuckoo, and dispossesses the creature almost of a corporeal existence; the imagination being tempted to this exertion of her power by a consciousness in the memory that the cuckoo is almost perpetually heard throughout the season of spring, but seldom becomes an object of sight.’ It was by this fine combination of critical acumen, great industry, and perpetual self-examination, united to a cool and stately flow of temper, that Wordsworth produced those splendid series of sonnets which—whatever cotemporary criticism may have said—are rapidly taking rank with those of Milton and Shakspeare.

In 1802 he bade a brief adieu to his beautiful cottage at Grasmere in some delightful verses, which did not forget even the primroses on the rocks, and set off to bring home one who was to share henceforth in all his pleasures and attachments. This was his cousin, Miss Mary Hutchinson of Penrith, to whom he now united himself in marriage. In August he made a very short trip to France, returning in September. By this time he had imbibed a rooted hatred of the turn which events had taken in that

country, and particularly of its tyrannical interference with the liberties of other nations. The day he spent in Calais saw Bonaparte Consul for life, and wrung from the poet one or two bitter but beautiful sonnets, contrasting the pretentious pomp of that occasion with the wild delirium of exultation which met him at every step as he plodded along, a younger man, in the joyous July of 1790. It was with undisguised emotion he once more recognised old England in

‘The cock that crows, the smoke that curls, that sound
Of bells: those boys who in yon meadow-ground
In white-sleeved shirts are playing; and the roar
Of the waves breaking on the chalky shore.’

From that day his anti-Gallican fervour increased continually. Burying himself, with scarcely laudable gratulation on his own tranquillity, in the peaceful solitudes of Grasmere, he watched with increasing indignation the march of the Corsican towards empire, and launched sonnet after sonnet at each successive step of his triumph, till he rose to a climax of almost divine wrath; which passed into an equally divine furor of thanksgiving on the flight from Russia and the rout at Waterloo. His ode on the last occasion has a dithyrambic audacity akin to the wildest rhapsodies of Pindar:—

‘We laud
And magnify thy name, Almighty God!
But thy most awful instrument
In working out a pure intent
Is man—arrayed for mutual slaughter—
Yea, Carnage is thy daughter!’

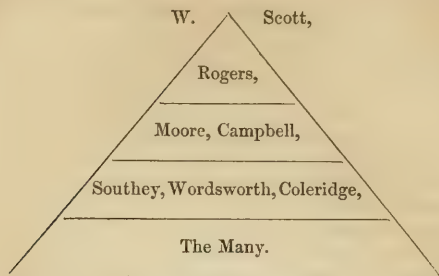
In 1803, after the birth of his first child, the poet paid a visit to Scotland; and, as on every future occasion, he appeared to indicate a dislike to Edinburgh, the headquarters of the hostile Reviewers, passing it by with marked slight, so that Christopher North complained long afterwards, and pleaded that Auld Reekie was as much worth a few days' stay as Glasgow, even though it had no such phenomenon to exhibit as the Glasgow Gander. Wordsworth on this occasion visited the grave of Burns, the Braes of Kirtle, Loch-Lomond, Loch Awe, Loch Katerine, and many other spots hallowed either by their own beauty or by traditional associations, wherever he wandered marking his track with song. His sister, who accompanied him, kept a very interesting diary. On their return they called on Sir Walter Scott, to whom Wordsworth had been already spoken of by mutual friends; and the party went together to Roslin, and all the interesting localities of that district. Wordsworth was delighted with Sir Walter's manly nature, and with his recitations of his ‘Last Minstrel,’ and everywhere found his name an ‘Open Sesame.’ At Hawick the landlady would on no account listen to the southern's putting up in Scott's bedroom till she heard what the ‘sherra’ himself had to say. At this time the circuit court was holding at Jedburgh, and the minstrel was anxious that his friends should not enter the presence of justice, and catch him in his horrible official costume. But they, nevertheless, managed to get a glimpse of him in the procession, marching along in a cocked-hat and sword to the music of a solitary cracked trumpet. This visit to the Great Magician was long remembered with unmingled pleasure.

On Wordsworth's return to Grasmere, which he heralded, as usual, by a very beautiful sonnet, he went to Keswick, to visit Coleridge, and there became acquainted with Southey, who had just arrived in the Lake Country from Bristol. In October, Hazlitt came down on a visit, and painted a portrait of Wordsworth, who was his *beau idéal* of physiognomical perfection, in so hideous a style, that a wag wrote underneath, 'At the gallows, deeply affected by his deserved fate, but determined to die like a man!' There was a dignified and stately flow of enjoyment in the life which these great poets now led in their romantic retreat, but broken, alas! by the sad incidents of humanity. Charles Lamb, who came among them, was greatly changed from the frolicsome youth of Stowey; and Coleridge was already visited with those terrible nervous disorders which formed an apology for his ruinous vice of opium-eating. On one occasion, when he stayed a month at Grasmere, Mrs and Miss Wordsworth used to sit up with him all night, and waken him at the slightest symptom of the approach of his paroxysmal dreams. His screams were so heartrending, that these ladies often shed tears for him even in their sleep.

Wordsworth seems now to have retreated wholly into the sanctuary of family duties and affections, and to have retired from the every-day bustle of the social and political world, in the pride of a philosophy which was certainly not the loftiest nor the widest, though perhaps the best fitted to his own saturnine and contemplative nature. Indeed even Southey saw him but rarely; and Scott, who could not manage to draw an epistle out of him, used to inquire at the laureate about him in these somewhat emphatic terms—'What the devil *is* Wordsworth about?' In 1805, however, Scott visited Grasmere in person, and ascended with the solitary to the top of Helvellyn. In the same year the latter met with a sore affliction, in the loss of his brother in the *Abergavenny* East Indiaman. It is curious that about this period, notwithstanding the ultra-Conservatism of Southey and Wordsworth, Lord Somerville, who dined with them at General Peachey's, said everywhere, that however they had got into good society, they were beyond doubt Jacobins at the heart. In 1806 Wordsworth read 'The Wagoner' in manuscript to Charles Lamb. This airy and truly humorous poem commemorates a misadventure which induced Coleridge's landlord to turn one of his wagoners out of his service. This fellow was a genuine original, and years after his mishap, on meeting his immortaliser, he referred to his successor very contemptuously, as 'a man of *no ideas*,' who would never do.

In 1807 Jeffrey launched his first special review at Wordsworth. In the same year, in the 'Monthly Literary Recreations,' Byron inserted a very favourable critique, particularly noting the poet's simplicity and contempt for inane and tinsel phraseology. No doubt in his letter to Bowles he spoke more bitterly, when he hinted that the Roman toga was more poetical than the tattooed skin of a New Zealander, even though sung by William Wordsworth; but he seems never to have greatly disliked him, though Hogg's imprudence in showing the Lakers a letter from his lordship, speaking lightly of their fishing and angling, made him fancy that they detested him. Moore and Shelley, however, were always urging Wordsworth's merits on him; and he certainly repented of his attack in the 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,' and drew his pen through it in

his own copy. The following is his estimate of Wordsworth at a subsequent period :—



Byron often visited Sir George Beaumont, to whom Wordsworth was much attached. Sir George supplied illustrations for the edition of the latter's poems in 1815. Wordsworth was a great admirer of the art of the painter, and his pieces on it are worthy of a place side by side with Keats's 'Lines on a Grecian Urn.' He addressed warm poetical tributes of praise to the illustrious and unhappy Haydon, to Sir George himself, and to Gillies, whose relative, in gratitude, painted one of the best portraits of the bard. At this time Wordsworth was composing his 'Immortality.' He also visited Bolton Priory in Yorkshire, and began, in connection with its traditions, his graceful poem of 'The White Doe.' He had met with a severe family affliction, in which he and his bereaved wife found some consolation in the beautiful Spenserian allegory of 'Heavenly Una with her Milk-white Lamb;' and the mysterious 'White Doe' was designed as a companion to that beautiful wanderer in fairy-land.

In 1810 Jeffrey paid his famous visit to Keswick, where he met with a courteous reception from Southey; but was much more fascinated by the still brilliant Coleridge, who walked him and lectured him through the fields all the forenoon, dined with him in the inn in the afternoon, and disarmed the terrible king of criticism so completely by his witcheries, that he promised to remove his name from the proscribed catalogue of the Lakers. It was afterwards made a bitter charge against Jeffrey, that in spite of the hospitable treatment he received he waxed fiercer than ever against his entertainers and their school. In 1812 the reviewer put Wilson's name in the black list; and if glorious rackets on the green margins of the lakes, and triumphal galas on Wastwater in their company, constituted Christopher a Laker, the charge was assuredly well deserved. Horace Smith now published his well-known 'Rejected Addresses,' purporting to be written by most of the living poets on the opening of Drury-Lane; and, as might have been anticipated, Wordsworth was not omitted from the Immortals who were stretched on the rack of parody. His Address was put into the mouth of a little girl drawn on the stage in a go-cart, and maundering in this style of supposed Wordsworthian simplicity :—

'What a large floor! 'Tis like a town.
The carpet, when they lay it down
Wont hide it, I'll be bound;

And there's a row of lamps—my eye!
 How they *do* blaze! I wonder why
 They keep them on the ground?

The ever-watchful Jeffrey of course did not fail to follow up the blow by declaring that the parody was a flattering imitation of the poet's style! In 1814 Wordsworth made a second trip to Scotland, and this time visited Yarrow, which he commemorated in a beautiful piece called 'Yarrow Visited.' He was now appointed collector of stamps for his native district, which post he held for a long time without any sacrifice of real dignity, except, perhaps, on a single occasion, bitterly alluded to by Southey, when the government sent him a circular requesting him to employ spies to buy some prohibited article, and then give information. In this year, also, the great poem of 'The Excursion' was published, and provoked a furious onslaught from Jeffrey.

This poem consists of sketches of life and manners among the mountains, intermingled with moral and devotional reflections. It is merely a part of a larger poem, which was to be entitled 'The Recluse,' and to be prefaced by a minor one delineating the growth of the author's mind, published since his death under the name of 'The Prelude.' 'The Recluse' was to be divided into three parts. 'The Excursion' forms the second of these. The first book of the first part is extant in manuscript, but the rest of the work was never completed. With respect to what has been given to the world, there is neither poverty in the style nor meagreness in the diction, but both, on the contrary, are clear, musical, and dignified. The sketches of character being derived from his own actual observation, are striking and truthful, though often highly idealised, and have an inherent pathos that touches the unsophisticated heart. They are all, however, the production of one who feels for his personages from an unapproachable eminence, and not of one who mingles and sympathises with them; and the tone on that account, not seldom, has a certain coldness and uncordiality attaching to it. His pictures of landscape are remarkably definite in the outline and minute in the tracings, and his figures seem as deeply cut as sculptures, and impress the mind like objects of sense. The moral is a stern inculcation of duty, and the religion a half-sylvan Christianity, evasive of some of the doctrines, and without that precision which it seems afterwards to have assumed in his mind. For the philosophy, it is a complete delusion to search for any system in 'The Excursion.' The poet's feelings, however, had one or two highly-developed tendencies—such as his devotion to nature, and reverence for the humble and the ordinary; and the extravagance with which these master sentiments are often expressed, and the uniformity with which every other thought and feeling group themselves round these spiritual poles, simulates the appearance of a philosophical system. The purification of the soul is to a great extent placed on the basis of a continual communion with the more permanent forms of nature, while the expression of the belief, that the ever-varying phases even of these majestic objects extricates within the spiritual depths the consciousness that they are but garments in which the Everlasting clothes himself, is apt to the hasty reader to assume the shape of a semi-Pantheism. The faith in immortality is in Wordsworth's poems generally attributed to an innate consciousness, which only becomes eclipsed as the child grows into the man. These constitute almost the

entire cycle of the philosophy of the poet, in whom, though it is not safe to judge of his doctrines from casual pieces, some prominent points of Christianity afterwards assumed more force and occupied more space, and whom all his tendencies, political and moral, gradually led more and more into complete harmony with the Established Church, though he was uniformly catholic and tolerant—so far as he ever ventured to express himself—in his doctrinal views. 'The Excursion' is, however, faulty in occupying too much space with ideas which are uninteresting to average men. It is often tedious and prolix, and on the whole, as a work of art, it is clumsily and inartistically constructed. The following extract, part of the reflections of the pedlar, who is the hero of the poem, in Margaret's deserted garden, will exemplify the style and manner:—

———'I see around me here
 Things which you cannot see. We die, my friend,
 Nor we alone, but that which each man loved
 Or prized in his peculiar nook of earth
 Dies with him, or is changed; and very soon
 Even of the good is no memorial left.
 The poets, in their elegies and songs,
 Lamenting the departed, call the groves,
 They call upon the hills and streams to mourn,
 And senseless rocks; nor idly, for they speak
 In these their invocations with a voice
 Obedient to the strong creative power
 Of human passion. Sympathies there are
 More tranquil, yet perhaps of kindred birth,
 That steal upon the meditative mind,
 And grow with thought. Beside yon spring I stood
 And eyed its waters, till we seemed to feel
 One sadness, they and I. For them a bond
 Of brotherhood is broken: time has been
 When every day the touch of human hand
 Dislodged the natural sleep that binds them up
 In mortal stillness; and they ministered
 To human comfort. Stooping down to drink,
 Upon the slimy footstone I espied
 The useless fragment of a wooden bowl
 Green with the moss of years, and subject only
 To the soft handling of the elements.
 There let it lie! How foolish are such thoughts!
 Forgive them. Never—never did my steps
 Approach this door but she who dwelt within
 A daughter's welcome gave me, and I loved her
 As my own child. Oh, sir, the good die first,
 And they whose hearts are dry as summer dust
 Burn to the socket. Many a passenger
 Had blessed poor Margaret for her gentle looks
 When she upheld the cool refreshment drawn
 From that forsaken spring; and no one came
 But he was welcome; no one went away
 But that it seemed she loved him. She is dead,
 The light extinguished of her lonely hut,
 The hut itself abandoned to decay,
 And she forgotten in the quiet grave.'

The unpardonable audacity which put these sentiments into the mouth of a man 'of tapes and staylaces,' as well as other faults, exasperated Jeffrey, and he greatly increased the storm against the writer by a furious critique, beginning—'This will never do,' and evincing a mind clear and acute, but

with less of the broad and creative. The assault was renewed with equal bitterness on the appearance, in 1815, of the 'White Doe;' an extremely graceful and airy legendary poem. The 'Quarterly' rather aided than otherwise in these attacks, and 'Blackwood,' with a semblance of neutrality, was also unfavourable. The periodicals accurately mirrored the general mind, which is curiously illustrated by some letters in *Maga* about this period. A letter by Wordsworth to Dr Gray, censuring the spirit in which Currie's 'Life of Burns' was written, gave rise to a war of words in its pages; and one of the combatants taunts the bard of Rydal with the fact, that on his name being on one occasion mentioned in a large and polished circle, it was immediately inquired, in terms too emphatic for repetition, who this *fellow* Wordsworth was; and that, having afterwards written to Glasgow College Library for a copy of his works, he received it uncut, and with *carte blanche* to keep it as long as he pleased, as nobody had ever asked after it. These bitter assaults gave rise to a school of devoted Wordsworthians, whose maxim was, that Wordsworth could do no wrong. These ardent disciples tended more and more to bring their king into ridicule. A writer in *Blackwood* for November 1829, gives an amusing sketch of a party where the 'Intimations of Immortality,' revered by the initiated as the 'Revelation,' were read aloud by a true disciple, in a kind of unimaginable chant then peculiar to the sect. There were many true believers present, with a few neophytes, and one or two absolute and wicked sceptics! No sooner had the recitation fairly commenced, than 'one of the sceptics, of laughing propensities, crammed his handkerchief half-way down his throat; the others looked keen and composed; the disciples groaned, and the neophytes shook their heads in deep conviction.' The reciter proceeded with deeper and deeper unction, till, on being asked by a neophyte to give an explanation, which he was unable to give, he got angry, and 'roundly declared that things so out of the common way, so sublime, and so abstruse, could be conveyed in no language but their own.' When the reciter came to the words, 'Callings from us,' the neophyte again timidly requested an explanation, and was informed by one of the sceptics that they meant the child's transitory gleams of a glorious pre-existence that fall away and vanish almost as soon as they appear. The obstinate neophyte only replied, in a tone of melancholy, 'When I think of my childhood, I have only visions of traps and balls, and whippings. I never remember being "haunted by the external mind."' To be sure I did ask a great many questions, and was tolerably obstinate, but I fear these are not the "obstinate questionings" of which Mr Wordsworth speaks.' This is but a small sample of the Wordsworthian scenes and disputations then of every-day occurrence. In 1816 a kind of shadow of Horace Smith again took the field. It seems that Hogg intended to publish an anthology of the living British bards, and had written to some of them for specimens. A wag, who had heard of the project, immediately issued an anthology, purporting to be this, but containing merely the coinage of his own brain. As may be imagined, Wordsworth occupied a prominent corner; and indeed some of the imitations—for most were rather imitations than parodies—did him no discredit. The 'Flying Tailor,' however, was not an infelicitous burlesque of the poet's blank verse:—

‘Ere he was put
 By his mother into breeches, Nature strung
 The muscular part of his anatomy
 To an unusual strength; and he could leap,
 All unimpeded by his petticoats,
 Over the stool on which his mother sat,
 More than six inches—o’er the astonished stool!’

All undismayed by this tempest of criticism and parody, Wordsworth went on issuing work after work. In 1818 he contributed to the Liverpool ‘Winter’s Wreath,’ the first provincial souvenir. At this time Southey, Coleridge, Lamb, Macaulay, and other great writers, contributed some very beautiful pieces to these annuals. In 1819 ‘The Wagoner,’ a short poem, of highly-polished humour and lively fancy, was published, and also the renowned ‘Peter Bell,’ which was intended to show the effect of Nature’s workings in bringing a hardened potter to repentance, and which, though abounding in the richest poesy, and flowing on in a current of melody, yet, from its being still tainted by some of its author’s defects, inartistic construction, prolixity, grotesque associations, and a partially inaccurate conception of human character in the concrete, still farther irritated the critics and alienated the public. Yet it may truly be said that the most delicious strains of Coleridge did not surpass some of the verses in the ‘Peter Bell.’ The character of the potter is very graphic, but we can only give a verse or two:—

‘A savage wildness round him hung,
 As of a dweller out of doors.
 In his whole figure and his mien
 A savage character was seen
 Of mountains and of dreary moors.

To all the unshaped, half-human thoughts,
 Which solitary nature feeds
 ‘Mid summer storms or winter’s ice,
 Had Peter joined whatever vice
 The cruel city breeds.

His face was keen as is the wind
 That cuts along the hawthorn fence:
 Of courage you saw little there,
 But in its stead a medley air
 Of cunning and of impudence.

He had a dark and sidelong walk,
 And long and slouching was his gait;
 Beneath his looks, so bare and bold,
 You might perceive his spirit cold
 Was playing with some inward bait.’

In 1820 Wordsworth took a short tour on the continent, of which he afterwards published ‘Memorials.’ On his return he published his beautiful ‘Sonnets to the River Duddon.’ His mind was now becoming more and more conservative, and a walk with a friend to survey the site of a new church suggested his ‘Ecclesiastical Sonnets;’ a noble and varied series, which were given to the world in 1822. Southey was at the same time writing his ‘Book of the Church,’ and fondly regarded his friend’s work as a poetical companion to his own. A year or two after this, Sir

Walter Scott, on his return from Ireland, was escorted by Wilson to Mr Bolton's villa on Windermere on Canning's invitation. Wordsworth and a large party were there. These were the days! What cavalcades through the woods in the mornings, and boatings on the lakes in the evenings! Then there was a magnificent regatta in honour of the Minstrel; and on the arrival of the long procession of fifty barges, the bards of the Lakes led the cheer which hailed his triumph. Afterwards Scott visited Wordsworth at Rydal, and accompanied him to Southey's, and then to Lord Lonsdale's, where they spent two days in the midst of a splendid circle. In truth Wordsworth was now fast rising, and becoming courtly; and after this date we find greater polish and subdued smoothness, with less vigour in his style, and a gradual multiplication of such gentle pieces as Verses to Needlecases and Gold-Fishes. A portrait of him was painted by Pickersgill for the university of Cambridge, so like as to draw tears from him. Jeffrey now began visibly to relent, and even cited from the 'Spirit of the Age' an extract speaking of Wordsworth in very high terms. In 1827 we find Wordsworth with the laureate at the fashionable watering-place of Harrowgate, and both in so high an odour of sanctity, that a very pious lady sent them her album for contributions. Unluckily it was found full of effusions by Calvinistic preachers. 'As some of these worthies,' says the laureate playfully, 'had written in it texts in Hebrew, Chinese, and Arabic, I wrote in Greek, "If we say that we have no sin;" and I did *not* write in it these lines which the tempting occasion suggested:

'What? will we, nill we, are we thrust
Among the Calvinistics?
The covenanted sons of schism,
Rebellious pugilistics?
Needs must we then ourselves array
Against these state tormentors;
Hurrah! for Church and King we say,
And down with the Dissenters.'

A year or two before this Wordsworth took a tour in Wales, and in 1828 he and Coleridge revisited their old haunts on the continent. In 1830 he was chiefly occupied in writing romances—as the 'Egyptian Maid,' the 'Russian Fugitive,' and the 'Armenian Lady's Love.' Next year he revisited Yarrow, Loch Katrine, and his old favourite spots in Scotland. On his way he had an affecting interview—the last he ever had—with Sir Walter Scott. The Great Magician was rapidly failing, and was about to set off for an Italian clime. The evening of the 22d September was a very sad one in his antique library. Lockhart was there, and Allan the historical painter. Wordsworth was also feeble in health, and sat with a green shade over his eyes, and bent shoulders, between his daughter and Sir Walter. The conversation was melancholy, and Sir Walter remarked that Smollett and Fielding had both been driven abroad by declining health, and had never returned. Next morning he left Abbotsford, and his guests retired with sorrowful hearts. Wordsworth has preserved a memento of his own feelings in a beautiful sonnet. In 1833 he visited Staffa and Iona: 1834 was a sort of era in his life, by the publication of his complete works in four volumes. His friends, however, now began to fall around him. That year poor Coleridge bade adieu to his weary life.

This must have touched many a chord of association in Wordsworth's heart. In 1836 his sister and constant friend and companion died, and blow followed blow in fatal succession. Many a melancholy phantom must in his late years have haunted the poet's memory by the margin of silent Rydal. He was not an impromptu writer, but in his works there is one wild wailing impromptu wrung from him by these afflictions. 'How fast,' says the poet—

'How fast has brother followed brother,
From sunshine to the sunless land!
Yet I, whose lids from infant slumbers
Were earlier raised, remain to hear
A timid voice that asks in whispers,
Who next will drop and disappear?
Our haughty life is crowned with darkness,
Like London with its own black wreath.'

A note is appended to this piece like a bare tombstone. It is this:—

'Walter Scott died 21st September, 1832.
S. T. Coleridge ... 25th July, 1834.
Charles Lamb ... 27th December, 1834.
George Crabbe ... 3d February, 1832.
Felicia Hemans ... 16th May, 1835.'

Many a noble name in literature was added to this funereal list before Wordsworth was laid in his last resting-place among his native lakes.

Honours now flowed fast upon him. In 1835 'Blackwood,' under the inspiration of Wilson, raised an irresistible arm in his defence. In 1839, amid the acclamations of the students, he received a degree from Oxford University. In 1842 he published a tragedy, and some very early and very late poems, and resigned his office in favour of his son. Next year he was appointed to the laureateship, left vacant by the melancholy fate of Southey. In 1844 Lord Jeffrey, in republishing his contributions to the 'Edinburgh,' took occasion to pay a warm tribute of praise to Wordsworth. In 1845 the poet contributed to 'Horne's Modernisations of Chaucer;' but though pre-eminently fitted for the task, he was pronounced by Wilson, a most able judge, to have failed. Take a single verse. Chaucer has it—

'The God of Love! a benedicite!
How mighty and how gret a Lord is he!
For he can make of lowè hertès highe,
Of highè lowe, and likè for to die,
And hardè hertès he can maken fre.'

Wordsworth's modernisation is—

'The God of Love! ah benedicite!
How mighty and how great a Lord is he!
For he of low hearts can make high, of high
He can make low, and unto death bring nigh,
And hard hearts he can make them kind and free.'

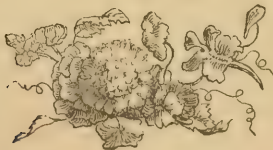
'The simplicity of the words is kept,' observes Wilson, 'for they are the very words; and yet something is gone, and in that something everything.' 'The love itself,' adds Christopher, 'here is not;' and concludes that 'there is nothing else to be done with a great poet than to leave him in his glory.'

Up to his death on the 23d of April 1850, Wordsworth lived a quiet and dignified life at Rydal, evincing little apparent sympathy with the arduous duties and activities of the every-day world. At times he exhibited an impatience at the changes which were passing over society, deteriorating his mountains, and invading the solitude of his lakes with the noise of railway trains; but in many parts of his works he shows that he had a perfect appreciation of the great destinies of machinery, and was only afraid that in the hurry to get rich by its means, important social interests should be neglected and ruined. The public feeling at his death was the best proof of the universal consciousness that a great English poet had then taken his departure. Since his death, 'The Prelude,' already alluded to, has been given to the world. This poem may be said to be the exercise by which he set himself to scrutinise his own soul, and measure its capabilities for the production of the great poem of 'The Recluse.' It was begun in 1799, and finished in 1805. It is thus the product of the most vigorous period of his poetical life, and as it lay by him unpublished to the end of his career, it had the benefit of all the improvements that a ripe and highly-polished taste could devise. It is in everyway worthy of the poet, and is as pure, clear, and sparkling as a diamond. The style is remarkably chaste, vigorous, and musical, and the sentiments are uniformly pleasing and dignified. The poem is, besides, interesting from its singular character and subject. It is something to be thus admitted to the arcana of a poet's development, and it may be observed that Wordsworth appears in this production to lay bare his innermost thoughts and feelings with accuracy and honesty. He commences with his childhood, and traces his spiritual conditions through his school-boy and college career, to his return from France.

Wordsworth's prose writings were confined to one or two critical essays on his own theories, a political pamphlet, a letter on 'Currie's Life of Burns,' an 'Essay on Epitaphs,' and a 'Description of the Country of the Lakes.' They evince, however, great skill in prose composition, and are uniformly couched in a clear, manly, and highly-polished English style.

To sum up what has been already said of his poetic character and position:—His devotion to external nature had the power and pervasiveness of a passion; his perception of its most minute beauties was exquisitely fine; and his portraitures, both of landscapes and figures, were so distinctly outlined as to impress them on the mind almost as vividly and deeply as the sight of them could have done. Yet his pictures, so to speak, are inodorous, and there is a certain want of richness, which may arise from his deficiency in the sense of smell. He was defective in the stronger passions, and hence, in spite of the minuteness of his portraitures of character, he failed to produce real human beings capable of stirring the blood; and what was even more serious, he himself was incapacitated from feeling a genial and warm sympathy in the struggles of modern man, on whom he rather looked as from a distant height with the commiseration of some loftier nature. From the characteristics enumerated arose the great faults of his works. His landscape paintings are often much too minute. He dwells too tediously on every small object and detail, and from his over-intense appreciation of them, which magnifies their importance, rejects all extrinsic ornaments, and occasionally, though exceptionally, adopts a

style bare and meagre, and even phrases tainted with mean associations. Hence all his personages—being without reality—fail to attract, and even his strong domestic affections, and his love for everything pure and simple, do not give a sufficient human interest to his poems. His prolixity and tediousness are aggravated by a want of artistic skill in construction; and it is owing to this that he is most perfect in the sonnet, which renders the development of these faults an impossibility, while it gives free play to his naturally pure, tasteful, and lofty diction. His imagination was majestic; his fancy lively and sparkling; and he had a refined and Attic humour, which, however, he seldom called into exercise. He was naturally conservative; and after the heat of youth cooled down, he became more and more in harmony with the system of the conservative party in church and state, modified so much in appearance by his peculiar tendencies, as to simulate the features of a peculiar religious and philosophical creed. As might have been anticipated, he spent most of his life in retirement, and left the solitudes of the lakes principally to wander through other solitudes elsewhere. Indeed as a whole range of signs in algebra is often expressed by a single sign, so the activities of Wordsworth's life may be aptly enough expressed as the continuous development of a passion for nature, while the entire cycle of his poetry is the efflux of this in song. This occupied him wholly even in those fervent years when youth is generally stirred by more social passions. It was through the agency of this that the old institutions of his country, and the old legends and manners of his district, took so firm a hold of his heart, and made him peculiarly the poet of the old English spirit, in contradistinction to the new influences invading it from abroad or developing from itself. With volcanic power in the heat of his earlier days it drove him into the wild mountains of Wales, and into the recesses of the Alps; and gradually abating its impetus, and contracting its successive sweeps as the chill of age came on, at last left him to die in peace by those beloved lakes among which he was born. With much that might with advantage be curtailed or altogether forgotten, the poems of William Wordsworth, though never likely to be extensively popular, will ever occupy a place in literature next to the highest.



THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THE biography of a literary man is to be found in the history of his works: startling incident and romantic adventure are not to be expected. The development of the progress of genius can alone supply the record of its existence. That of a poet ranking so high as Thomas Campbell discovers no exception to this general law.

He was born on the 27th of July 1777, in his father's house, situated in the High Street, Glasgow, subsequently demolished. The poet's father was Alexander, the youngest of three brothers, the sons of Archibald Campbell of Kirnan, belonging to a family which had been long settled at a place of that name, on the borders of Inverary. The estate produced a small independent rental, and came by inheritance to Robert Campbell, the eldest son of Archibald, and the poet's uncle, who ultimately sold it, and died in London. The name of the second son was Archibald: he went out to Jamaica as a Presbyterian clergyman, and removing from that island to Virginia, in the United States, died there very much esteemed by all who knew him. Through his descendants a legacy of four thousand five hundred pounds came eventually to the subject of this memoir.

Alexander Campbell went in early life to America. By trade a merchant, he was still connected with that country after his return to Glasgow. Here he carried on his business in partnership with Daniel Campbell, who, though of the same name, was not a relative of the family. This Daniel's sister became afterwards the wife of Alexander, and the poet's mother. Her name was Margaret, and he was married to her at Glasgow in 1756, when he was forty-nine and she had just numbered her twentieth year. The business of the partnership flourished until the American war broke out. In 1775, Alexander, then in his sixty-fifth year, found his house ruined, as was the case with numerous other firms similarly connected with the colonies at the commencement of that unnatural contest. Alexander Campbell was an acute and well-informed man, religiously disposed, and of mild manners. He was sixty-seven when the poet, his youngest child, was born, and he died in Edinburgh, in March 1801, aged ninety-one.

Margaret Campbell, the poet's mother, was born in 1736, and died in February 1812, aged seventy-six. She was a woman of a decided character, in person thin, with dark eyes and hair, comely, shrewd, of a friendly cha-

racter among her neighbours, but at home, and in her family, a firm disciplinarian. She was an excellent domestic manager, and conducted herself with exemplary judgment and good conduct under the severe trial of her husband's failure, two years before the poet's birth, at a time when she naturally looked forward, as well as her husband, to that ease and tranquillity which are so desirable in the downfall of life.

The family of Alexander and Margaret Campbell consisted, according to some accounts, of only ten children, but, more correctly, of eleven, one having died in infancy. The eldest, and last surviving except the poet, named Mary, died in Edinburgh in 1843, aged eighty-six. There were two other daughters, Isabella and Elizabeth, who both died in Edinburgh—the former in 1837, aged seventy-nine; the last in 1829, aged sixty-four. The sons were seven—Archibald, who died in Virginia in 1830, had been a planter in Berbice; Alexander, who returned from Berbice to Glasgow, died there in 1826; John, who having settled at Demerara, died there in 1806; Daniel, who died an infant; Robert, who went to the United States, a merchant, and married a daughter of the well-known Patrick Henry in Virginia, and died in 1807; James, drowned while bathing in the Clyde in 1783; Daniel, born in 1773, who was a cotton-manufacturer in Glasgow, but making little progress in business, went to France, and managed a considerable manufactory at Rouen, whence no account of his death ever reached his family; and lastly, Thomas, the poet, the survivor of them all, and the favourite of his parents.

The poet was named Thomas after Dr Reid, the professor of moral philosophy in the university of Glasgow, who officiated at the font. Thomas was the Benjamin of his parents; the more beloved, perhaps, for coming apart from the rest of the family under their fallen fortunes. He was the favourite son of both his parents, whose regrets at their misfortunes his playfulness and active disposition helped them at times to beguile. He was taught to read by his favourite sister, who was nineteen years his senior. In the eighth year of his age, in 1785, he was sent to the grammar school in Glasgow, then under the care of Mr Alison, who was noted for his ability in teaching the classics. A generous system of encouragement was all that was required to give young Campbell an ardent thirst after excellence: he was ambitious in the right way, but highly sensitive. His father assisted him in his tasks; and his progress was commensurate with the sanguine hopes of his instructors; but by the excitement produced through emulation it was found that his health suffered. He was removed, therefore, from school into country air for a short time, which had the desired effect, and he returned to his studies with renewed vigour. His course was highly satisfactory. At eleven years of age he began to compose verses, crude enough, it is true; but among others were stanzas on a parrot, equal at all events to those which Samuel Johnson made upon his duck. Somewhat lame in metre, they indicated the tendency of the youthful mind, but by no means rivalled what others have produced at the same age, giving little promise of the appearance in another decade of the 'Pleasures of Hope,' in which the lines are so exquisitely modulated. His translations from the Greek in his twelfth year are remarkable only for being made at that early age. His attachment to

Greek poetry beginning thus early, he soon obtained prizes for his proficiency in translation—his first being gained in 1789, when he was in his twelfth year.

The father of the poet, as before observed, was strictly religious, and early imbued his son with the same feeling. Young Campbell soon became a reader of some of the more noted divines, and their lessons frequently raised a conflict in his mind between his boyish follies and his sense of religious obligation. He was of a joyous temperament, the sallies of which were often daunted by the whispers of conscience through the impressions thus effected. Even thus young, and under such impressions, he and his schoolfellows would commit lapses occasionally that excited the reprobation of their friends; and getting tired of the long sermons of one of the clergymen under whom they sat, young Campbell and his companions turned some of the good man's repetitions into a lampoon. His schoolfellows were not exempted from his turn for playful satire; some specimens of which, as well as his school exercises and translations, have been preserved through the partiality of friends. They exhibit a great superiority over the productions of the generality of schoolboys at so early an age; marking a certain precocity of intellect, and a power of close application, however desultory, rare in youth of so vivacious a temperament.

In his thirteenth year the poet quitted the grammar school for the university. There he gained three prizes the first year: one for Latin, another for English verse, and a third a bursary on Leighton's foundation. The last was not won without a severe struggle in competition with one considered a good scholar, and very much his senior in years. This struggle involved a competition in construing and writing Latin before the entire faculty. At the university he read some of the more celebrated of the English authors, both in poetry and prose; and bore off prizes for exercises and translations in Greek as well as Latin. These successes were the more extraordinary, as, from his necessities, owing to the scanty income of his parents, he had not only the labour of his own studies upon his hands, but he had to instruct others. His own studies were quite sufficient to try the constitution, and to exhaust the mental efforts of one so delicate in bodily frame; but he was obliged, to the neglecting of several heads of study, to give elementary instruction to the younger lads: to exhaust himself in teaching while he should have been learning. This drudgery reacted upon the poet in after-life, and when he had attained middle age, stamped upon him a reluctance to mental exertion which it was at times impossible for him to overcome.

In the midst of this toil the poet went on with his metrical compositions, both original and translated. It was in 1791, and in his thirteenth year, that he himself confessed to his first published lines, entitled 'Morven and Fillan:' he styled them 'Ossianic Verses.' His next printed production consisted of 'Verses on the Queen of France,' published, he said, in a Glasgow newspaper when he was fifteen; and in his eighteenth year he brought out 'Love and Madness.' The 'Pleasures of Hope' appeared before he had completed his twenty-second year.

Not only was young Campbell successful in gaining classical honours: he obtained a prize in the logic class under Professor Jardine, and was

made one of the earliest examiners of the exercises sent in by the other students in that class. His prose exercises in English were remarkable for their accurate style and manly argument; and he also received a third Greek prize for good conduct. He wrote some verses about this time to the Glasgow volunteers, but they possessed no merit beyond the high patriotic spirit they exhibited. Once asking leave of absence, which was conceded for his good conduct, he walked to Edinburgh, where he was present at the trial of Gerald, who, with Muir, Palmer, and others, was arrested on the charge of sedition. It filled the poet with the same horror it did every other reflecting person, as the parties accused had never uttered a word stronger than had been used by William Pitt himself in parliament. The trial of Gerald made a deep impression upon his mind, and he inveighed against the unfairness with which those processes were conducted, and the indecent conduct of the judges towards the prisoner Gerald. It was some time before he recovered the shock thus received.

Soon afterwards he gained fresh honours in the university by a poetical 'Essay on the Origin of Evil' in English, and a Greek translation of passages from the 'Clouds of Aristophanes.' The latter was pronounced to be the best version ever sent in by any student of the university. The poet now began to think of some employment by which he might attain independence. His inclination led him to a civil rather than an ecclesiastical profession, but here he had to combat the want of the requisite finances. He was of too sensitive a temperament to withstand the sight of a surgical operation, much less take a part in it; and physic was allied too nearly to surgery. A mercantile pursuit suggested itself; and thus perplexed he remained in a distressing state of incertitude. Nor could he find a fixed object whereupon to rest. He was then in his sixteenth year; and while in this painful state of indecision, and thinking about the church, he wrote some lines beginning—

‘ When Jordan hushed his waters still;’

printed in early editions of his works, but excluded from the later, because he said they were no better than a Christmas carol.

In his seventeenth year the failure of a lawsuit straitened more than ever the circumstances of his father; who being left only a small income derived from certain mercantile annuities, young Campbell felt his dependent position more keenly. His father was now eighty-five years of age, and his family still numerous. Under such circumstances the poet, recommended by several of the professors of Glasgow university, accepted a temporary situation as an instructor of pupils in the western islands, where Mull was his destination for six months. He travelled with a friend as far as Oban, saving a boy from being drowned on the way. Thence he crossed over to Mull, and traversed on foot the length of the island, thirty miles, in one day, and without a guide, to the place of his destination. This was the house of Mrs Campbell of Sunipol near the Point of Calloch. Here, besides attending to his pupils, he continued his translation of the 'Clouds of Aristophanes,' and portions of 'Æschylus,' and composed some of the best lines he had written previous to that

period, entitled 'An Elegy Written in Mull.' These lines have not been printed, so far as we know, in any edition of his works.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN MULL.

The tempest blackens on the dusky moor,
And billows lash the long-resounding shore ;
In pensive mood I roam the desert ground,
And vainly sigh for scenes no longer found.
Oh whither fled the pleasurable hours
That chased each care, and fired the muse's powers—
The classic haunts of youth for ever gay,
Where mirth and friendship cheered the close of day—
The well-known valleys where I wont to roam,
The native sports, the nameless joys of home ?
Far different scenes allure my wondering eye :
The white wave foaming to the distant sky ;
The cloudy heavens, unblest by summer's smile ;
The sounding storm that sweeps the rugged isle,
The chill, bleak summit of eternal snow,
The wide, wild glen—the pathless plains below,
The dark, blue rocks, in barren grandeur piled,
The cuckoo sighing to the pensive wild !
Far different these from all that charmed before,
The grassy banks of Clutha's winding shore,
Her sloping vales, with waving forests lined,
Her smooth blue lakes, unruffled by the wind.
Hail, happy Clutha ! glad shall I survey
Thy gilded turrets from the distant way !
Thy sight shall cheer the weary traveller's toil,
And joy shall hail me to my native soil.

He was attacked for a short time with indisposition and lowness of spirits at Sunipol ; yet while there he visited Staffa and Icolmkill. In his correspondence with his friends, he expressed his high admiration of the scenery which he had explored among the Hebrides. It left an impression on his mind to which he often alluded.

At Sunipol, although kindly treated, he appeared to tire, and longed to return to Glasgow. It was during his residence at Sunipol that he wrote his verses to 'Caroline,' a young lady of Inverary, who was there upon a visit. He also wrote some lines to 'A Rural Beauty in Mull;' but neither exhibits aught of passion, though written in love's full age. Both, however, are redolent of gentle admiration and dispassionate tenderness. Here he resided five months, and then returned home. During the winter of 1795-6 he supported himself by private tuition; numbering among his pupils Mr, afterwards Lord Cuninghame of the Justiciary Court of Edinburgh. At this period, and indeed throughout life, the poet was a warm advocate of free principles, which were strengthened by his admiration of John Millar, the professor of law in the university of Glasgow, a zealous Whig. Campbell has left the professor's character on record: 'Whether John Millar's doctrines were always right is one question; but that they were generally so, and that right doctrines could not be expounded by a better teacher, I believe is questioned by none who ever listened to him. His writings always seem to me to be imperfect casts of his mind, like those casts of sculpture which want the diaphanous polish of the original marble. I heard him when I was sixteen lecture on the Roman law. A

dry subject enough it would have been in common hands, but in his Heineccius was made a feast to the attention.'

The poet quitted the university in 1796, and became domesticated at Downie. He had previously been a member of a debating society, where the customary class of topics was discussed, and took a part in the proceedings. He gained two prizes for poems this year—one for a chorus in the 'Medea' of Euripides, the other for the 'Choëphora' of Aristophanes.

At Downie he became the tutor of Sir William Napier of Milliken; and here he had some leisure time, which he devoted to reading and writing. Here, too, he composed his lines entitled 'Love and Madness,' on the murder of her lover by a Miss Broderick. At Downie he was near a particular friend, the Rev. H. Paul of Inverary, and became intimate in the family of the 'Caroline' on whom he had written the verses at Sunipol. He and his friends used sometimes to dine together at the Inverary Arms; and on those occasions, as in after years, he exhibited all the joyousness of boyhood. He would talk of turning pilgrim in search of adventures—at that time a favourite notion with him. His friend Paul always prophesied he would be a great poet, saying, 'Thomas, from the way in which poetry is coming upon you, I see that whatever other profession you may try, that will be the one through which you will be distinguished.'

At Downie, Campbell seems to have dwelt upon his favourite pursuit, his first great work in poetry being designed there. Downie is a little way to the southward of the mouth of the Crinan Canal, at the southern end of Loch Fyne. The room which was the poet's study is still shown. From this place he returned to Glasgow in considerable depression of mind, owing to the gloom that rested upon his future prospects, and for a time he became indisposed. After a renewal of his preceding anxieties and conflicts between different professions, and finding reasons but too valid for again rejecting all, he determined to go to Edinburgh with little money in his pocket, but full of sanguine hopes. A wild notion of establishing a periodical, of writing for the booksellers, of getting into a lawyer's office, all passed through his inexperienced mind. He fancied, with that erroneous judgment which is the fruit of inexperience, that booksellers might be found to publish two of his translations from Euripides and Æschylus.

Such were the thoughts with which the poet set out. He reached Edinburgh, and tried his hand at the horrible drudgery of a copying law-clerk. He next obtained a place in another office, somewhat better, and got an introduction soon afterwards through accident to Dr Anderson, who was struck with the verses he had written in Mull, and desired to see their author. Upon this incident turned the after-fortunes of the poet. He was brought to Dr Anderson's house—his appearance, his handsome face and pleasing address, at once won the favour of the doctor, who was a highly-gifted, kind, and good man. Employment was found of a literary nature for the young poet by an introduction to Mundell the Edinburgh publisher. He also received an offer of twenty guineas to abridge Edwards's 'West Indies.' To complete his task he quitted his drudgery in the law office, anathematising the law, its peculations, toils, and meannesses. After giving his hearty thanks to Dr Anderson for his kindness towards him, he returned to Glasgow on foot; principally in the hope, which proved to be vain, of

meeting his second brother from South America, who was daily expected, and whom he had never beheld. He continued to employ himself with plans, always abortive, for literary undertakings, but proceeded with his abridgment of Edwards. In the same winter of 1797 he wrote the 'Wounded Hussar,' which was sung as a ballad about the streets of Glasgow, and which was originally composed for adaptation to the music of some Scottish melodies, for a lady at the house of whose father the poet was on a visit. He went to Cathcart this year, and paid a visit to a family where there were two young ladies named Hill, and Miss Grahame, a sister of the author of 'The Sabbath.' Here he wrote a poetical epistle to three ladies on the banks of the Cart; and about the same time he composed the 'Dirge of Wallace,' in a different manner from that in which it subsequently appeared. He altered, retouched, and made it in all respects a worthy poem in every estimation but his own.

Campbell returned from Glasgow to Edinburgh in his twentieth year, taking leave of his favourite professors at the university before he started, and getting his parents to promise, if possible, to take up their residence in Edinburgh near him. Still uncertain about his future pursuits, he set out on foot upon his journey. He had thoughts at times of going to the United States, of studying the law once more, and even physic again. There are few situations in life more painful than this kind of heart sickness from uncertainty—those conflicts of the spirit: to one of Campbell's sensitiveness this state was doubly grievous. He had now the booksellers' scanty patronage, and one or two pupils obtained in Edinburgh, for his sole dependence. These had been the sum of his prospects, when his attention was again drawn towards emigration by one of his brothers; and he began to prepare himself for taking his departure. The interference of another of his near relatives, however, frustrated his intention, and he turned towards Edinburgh once more, to resume his labour for the booksellers, and to take pupils.

It was now that he proceeded with the 'Pleasures of Hope' again, partly supporting himself by giving instructions in the Greek and Latin languages. He did not remain long without additions to the number of his friends. He became acquainted with Francis, afterwards Lord Jeffrey, who succeeded to the editorship of the 'Edinburgh Review' upon the resignation of Sydney Smith, with Thomas Brown, Henry Brougham, now Lord Brougham, and with Anne Bannerman. Then began an acquaintance with John Richardson, which ripened into a close and lasting friendship until death terminated it—the closest perhaps of all his friendships excepting that with Mr Thompson of Clithero, who had been his fellow-student, and with whom also he corresponded to the end of life. He renewed his intimacy with Grahame, author of 'The Sabbath,' who died in 1811. His father and mother removed to Edinburgh in 1798.

In the meantime the 'Pleasures of Hope' proceeded steadily. It was first proposed to publish it by subscription; but this design was abandoned, and Dr Anderson negotiated the publication with Mundell and Company. The price was two hundred copies of the work in quires, which would bring the author, if he could dispose of them at the full price, about fifty-six pounds, or, if otherwise, between forty and fifty. The author always said he received only 'fifty pounds,' and made no mention of the mode of payment;

but documents signed by himself, and dated July 13, 1799, are in existence, establishing the real arrangement. He had much vanity, which was wounded by a confession that he had received only paper for paper.

Dr Anderson, whose love of poetry and attachment to letters is well known from his publications, introduced the poet to several of his more intimate friends, at the houses of all of whom he became a welcome visitor. Dr Moore, whom he already knew, introduced him to Dugald Stewart; and he became acquainted with Mr Fletcher, an advocate of good standing; and likewise with Leyden. Campbell and Leyden were at first in close intimacy, but afterwards a quarrel arose between them, which terminated in little less than mutual hatred. The cause did not originate with the poet. Some one had said, speaking figuratively, in describing Campbell's first visit to Edinburgh in 1797, that his situation was so desperate that he thought he might as well drown himself. From this arose a report that he had been actually about to commit suicide. An Edinburgh paper reiterated this report after the poet's decease—namely, that Campbell had once been seen going to destroy himself, after having concealed himself, and been reduced to the verge of despair, and had been turned from his purpose by Dr Anderson. This was the revival of an untruth which the poet had contradicted at the time, and traced to its author Leyden, who denied it; but Campbell declared there was the clearest evidence against him. Hence it was that when Scott, who had been introduced to Campbell by Leyden, afterwards repeated 'Hohenlinden' to him, Leyden said, 'Dash it, man, tell the fellow that I hate him! But, dash him, he has written the finest verses that have been published these fifty years!' Scott conveyed the message faithfully, and got this reply from the poet: 'Tell Leyden that I detest him, but I know the value of his critical approbation!' This rests upon the testimony of Sir Walter Scott himself. Leyden and Erskine, the latter likewise an acquaintance of the poet's, went afterwards to India, and in literary pursuits were in some way connected there. 'When Leyden returns from the East,' said Campbell, 'what cannibals he will have eaten, and what tigers have torn to pieces!' There is no doubt he felt deeply wounded at the report alluded to. No one was more sensitive, had more latent vanity, or was more tremblingly alive to the opinions of the world about himself and his writings, than Campbell.

It would appear that while composing the 'Pleasures of Hope' he was nervous and restless in no inconsiderable degree; but much more so afterwards, when his success was expected to be complete, according to the evidence of his friends, who were undoubted judges of literary merit. While the work was going through the press, the alternations of hope and fear in his mind made him leap from deep gloom into sudden merriment, from despondency to joy, almost upon a breath. At one time he would think all he had written was worthless—he would be solitary, silent, and downcast. Anon he would be merry, and even uproarious, without any change of circumstances to account for it. Governed by the pressure of the thought that was uppermost at the moment, he yielded until it glided away, and another, perhaps of a character diametrically opposite, took its place. This fitful moodiness accompanied him more or less through life. The work of correcting and passing his poems through the press must have been a grievous task, from a natural impatience and habitual want of atten-

tion to such details. But when, brooding over his uncertain prospects, and the frustration of his former plans, he imagined that his poem might not be judged of by the world as his friends had judged of it, the result was a degree of excitement which could hardly be comprehended by one of a different temperament.

There were various passages in the 'Pleasures of Hope' written two and three times over. The hints of Dr Anderson made the poet exert himself. How much the labour of the author was taxed by the fastidiousness of the critic; how his feelings were elevated and depressed by that imagined lack of merit which is the best proof of its existence: all this must be left to the imagination of the sensitive and refined. At times he was observed sauntering alone, as was sometimes his custom in later years, unobservant of all around him, but evidently in deep thought, and employed in working out his verses mentally, or weaving flattering visions of success—for although possessing little energy, he was far from being unambitious.

The poet asserted, that although he was indebted to friends for their critical opinions, still the ideas and arrangement of the poem were his own—that here he relied wholly upon himself. He composed the different sections of the work separately, as there was no continuous story, and then arranged them in proper order. The 'Pleasures of Hope' began, in the original draught, in a very different manner from that in which it at present appears. In place of

'At summer eve, when heaven's ethereal bow
Spans with bright arch the glittering hills below,' &c.

it ran—

'Seven lingering moons have crossed the starry line
Since Beauty's form, or Nature's face divine,
Had power the sombre of my soul to turn—
Had power to wake my strings and bid them burn.'

The whole of the original draught consists of only 400 lines, and has been preserved by a gentleman in Scotland in the poet's handwriting. Though full of beauty, it is but a mere foil to the printed poem, which exhibits in a remarkable manner the advantage of care and scholarship.

Campbell wanted just three months of completing his twenty-second year when the 'Pleasures of Hope' was published. It was enthusiastically received in the Scottish capital, and was as ardently welcomed in England. The young author found himself at once surrounded with new acquaintances, among the more celebrated characters of the day—Dr Gregory, Telford, Mackenzie, author of the 'Man of Feeling,' the Rev. A. Alison, Gillies, Laing, and others. Scott, whose name is delightful to every lover of literature, and than whom none had a more friendly heart, introduced him into his own circle of friends, all new to him. He was fêted and complimented on all sides. Dr Anderson, too, felt how grateful to the spirit is the reward of disinterested virtue: the poet's plaudits he shared, less conspicuously, but with a noble gratification to his own upright heart.

This astonishing success made the low terms on which the copyright had been parted with somewhat mortifying to the author. The conduct of Mundell and Company, the publishers, however, was highly praiseworthy. They presented him with £25 upon the appearance of every edition of a

thousand copies, and in this manner he received £150; nor were these presents discontinued until a misunderstanding arose between them. Messrs Mundell some time afterwards permitted Campbell to print an elegant edition in quarto for his own benefit, by subscription. This, the seventh edition, produced him of itself £600; so that, in the whole, he received little less than £900 for a poem of 1100 lines. In no previous instance did any poet ever derive so much money from his first production; nor would Campbell have done so in the ordinary routine of business.

In the same year Campbell planned a poem to be called the 'Queen of the North,' intended to be highly illustrated; but this came to nothing, like the other innumerable projects of his life. He also composed the verses in his published works entitled 'Gilderoy' in that year. The publication of the 'Pleasures of Hope,' and the incense of public praise which followed, cured the poet of all desire to emigrate to America. He complained of his own indolence in the midst of applauses that would have stirred others into activity. But the truth was, that none had ever laboured harder than he had done through youth to manhood, none had been so tried by painful uncertainties, and after such a great success it was but natural that the bow should for a little time at least be unstrung. Such an excuse, however, could be valid only for a season.

Edition after edition of the 'Pleasures of Hope' had sold. He now felt a desire to visit Germany, out of curiosity to see the literati of that country, and because he thought he was not yet able to appear in London to the best advantage. He projected 'writing a few more books' before visiting the British metropolis; and looked forward to delivering on his return from Germany a course of lectures on the belles lettres in London or Dublin, for he expressed his dislike at remaining long in one place. In his disposition he was restless and unsettled. In the pursuance of his design he embarked in June 1800 at Leith for Hamburg. It was only about a year previously that Scott had translated and published Goethe's 'Goetz von Berlichingen;' and the same author's 'Sorrows of Werter' were still in vogue, full of sentimentality, and not very pure morality. These had no doubt tended to heighten the poet's desire to visit the land from whence they had emanated, and to see their writers face to face. It was the taste of the day: everybody talked of Germany. His friend Richardson was to follow him, and they were to travel in company, visit remarkable places and individuals, and lay the result of all before the public. The 'Queen of the North,' the new poem, was to be finished during this foreign tour, however uncongenial continual movement might appear to poetical composition upon a local subject.

Having several letters of introduction to persons residing at Hamburg, he landed there after a few days' sail. His plan was to proceed to Ratisbon, in which city there was a Scottish college, and he could travel easily from thence to Vienna. He was introduced to the poet Klopstock, just two years before the decease of that veteran in his country's literature. This fine old German, who resided near Hamburg, was then seventy-seven years of age, a plain, unpretending man, of gentle manners, and kind disposition. Their conversation was carried on in Latin. A copy of the 'Pleasures of Hope' was presented to the venerable German by its author.

From Hamburg Campbell proceeded to Ratisbon, where he arrived in the beginning of August. He fell in with a division of Austrian troops on his way, marching into Bohemia, and arrived in Ratisbon only three days before it was entered by the victorious French, who had driven the Austrian general Klenau across the Danube.

At Ratisbon the poet was disappointed of a boat to take him down the Danube to Vienna. He visited the Benedictine monks of St James, who received him kindly, and he witnessed the retreat of the Hungarians covering the retreating Austrian army, heard the distant artillery, and saw some skirmishing between the advanced forces and the Austrian rear. He stood among the monks, and observed a charge of Austrian cavalry made upon the French just without the city walls. Under these a battery of guns drew up, which fired during the action, and several men were killed in the poet's sight. This view of the dead and dying filled his mind afterwards at times with fearful images.

The poet was much pleased with the French officers, whom he described as 'famous fellows,' highly popular among the citizens. They were thus friendly at a time when the English newspapers were describing them as monsters, dishonest, tyrannical, and everywhere detested for their cruelties. The poet made excursions from the city over the ground where the engagement had taken place, and ventured to scale the heights whence, after the last battle, the Austrians were driven over the Danube. He was now in a great measure dependent upon his gratuitous receipts from Mundell and Company, and upon a newspaper correspondence with Perry for the 'Morning Chronicle.' A French field-officer gave him a protection to pass through the army of General Moreau; and he was presented to Madame Moreau when visiting Munich, from whence he returned to Ratisbon by the valley of the Isar, without proceeding, as he had intended, to Vienna. Seeing no chance but of the renewal of hostilities, and not knowing how far his personal safety might be compromised if he proceeded, according to his original intention, or even if he remained at Ratisbon, he returned by Leipsic to Hamburg, and took up his residence at Altona in November.

Once more at Hamburg among the friends whom he had made there when he first arrived, he planned excursions into Hungary and elsewhere which he never made, and literary works which went no further than the ideal outline. During his first visit he had become acquainted with Anthony M'Cann, one of those whom the Irish government of 1798 had driven into exile on the charge of being concerned in rebellion. There were several other refugees there at that time, who often used to meet together and spend a convivial hour. Campbell was particularly struck with M'Cann, who was an honest, upright, uncompromising lover of his country. Seeing him walking low-spirited and pensive near the river, the poet gave the impressions he felt at the sight in those beautiful stanzas, unsurpassed in pathos and touching sentiment, 'The Exile of Erin.' At Hamburg he wrote thirteen or fourteen different pieces of poetry, of which he admitted only four into his published works—namely, 'The Exile of Erin,' 'Lines on Visiting a Scene in Argyleshire,' 'The Beech-Tree's Petition,' and an 'Ode to Winter,' which originally appeared in the 'Morning Chronicle.' In that paper, too, appeared 'Ye Mariners of England.'

Of various statements made by the poet relative to the scenes he wit-

nessed during the short space that hostilities continued while he was on the Danube, no connected account can be made out. It was generally said that he had been on the field at Hohenlinden the day after the battle. This could not have been the case, because the poet was in Altona at the time. He had witnessed a battle, however, from Ratisbon, which took place without the walls, as already stated. Hohenlinden might have been mistaken for Ratisbon or some other place; but at anyrate it is indisputable, on the evidence of friends who have survived him, that he spoke of crossing a field of battle on or during snow, and that the vehicle in which he was seated was left by the driver for the purpose of collecting the tails of the horses lying on the field. Having accumulated a considerable quantity of this singular booty, he now piled them on the carriage, and they proceeded. It is certain, too, that he spoke of the different appearances of the bodies on the field, both the Germans and French; and to one friend he mentioned having seen some of the French cavalry wipe their gory swords on their horses' tails. He made several short excursions from the city, besides visiting Munich and Salzburg, and was on the battle-field of Ingolstadt, which place he saw in ruins.

The poet was still at Altona in the beginning of 1801, when Lord Nelson visited Hamburg. He composed his lines on 'Judith of Altona' there, his 'Ode to Content,' and some other pieces. He reckoned upon being soon joined by his friend Richardson, and on setting out upon his travels anew, when he found that hostilities were about to commence between England and Denmark. Nelson with his fleet was already in the Sound. Altona was no longer safe as a residence for Englishmen, and the poet embarked in all haste for England. The vessel in which he took his passage was chased into Yarmouth by a privateer, and landing there, he proceeded to London, having but a few shillings in his pocket. There he called on Perry of the 'Morning Chronicle,' who introduced him to Lord Holland, Sir James Mackintosh, Rogers, and others, at a club to which they all belonged, and he was beginning to congratulate himself upon his good fortune, when he received the news from Edinburgh of his father's decease. Dr Anderson had paid great attention to his father during his latter days, and Campbell gratefully acknowledged his kindness. 'You have known and forgiven many errors of my life, my dearly valued friend. You know withal that my feelings, though turbulent, are sincere. I ever esteemed—I now most deeply *feel*—the value of your friendship. What I would say overcomes my power of expression. To have been the guardian of my dying father, and the comforter of my mother, was more than I deserved, and all that I could have wished from a friend. When my heart has done penance for being so far away from the last duties I owed to the best of men, I shall recover tranquillity.'

The poet next visited Edinburgh, and went by sea. One of the passengers told him that he had been arrested on a charge of high treason, and sent to the Tower; and the disgraceful system of espionage then commonly used by the government had been extended to Campbell. His letters from the continent had no doubt been opened, and sealed up again; for a suspicious sentence in those days was enough to put a man on trial for his life. He found his mother in great fears for his safety; but he went at once to the sheriff, who told him there was a warrant out against him for

high treason—that he had been conspiring with General Moreau and the Irish exiles to land troops in Ireland! Campbell laughed outright, and asked the sheriff if he could credit such an absurdity, as that a youth like himself should conspire against the British empire. The reply was, that he had attended Jacobin clubs in Hamburg, and was a passenger in the same vessel with one Donovan, who had commanded a regiment three years before at Vinegar Hill. The poet declared he had never heard of Jacobin clubs at Hamburg, and knew nothing of Donovan until he saw him upon the deck of the vessel. He demanded that the matter should be minutely investigated; and the sheriff fixed the time. The harpies of the spy system at Yarmouth had seized a box which the poet had sent from that place to Edinburgh, and its contents were examined, when among them was found the draught of ‘Ye Mariners of England!’ The sheriff said something indignantly about Hamburg spies, and a bottle of wine wound up the affair.

Campbell found his mother's circumstances bad, and though with little means of his own, he determined to do all he could to relieve them. Mundell and Company occasionally paid her small sums due to him by his directions. Perry of the ‘Morning Chronicle’ had paid him with a liberal hand. But however he might straiten himself, he resolved that his mother, and his sisters residing with her, should never cause his conscience a reproach on the score of want of attention. Scanty as his resources were he shared them with his family. He solicited subscriptions for the new edition of the ‘Pleasures of Hope,’ which Mundell and Company had conceded to him. He composed some verses under the title of the ‘Mobiade,’ in consequence of the riots of the fishwomen in Scotland about the high price of bread; but they possessed none of the humour which their author intended. He had no skill in humorous composition, although he would not admit his deficiency. But no one could relate a humorous incident with more effect. He was introduced to Lord Minto by Dugald Stewart, and a friendly intercourse commenced between them, which continued until the peer's decease in 1814. His lordship invited him to his house in London, and Campbell determined to avail himself of so favourable an opportunity to visit again the metropolis of the empire. He set out by way of Liverpool, and there made acquaintance with Dr Currie, and with the justly-celebrated Roscoe. He afterwards reached Lord Minto's house in Hanover Street, and while there occasionally acted as his amanuensis. He had a room appropriated to his use, superintended the printing of his splendid quarto of the ‘Pleasures of Hope’ by Bensley, and was introduced into the best literary society of the metropolis. He occasionally visited Mrs Siddons and her brother John, the latter of whom he had previously known. His admiration for Mrs Siddons was constant and extraordinary. All the poet's friends indeed were exceptions to the rest of mankind; but Mrs Siddons was supernal. Another intimate friend was Mr Telford the engineer. ‘Lochiel’ and ‘Hohenlinden’ were written at this time, intended for his quarto then in hand; but he printed them anonymously, and inscribed them to Mr Alison. It was a remarkable proof of the poet's instability of mind, that when he published his poems afterwards in a collected form he discarded his previous dedications as preposterous things. Yet in his latter years he adopted them again.

In August 1802 he left London on a visit to Lord Minto at Minto in Scotland. While there he wrote to Scott to express his delight at the verses upon Cadzow Castle. His superb edition of the 'Pleasures of Hope,' in quarto, was still unfinished. His literary labour at this time, besides the task of correction, was the compilation of a prose work called the 'Annals of Great Britain,' in three volumes, for which he was to receive £300. The work was to appear without his name, as he said it was 'written for employment.' This was well, because it was not at all calculated to increase the literary reputation of its author, and fell stillborn from the press. Campbell quitted Edinburgh for London again in March 1803, proceeding first to Liverpool, where he spent ten days visiting his friends Roscoe and Currie. He remained a few days with another friend, Mr Stevenson, at the Potteries in Staffordshire, and made there the acquaintance of the celebrated Wedgewood, to whose taste so much is due for the improvement of British pottery. On reaching London, he first lodged with his friend Mr Telford the engineer, whose quarters were at the Salopian at Charing Cross. From some reason not given, Mr Telford thought that his experience and friendly care might be useful to his young and ardent friend, flung upon a great city without a home.

The poet was not at first reconciled to the noise and never-ending confusion of the metropolis. He complained of headaches and want of rest, in announcing which to his friends in the north, he added that Leyden, with whom he had quarrelled, had been 'dubbed doctor, and had gone to diminish the population of India.' He next took lodgings at 61 South Molton Street, where he completed the correction of his splendid quarto.

Everything now looked bright in the poet's imagination, and marriage alone seemed wanting to complete his happiness. This golden consummation was at hand. He had become enamoured of his cousin Matilda Sinclair, the daughter of Mr Sinclair, once a merchant of Greenock, but then in business in Trinity Square, in the city of London, and he led her to the altar on the 10th of September 1803. She was handsome, lively, under the middle size in person, had fine dark eyes, and something of the Scotch patois in speaking. The newly-married pair lived first at 35 in Upper Eaton Street, Pimlico; where the commencement of the marriage state, domestic comfort, and the novelty of his position, seem to have had a happy effect upon the poet's mind. Horner, his old friend, remarked to Lady Mackintosh, that matrimony had made a great improvement in his manners and temper. Of all men Campbell stood most in need of a home. He had till then been a wanderer, and regular in nothing. He was now fixed, and during the period of his married life he was unquestionably very different in his habits and in the society he kept from what he afterwards became. Horner seems to hint at his bachelorhood being open to the same remarks as his widowhood; and himself spoke of his early Edinburgh indulgences as having been rather too lively, and of his having escaped them in London.

The son who survives him, Thomas Telford Campbell, was born June 2, 1804, in Eaton Street. The description of his child to his friends at this time was full of kindness mingled with apprehension. 'Oh,' said he, 'that I were *sure* he would live to the days when I could take him on

my knee and feel the strong plumpness of childishness waxing into vigorous youth! My poor boy! shall I have the ecstasy of teaching him thoughts, and knowledge, and reciprocity of love to me? It is bold to enter into futurity so far!' Alas! how differently the poet was destined to look upon that son nearly twenty years afterwards!

He took a plain brick-house at Sydenham in Kent in 1804: it was the last of a row on the side of a hill, and had nothing but its retired situation to recommend it. He was then in his twenty-seventh year. He became indisposed just after his removal, and was advised by Sir James Mackintosh to drink water, and abstain from all fermented liquors, in order to strengthen his nerves. This he did for some time, but found no benefit from the change; for his mental labour, before his frame had been knit into manhood, had been too severe; and this had communicated a certain debility to his nervous system which was never removed, and which his careless regimen did not tend to counteract or diminish. Over-excitement of the mind in youth is continually traced in some form or another throughout life. To this perhaps is to be attributed the early exhaustion of the poet's genius, and his subsequent indolence as to literary labour. He translated the foreign papers for the 'Star' this year at £200 per annum, and wrote in the 'Philosophical Magazine.'

Campbell's second son, Alison, was born upon the 2d of June 1805, just a year after his brother Thomas Telford. He described his two sons—the one about a twelvemonth, and the other a few weeks old—in a letter to Mr Alison in a style of some humour. 'Your beloved namesake is growing a sweet and beautiful child. The elder Telford I am sorry to send you less favourable accounts of. Don't alarm yourself, however, for his health: it is his moral disposition which is become rude and savage. He talks a language like man in his pristine state of barbarity, consisting of unmodulated and indefinite sounds. He is rapacious, and would eat bread and milk until the day of judgment; but he is obliged to stint his stomach to five loaves, and as many pints of milk per diem, besides occasional repasts. He is mischievous, and watches every opportunity to poke out little Alison's eyes, and tear the unformed nose from his face. He had not been christened, but only named, till Alison and he were converted to Christianity together. The watering of the young plants was a very uncommon scene. Telford scolded the clergyman, and dashed down the bowl with one smash of his Herculean arms. He continued boasting and scolding the priest till a wild cry of "Y-a-men" from the clerk astonished him into silence. The first meeting of Telford and his young friend was diverting. Telford had seen no live animal of the same size, except the lambs on the common, which he had been taught to salute by the appellation of *B-a-a!* This was for some time his nickname for your namesake.'

Campbell was offered the Regent's Chair in the university of Wilna in Russian-Poland, and was very near accepting it, as 'the wood and Botany Bay were preferable to *uncertainty* at home:' he was deterred solely by the fear of Russian despotism. It was a singular event that he should, many years subsequently, have had a professorship in the same country at his disposal, which he tended to his literary coadjutor. He remarked of his literary labour at this time, very close to the state of facts with most literary men, 'I get through a tenth of my labour in one day, but innumerable inter-

ruptions occur. What was written to-day, may have to be re-written to-morrow. The grocer who sells a pound of figs and puts a shilling, including threepence profit, into his till, is a more gainful vocation.' 'Lord Ullin's Daughter,' 'The Turkish Lady,' and 'The Soldier's Daughter' were written this year; and the 'Battle of the Baltic' reduced to a mere moiety of the original sketch.

He now projected an edition of the British poets; and as Scott had adopted the same idea, they thought of bringing it out jointly. Both insisted upon inserting lives which the booksellers opposed; and this interference put a stop to a most valuable collection of the poets by two distinguished poets—a loss never to be repaired. The men of trade in consequence applied to a hack to bring out an edition for £300, which gave rise to the publication of the 'Specimens of the British Poets' thirteen years afterwards by Campbell alone. In 1805 a collection of Irish melodies was projected by him, which went no farther in his hands, but was afterwards nobly carried out by Moore. In the meantime his 'Annals' were still unfinished, when, in October 1805, it was announced that a pension of £200 per annum had been granted to him, as was generally supposed through the interest of Lord Minto. He imagined it was through Fox and Lord Holland; but Pitt was then in office, and Campbell was an avowed disciple of the Whigs. The minister, on the other hand, only three weeks before his decease, put his name down as a subscriber for the poet's works. Fees and income-tax reduced the pension to £168 per annum. The poet met Fox for the first time the year following at Lord Holland's. The statesman was then in office, and invited Campbell to St Ann's Hill, but died before the latter had an opportunity of accepting the invitation. The poet revised an edition of 'Johnson's Lives of the Poets' this year; and Mr Murray, wiser than his brother booksellers had been before, offered Campbell and Scott £1000 for the lives of the poets on their old plan; but the latter was now too much engaged to undertake any portion of the labour. Campbell, for the most part, lived retired at Sydenham during 1806. He had complained that too much conviviality made him feel worse, and yet company continually led him into it. He remarked that he had had warning he should not be a Methuselah.

The next publication of Campbell's was a step gained in poetical beauty even upon the 'Pleasures of Hope.' It was not so exquisitely worked up and polished; but in sentiment and subject it was superior. The 'Pleasures of Hope' was didactic. It contained touching passages, but had no continuity of story, which, though feeble in 'Gertrude of Wyoming,' enhances the interest of the poem. It may therefore be considered a superior development of the poet's skill: in fact, the highest flight his muse ever essayed. This was his own opinion, although the infallibility of the judgment of writers in regard to the merit of their own productions can never be admitted. In the same volume in which 'Gertrude of Wyoming' was printed, there were included the two noble odes of the 'Battle of the Baltic' and the 'Mariners of England,' together with 'Hohenlinden,' 'Glenara,' 'Lord Ullin's Daughter,' and 'O'Connor's Child;' composing a collection of poetry by one individual so fresh, so varied, and of a merit so rare, that it may be questioned if works

of such enduring excellence ever before appeared at one time in a single publication of any of our poets. The lapse of years since has but confirmed the opinion of the excellence of these poems, which have never diminished in public estimation from the day on which they first saw the light. It may be questioned whether, after such works, destined to exist as long as the language in which they are written—a language becoming almost universally vernacular—enough had not been achieved for the fame of one individual. At anyrate the efforts thus made seem to have exhausted the poet's powers; and some half-a-dozen short pieces more, written during the next thirty years of his life, although beautiful in language, made no approach in power to their predecessors. The diversities of genius upon record show some of its sons destined to continue to delight mankind from youth to age, while others flame out at once, and darken to the end. Waller wrote as well at eighty as at twenty: Dryden wrote nothing worthy of his name until he was between thirty and forty: in Campbell the poetical intensity was ardent for a limited period: all his better works were published before he was thirty-two.

'Gertrude of Wyoming' was completed in 1808, and published in 1809; and a second edition followed the next year. The story is deficient in invention, in which the other works of the poet show that he did not shine. There is enough to carry the simple details required, but no more; and the excellences consist in an all-pervading sweetness and tenderness of handling, in the purity of the sentiment, the richness and splendour, and the pointed vigour displayed in many of the passages. If it does not sparkle like the 'Pleasures of Hope,' or attract so much by its polish and the artifice of its verse, it possesses a wider range of vision, and touches more deeply the sympathies of the reader.

When Jeffrey read 'Gertrude,' he wrote to the author, and with that perspicacity which so well adapted him for the post of a reviewer, said that the poem ended abruptly. 'Not but that there is great spirit in the description,' he added, 'but a spirit not quite suitable to the soft and soothing tenor of the poem. The most dangerous faults, however, are your faults of diction. There is still a good deal of obscurity in many passages, and in others a strained and unnatural expression—an appearance of labour and hardness. You have hammered the metal in some places till it has lost all its ductility. These are not great faults, but they are blemishes; and as dunces will find them out, noodles will see them when they are pointed to. I wish you had had courage to correct or rather avoid them; for with you they are faults of over-finishing, not of negligence. I have another fault to charge you with in private, for which I am more angry than all the rest. Your timidity, or fastidiousness, or some other knavish quality, will not let you give your conceptions glowing, and bold, and powerful, as they present themselves; but you must chasten, and refine, and soften them forsooth, till half their nature and grandeur is chiselled away from them.' This was a sound advice, friendly, and worthy of the critic. This criticism came home to the poet's faults, which in his better days were too close an adherence to that nicety of verbal polish and disregard of the more manly sense, which are distinguishing traits of university practice in exercise and translation. There were other errors. In the 'Pleasures of Hope' he had introduced panthers on the shores of Lake Erie;

but there is no such animal in the United States—the ounce-like creature the cougar or jaguar, and the puma, in the south, not being the panthers or leopards of the old world, but a distinct species, although the Yankees may confound the names. Then the flamingo, the aloe, and palm-tree of the tropics are placed in the severe climate of Pennsylvania, in which plants that flourish well in England perish during the intensity of its winter. These, however, were blemishes which only served to set off the merits of the poem in other respects. The ‘Edinburgh Review’ passed high encomiums upon it; Dugald Stewart was delighted with it; Mr Alison conveyed to the author the admiration of his Edinburgh friends in glowing colours. The poet wrote in consequence to a friend—‘Alison’s letter is a thing belonging to the heart. Poor Stewart’s tears are at present no certain test; his great, but always susceptible mind, is reduced, I daresay, to almost puerile weakness, if I may say it with due reverence to his name’ (he was suffering under a domestic affliction). ‘Now, let me ask, is it very great ostentation to betray the first symptoms of doubtful success to you? To you who are so dear to my heart that you will excuse even its foibles? I must not exclude your family from hearing something of “Gertrude.” Ay, ay, I am like the whale in the gulf of Malström, I feel myself getting into the whirlpool of vanity in communicating the puff from Alison. I may roar and repent, but into the gulf I *must* go! But I love you very much, and that is the reason I do not fear you. Say your worst, bating that I am a silly, vain creature—bite my nails, &c.—bray much about Montague Street, when I have dined—and envy Sydney Smith! Except these faults, I defy you to say black is the white of my eye!’

In 1811 Campbell was invited to give five lectures at the Royal Institution, and having consented, set about preparing them. Two were to be delivered before Easter 1812, and three after, for which he was to receive a hundred guineas. He seems at this time to have had as much work upon his hands as he could well get through. His mother’s death took place in February. He said that he felt more at the news of her first shock of the palsy than at her decease. ‘It is only,’ said he, ‘when I imagine her alive in my dreams that I feel strongly on the subject.’ In the meanwhile the time approached for the delivery of his lectures. The first was on the principles of poetry; then upon Hebrew and Greek poetry, two lectures; the fourth on the troubadour and Italian poetry; the fifth on the French theatre, and on English poets and poetry. Sir Humphrey Davy had borne off the palm from all preceding lecturers at the institution, particularly with the fair sex, principally owing to the illustration of his subject by numerous pleasing experiments; but Campbell came off well, though he felt no little timid anxiety about the result. Describing his first lecture, he observed, ‘Archdeacon Nares fidgetted about and said, “That’s new, at least quite new to me.” I could not look in my friend’s face; and I threatened to divorce my wife if she came. All friends struck me blind, except my chieftain’s lovely daughter, and now next-door neighbour on the common, Lady Charlotte Campbell. I thought she had a feudal right to have the lecturer’s looks to herself. But chiefly did I repose my awkward eyes on the face of a little yellow unknown man, with a face and a smile of approbation indescribably ludicrous.’

The poet now became a visitor at the residence of the unfortunate Queen

Caroline, at Blackheath, danced reels with royalty, attended operas, and for a season was as gay as his nature permitted. He denied that there was anything coarse or indelicate about the queen's conduct. He seems to have thought of her precisely as Canning did. He described her as good-humoured, kind-hearted, acute, *naïve*, and entertaining, but as blundering so comically in speaking English as to be almost equivocal at times. In 1812 he seems to have made the acquaintance of Thomas Hill, at Sydenham. There, too, congregated the two Smiths, James and Horace, Theodore Hook, Mathews, Du Bois, and other choice spirits of the time, the poet being as lively as the gayest of them.

The next year Madame de Staël visited England from Sweden, and took up her residence in Argyle Street. She wrote to the poet from Stockholm, speaking of the pleasure she had derived from reading the Episode of Ellinore in the 'Pleasures of Hope.' He had previously offered to superintend the translation of a work she was bringing out. He greatly feared, about the same time, that a pleurisy with which he was attacked would disable him from proceeding with his lectures; but he recovered, and delivered a second course with great *éclat*. It was observed that he was uneven in his enunciation. 'Campbell,' says Byron of him at this time, 'looks well, seems pleased, and dresses sprucely. A blue coat becomes him; so does his new wig.' (He was bald at twenty-four years old.) 'He really looked as if Apollo had sent him a birthday suit, or a wedding-garment.' Mrs Grant said of him, 'He is one who has suffered much from neither understanding the world nor being understood by it. He encountered every evil of poverty but that of being ashamed of his circumstances; in that respect he was nobly indifferent to opinion, and his good, gentle, patient, little wife was so frugal, so simple, and so sweet-tempered, that she disarmed poverty itself of half its evils.'

It would appear that Coleridge had lectured against Campbell's poetry two or three years before the latter appeared at the Royal Institution, at least such was the statement of Byron, on the authority of Rogers. 'We are going to hear that Manichean,' adds the noble bard. Campbell, who was very sensitive about such attacks, felt little good-will afterwards towards Coleridge, who attacked everything and everybody for the sake of talking. It was wonderful how far Campbell carried this kind of antipathy, nor did he ever trouble himself whether the matter that gave him offence was well or ill-founded. His introduction to Byron took place at the table of Rogers, on whom he had accidentally called, where Moore and Byron had previously been invited to meet, to clear up some misunderstanding. It was rarely that four such men, poets of so high a reputation, had met together and alone.

In 1813 he visited Brighton for the benefit of his health. He kept a light sort of diary upon this occasion, but it had no real humour. Here he met Dr Herschel, and was much struck with some of his hypotheses respecting the heavenly bodies; subjects with which Campbell himself does not appear to have been very familiar, since he mistook the obvious meaning of the astronomer:

When peace returned in 1814 Campbell visited Paris, and found there Madame de Staël, with Mrs Siddons, and her brother John, for whom he had such a strong, unabated friendship. He visited the Galleries of Art; he

dined with Humboldt and Schlegel; and was introduced to the Duke of Wellington as 'Mr Campbell.' The duke passed over the introduction as a matter of course, supposing the poet, as he himself observed, to be one of the thousand of that name; but when he found his mistake he took down the poet's address, stating that he was sorry he was not sooner undeceived. Campbell had numerous conversations with Schlegel, in which they differed considerably upon the mode of studying philosophy; and these friendly contests were afterwards carried on in England, during Schlegel's visits, with the same warmth and the same futility. He was struck with the Apollo Belvidere in the Louvre, and confessed that its busts he had before seen with indifference. This he attributed to his inexperience in art; for although versed in the principles, he was by no means a judge of the details of artistic objects, his ideas having been formed by reading, not by the study of the objects themselves.

Campbell remained in Paris two months, and then returned to London. There is an epitaph to the memory of Mrs Shute of Sydenham, and her two daughters, who were drowned at Chepstow, written by him this year, and engraved on their monument in Monkton Combe, Somerset, which has not appeared in his works:—

' In deep submission to the Will above,
Yet with no common cause for human tears,
This stone to the lost partner of his love,
And for his children lost, a mourner rears.
One fatal moment, one o'erwhelming doom,
Tore, threefold, from his heart the ties of earth :
His Mary, Margaret, in their early bloom,
And her who gave them life and taught them worth.
Farewell, ye broken pillars of my fate!
My life's companion, and my two first-born;
Yet while this silent stone I consecrate
To conjugal, paternal, love forlorn—
Oh may each passer-by the lesson learn,
Which can alone the bleeding heart sustain,
Where friendship weeps at virtue's funeral urn,
That to the pure in heart to die is gain !'

In 1815 Campbell visited Scotland. On his return he used all his interest to patronise Mrs Allsop, the daughter of Mrs Jordan, who had come out upon the London stage. It appeared that she wanted expression on the boards. But through Lord Byron our poet procured for her a stage engagement of considerable advantage.

In 1816 Sir Walter Scott, with that kindness towards his brother labourers in literature which ever distinguished him, suggested a plan to obtain two classes for Campbell in the university of Edinburgh, which might be made lucrative. His plan, however, came to nothing.

Campbell now proceeded towards the completion of his 'Specimens of the Poets' for Mr Murray, which had proceeded very slowly. There was a proposal by Mr Murray regarding the publication of his lectures prior to the 'Specimens.' What became of the lectures alluded to is not clear; but the poet afterwards recomposed them for the 'New Monthly Magazine,' in which it was stipulated they should appear. A very small portion of the seven volumes of the 'Specimens,' which were not published

until 1819, is original matter, and the errors in the first edition were very considerable. Mr Murray had only engaged to give the poet £500 for his labours; but he generously doubled the amount, besides presents of books worth £200 more. Campbell had expected a second edition of this work three or four years after it was published; for it seems he applied to his coadjutor in the 'New Monthly,' when he became editor of that periodical, for a life of Dr Wolcot (Peter Pindar), whom he considered to be one of the most original of English poets, although he had neglected him for want of materials, of which his friend, he knew, had possession. The 'Specimens' did not come to a second edition till 1841, when, on being applied to for the correction of the numerous errors in biographical and bibliographical information which existed in the former edition, the poet refused to make them. The generous conduct of Mr Murray merited a better return. These errors were generally in dates, and about localities, arising from want of care or from oversight. This duty was obliged to be performed by another. But at the time alluded to (1841), the poet's mental powers were in rapid decadence, and his horror of such labour was proverbial. The essay prefixed to the work is one of Campbell's best prose productions.

In a conversation between Scott and Washington Irving, Scott said of Campbell, 'He don't know or won't trust his own strength. Even when he has done a thing well, he has often misgivings about it. He left out several fine passages in "Lochiel," but I got him to restore some of them. What a grand idea is that about prophetic boding, or, in common parlance, second sight—

"Coming events cast their shadows before!"

It is a noble thought, and nobly expressed. And there's that glorious little poem, too, of "Hohenlinden." After he had written it he did not seem to think much of it—"Damned drum-and-trumpet lines!" I got him to recite it to me; and I believe the delight I felt and expressed had an effect in inducing him to print it. The fact is, Campbell is in a manner a bugbear to himself. The brightness of his early success is a detriment to all his further efforts. He is afraid of the shadow that his own fame casts before him.'

In 1817 he lost his friend Francis Horner, and this year made an acquaintance with Crabbe at Holland House. Crabbe, Rogers, and Moore, afterwards dined with him at Sydenham, making a second repast of a similar character at which four distinguished poets had figured together. The former had taken place at Rogers's, where Byron took the place of Crabbe.

The poet was much attached to clubs, and had belonged to several both in England and Scotland. He proposed one, to be called the Bees' or Poets' Club; but Perry of the 'Chronicle' put an end to the scheme by saying people would call it the 'Wasps.' Campbell, daunted at once by the chance of being made ridiculous, gave up the project.

He wrote some lines in 1817 upon the death of the Princess Charlotte, with which Prince Leopold was much pleased. He continued to work on his 'Specimens' in 1818; Roscoe of Liverpool solicited him to lecture there in 1819. He accepted the terms, went down, and was enthusiastically received. He profited by these lectures to the amount of £350. He also

received £100 for delivering them at Birmingham on his way back to town. At Birmingham, too, he visited the two Watts, father and son; the elder being then in the last year of his useful and protracted life. A younger son, named Gregory, who died early, was the class-fellow and friend of the poet at Glasgow college.

A passage in the 'Essay on English Poetry' in the 'Specimens,' produced a remarkable discussion. Campbell had censured the Rev. Mr Bowles for undervaluing the merit of Pope; and Bowles rejoined in a letter to Campbell, in defence of what were called his 'invariable principles of poetry.' Campbell's usual indolence prevented his replying otherwise than by a note affixed to one of his poetical lectures; but Byron, Roscoe, Gilchrist, and others not so fond of pleading a want of leisure which did not exist, took up the affair; and the original disputant remained an unconcerned spectator of the contest he had provoked and cooled upon, which was always his manner to avoid trouble. The admission of Bowles's theory was to degrade Pope from his high poetical station, and was unquestionably pushed too far. His argument was, that images drawn from the sublime and beautiful in nature are more poetical than any drawn from art, and that those passions of the heart which belong to nature in general are more adapted to the higher order of poetry than those derived from transient manners. So far might be admitted; but Bowles travelled further, and intimated that the mere presence of such images was to determine the merits of the poet, with little regard to the skill in working up the materials. In this dispute which Campbell had raised, and then looked upon so quietly as it proceeded, even the old juriconsult, Jeremy Bentham, mingled himself. It was clear that no system of exclusion could be true. Was the enchanter who called up at his own will the most beautiful visions, and peopled with their own creations the mighty void, to be reduced to the level of him whose only merit consisted in the selection of a happier theme? Under Bowles's principles the Venus de Medicis could not be natural, because that statue is composed of the most perfect portions of the female form, too perfect for existing nature.

Campbell proposed next to extend his lectures, and print them in two quarto volumes, making extracts to aid him at Bonn, whither he intended to go, and where he should find W. A. Schlegel. He completed the delivery of a second course of his lectures in May. He signed a document, binding himself to undertake the editorship of the 'New Monthly Magazine' in December 1820, so as to commence on the 1st of January following; the lectures, or twelve of them, to be inserted without charge, and his salary to be £600 per annum for three years. He then embarked for Germany by way of Rotterdam, and visited likewise Haarlem, Amsterdam, and the Hague. He found Schlegel at Bonn, who gave him a hearty welcome, and introduced him to several other professors of note. At Frankfort he left his wife and son, and proceeded from thence to Ratisbon, over the ground where the battle he saw in 1800 had been fought, and where Napoleon fought a much more important one ten years afterwards. He visited the Scotch College, and found only two of the brotherhood surviving out of a dozen he had known there twenty years before. He left Ratisbon in a boat on the Danube for Vienna. There he hired apartments, nobly furnished, for four pounds a month. He climbed to the summit of St Stephen's

spire, and looked over the field of Aspern and the Isle of Lobau, so renowned in warfare. He was welcomed as a celebrity by the learned of Vienna, and his 'Mariners of England,' and most of his shorter pieces, he found translated into German. He returned to Bonn from Vienna by way of Frankfort—leaving his son under the care of Dr Meyer at Bonn, to proceed with his education—and reached home with Mrs Campbell towards the end of November 1820. Between Dover and London the coach was overturned, and he received so severe an injury in the shoulder, that he was compelled to remain at an inn on the road for several days.

He now began to think of the duties of his editorship. They were of a character wholly novel to him; for although his high acquirements and pure taste enabled him to select the best matter in a literary sense, yet to combine a pleasing variety of articles was to him a formidable undertaking. He wanted tact; and although setting about his task with the ardour which marked his conduct at the commencement of any new undertaking, he became impatient under it. His labours began in December 1820, but it was the middle of the month before anything but his own lecture and poetry was ready. He felt the task confuse him; and as the publisher had promised to provide a sub-editor, the necessary personage was found in Edward du Bois, the author of 'My Pocket-Book,' which had led to a lawsuit many years before, in which Lord Ellenborough and a jury clearly vindicated the rights of literary criticism. This gentleman was well versed in periodical literature. The small print of the magazine was committed to a separate hand—that of Cyrus Redding. In this way the first number appeared. Du Bois, who soon perceived that the poet had had no practice in periodical literature, gave him his opinions too freely upon some points of moment; and although they had been well acquainted, for Du Bois used to make one of the Sydenham guests at Thomas Hill's, Campbell declared he could not proceed with his sub-editor. Mr Redding therefore added to his own previous duties the assistance of Campbell in his portion of the labour; and the periodical proceeded to the satisfaction of everybody concerned during ten years, distancing all its competitors.

The poet, loath to leave it, kept his house at Sydenham for nearly two years after his editorship began, lodging first in Margaret Street, Cavendish Square, and then in Foley Place. Here his son returned to him with symptoms of incipient insanity. He resigned, with feelings of considerable regret, his country domicile, so much endeared to him in recollection, and took a house in Upper Seymour Street West, near Connaught Place.

It was a singular circumstance that the poet had never inquired about the politics of the work he had undertaken to manage. These had been Ultra Tory; and many of his old friends, in consequence, evaded giving him assistance when he requested it of them. It was not to be supposed that Campbell would support the old principles of the magazine, but the truth was, that he had thought nothing about them. Perry of the 'Morning Chronicle,' who was an old friend of the poet, never mentioned the subject to him; but told a friend that he must be excused for doing anything in behalf of the magazine, because it had stolen the title of another work for party purposes. Attack sentiments and principles, he said, it was all right. There was a 'New Times' started against the 'Times.' 'How should I,' said Perry, 'like a "New Morning Chronicle" to be started,

evading the law by adding a word for that purpose? I know Campbell had nothing to do with that: it was before his time. He will not, I know, support its old sentiments, but it is sanctioning a bad principle.' Campbell confessed that the matter had never crossed his mind; and this was perfectly in unison with his character. The work flourished notwithstanding, but few of the poet's old Whig friends became contributors. His contributions were comparatively few besides his lectures. These were of high excellence, perhaps too learned for general readers. They were written in that neat and pure style which their author exhibited in prose as well as verse. He was sometimes so assiduous in the perfect completion of a sentence, that there seemed a forgetfulness of connection. He generally perfected in his mind the sentence he thus wrote before committing it to paper, but would sometimes even then repolish and alter, so that composition was exceedingly laborious to him. Besides his lectures, he published about thirty pieces of poetry during his ten years' editorship. Of these 'The Rainbow,' the 'Last Man,' 'A Dream,' and his stanzas beginning 'Men of England,' are the best. Some of these pieces only consisted of a few lines.

The prose contributions of Campbell to the magazine, besides his twelve lectures, were inconsiderable. They consisted chiefly of 'A Letter to Mr Brant, the son of a Mohawk Chief;' 'Letters to the Students of the Glasgow University;' an article on 'The University of London;' two or three reviews, one of which was on Milton's theological tract; another of the four first volumes of Las Casas's Napoleon, 'Hugh's Travels,' 'Moore's Byron and Sequel,' with articles on the 'Civilisation of Africa,' on the 'Sonnets of Shakspeare,' and on 'Flaxman's Lectures.' He also wrote a few small print criticisms, some very hurriedly, and others more carefully. He would also, when a friend died, give two or three lines of memorial for the obituary. Of these articles the paper on Flaxman was the most remarkable, from having been just published and read to Sir Thomas Laurence when that artist was dying. The painter and poet had long been intimate friends and the latter was much shocked at the intelligence of Laurence's decease, which came upon him unexpectedly on a chance meeting with Sir James Mackintosh, as he was starting with a friend upon a walk to Dulwich. The article in the Edinburgh Review on Flaxman, which gave rise to Campbell's paper, was supposed to be written by some friend of Chantrey the sculptor. The poet defended Flaxman's opinion, that anatomy was a necessary study for a sculptor; but Chantrey undervalued what he had never learned.

In 1824, while connected with the magazine, Campbell published the 'Last Man,' one of his happier efforts. He fancied that Byron, in the poem of 'Darkness,' had stolen his idea. It was singular that he imagined the idea of a 'last man' to be novel, for it is found in a poem printed in the beginning of the century; and in Bishop Horne's sermon on the 'Death of the Old Year,' the same idea occurs of earth being sunk in a molten deluge, and 'one man standing in the world the only survivor.' Yet the poet wrote a letter to the Edinburgh reviewers, in which, because they hinted that he had taken his idea from Byron, he charged Byron with taking it from himself fifteen years before. The idea, however, was so obvious, that it must have struck many persons. This year Campbell also

began to push his scheme for a university in London; and at the commencement of the next year, 1825, after enlisting Mr Brougham, Mr Hume, and others in its behalf, he paid a visit to some of the continental universities, particularly to that of Berlin, to improve his knowledge of such institutions, with a view to the internal regulation of one in London. His subsequent interference in the scheme was little, Brougham taking the lead. On the foregoing visit to the continent Campbell went to Hamburg, where, after an absence of twenty-five years, he saw some of his old friends of 1800, particularly the Exile of Erin, Anthony M'Cann, for whom he had in vain tried to obtain leave to return to his native land.

Our author next began a life of Laurence, the materials being in great part collected by himself: the labour commenced, was quickly abandoned, and the work handed over to a friend. During his engagement with the magazine, he was one day waited upon by a friend of Mr Brant, the son of the Indian chief to whom he alluded in his *Gertrude* as the Mohawk Brant, charging him with cruelty. The son was an accomplished gentleman in the British service, and a field-officer. The Indian chief, Brant, as it appeared, was not present at the sack of Wyoming; and Campbell attached an exculpatory note to the subsequent edition of his poems, stating that the name of Brant must be esteemed fictitious.

Soon after the resignation of his editorship, Campbell sought for a reconciliation with his brother poet Thomas Moore. There had been a coolness between these two distinguished men from the time the former undertook a defence of Lady Byron in an article in the magazine. He had treated Moore with a roughness by no means merited, and now addressed a letter to him apologising for his vehemence. At the same time he declared, with that latent self-respect which formed a part of his character even to vanity, that his sentiments upon the point of difference 'were unaltered.' He only desired the forgiveness of Moore for his heat. The cause of the difference was owing to that impulsive action for right or wrong, continually preceding reflection, which was a part of Campbell's nature. Of his forgiving temper there were proofs in cases of less moment to others than himself. Hence his character was often mistaken by those who were not aware of his peculiar disposition.

During his editorship of the magazine, Campbell had been elected Lord Rector of Glasgow university, having a considerable majority over the other two candidates—Canning and Sir Thomas Brisbane. He immediately repaired to Glasgow, where a political dinner was proposed to be given to him, which he declined. He delivered his inaugural address in the beginning of 1827, having been elected in the previous November. Ardently attached to his native city, and the place of his education, where he was now so honoured, he carried his feeling of gratification almost to weakness. He annexed to the office an importance, even out of Glasgow, which no one else would have thought of doing, and which it could hardly bear. But his temperament, excited by the recall of early sensations and feelings, rendered this very excusable. He dined with the *Senatus Academicus* in the room where he had never been but once before in his life, and that was when a youth on a charge of breaking the windows of the college church!

All the documents relative to the university were laid before him, and he was treated with great politeness and cordiality by the professors. He was very popular with the students, distributed the college prizes to them, and after nearly two months' absence, returned home full of almost youthful joyousness. He left London for Glasgow again at the close of the year, and was re-elected in November. Three of his letters to the Glasgow students appeared that year in print, exhibiting proofs of his previous laborious acquirements in their seminary. The diction of these letters was remarkably neat and pure. He left Scotland towards the end of November for London, having that year been absent nearly four months. He came back full of a plan for a classical encyclopædia, to be continued through the assistance of the Glasgow students who were most advanced. This plan shared the fate of the poet's other thousand-and-one projects.

While in Glasgow he was attacked with indisposition, suspected to originate in the liver, but recovered under the influence of medicine. This seems to have been the first time the seat of his disorder was suspected, and which, by care, he might have checked. He was for some time wholly unfit for literary labour. Sir Thomas Laurence now made an offer to him on behalf of the Glasgow students, to paint their Lord Rector's picture for the Great Hall of the Museum at a reduced price; an instance of kindness on the part of Sir Thomas which merits record; but the matter was not proceeded with. In the meanwhile the copyright of the 'Pleasures of Hope' had returned to him by the expiration of the copyright act. He now planned a new and complete edition of his works, to be handsomely printed and illustrated; and had scarcely taken a preliminary step in the matter, when his wife was attacked with an illness which proved fatal on the 9th of May 1828. Two months before her decease, the state of uncertainty in which she lay completely unhinged the poet for any kind of work. Anxious to see a complete edition of his poems, and declaring his utter inability to execute a task at the moment of the utmost importance to his interests, he became impatient and excited. He was attacked with temporary blindness, and was completely incapacitated for business of any kind. His friend Cyrus Redding undertook to bring out the collected edition of his poems in his behalf; but Campbell was in such a state of mind, that he could with difficulty be got to decide whether some of the pieces attributed to him were his own or not. This edition appeared in two volumes, with a likeness of the author, from a portrait by Laurence.

He was invited to stand a third time for the Lord Rectorship of Glasgow at the close of that year. This honour was flattering; but Scott was now set up against him, and the voting was even. The casting-vote was then given illegally by the poet's own vice-rector against him; and Scott, with that noble feeling which always distinguished his intercourse with literary men, at once declined the honour. Campbell, therefore, was installed for the third time. He had left London just before his election, prior to which he had given a 'legal' authority to his friend Redding to act as he might see fit about his son under any circumstances that might arise. The condition of his son made him at the moment exceedingly anxious. On arriving in Edinburgh he found his eldest sister ill. 'Everything,' he wrote, 'and every face in Glasgow are a stab to my recollections of the past. I left

my son in a ticklish frame of mind, and I have the prospect of not long possessing the nearest and the dearest of my earthly relations.' This sister survived until the year before his own decease.

About this time a club was founded among the students in the university of Glasgow, called the Campbell Club. His inaugural address this year on his installation was sensible and well-written. It announced two silver and two gold medals: the silver for 'gowned' students, the gold for 'ungowned.' The first was to be for the best English essay 'On the Evils of Intolerance towards those who Differ from us in Religion;' the second, 'On the Comparative Importance of Scientific and Classical Instruction in the General Education of Mankind.' He wound up by recommending to the students, that 'if any feuds had sprung up among them in consequence of the election, that they should bury them all in generous oblivion.' He visited Scotland again in the beginning of April, in a little more than three months after his former journey, and remained about a month. Upon his return from this journey, he changed his residence from Seymour Street West to Middle Scotland Yard, Whitehall. There he began to give parties. This did not endure long. His fondness for clubs once more exhibited itself in the formation of the Literary Union. This society, which promised well at first, afterwards degenerated into an ordinary club, and expired of inanition not long before the poet's decease. The original idea was good, but the poet was not one possessing a character of steadiness to carry it out with the needful requisites. His principal desire was to connect it with literary views and objects. He was chairman of the committee, and produced scheme after scheme, which passed away; and though one or two literary papers were read, the institution degenerated into a commonplace thing. The committee even found it difficult to confine their chairman to the routine of the common weekly business. Figures and accounts he held in impatient distaste: he would jest and talk politics, and scarcely attend to business when told time was precious.

In 1831 Campbell and his former coadjutor became connected with the 'Metropolitan.' The poet at first was only bound to lend his name, and to furnish something for the work now and then. He was to receive half the income he had enjoyed from the old magazine, and to reside where he pleased. He had by this time left Scotland Yard, and gone for a time to Hastings, or rather St Leonard's, in Sussex. Soon after the work began, a naval officer, who had been a contributor, thinking the speculation was good, took a large share from the bookseller, and became in law his partner. Unluckily for him he was totally unacquainted with trade, and with the hazard of being involved with a person who might be destitute of capital. Thus imprudent, he offered Campbell a share for a few hundred pounds. The bad state of the bookseller's affairs was unfortunately but too soon discovered, and by an honourable conduct on the part of the individual alluded to, who had involved himself and the poet, the latter got back the money he had advanced; but the unfortunate officer, striving to avoid being made a partner with a bankrupt tradesman, lost his lawsuit, and had to pay some thousands of pounds. The work, which had been pledged to the printer, then fell into the hands of Captain Marryat, the novelist, who bought it with the design of being his own editor, but made no hand of that duty.

At Christmas 1832 the work rested wholly, both property and editorship, with him. Prior to that period it had had contributions from Campbell, Moore, and Montgomery of Sheffield, both in prose and verse; and had it been sustained by proper funds, would no doubt have flourished. Before the establishment of the 'Metropolitan,' the poet had taken up with warmth the cause of the Polish exiles. When he published the 'Pleasures of Hope,' the poem had been speedily translated into several European languages. It had found its way into Poland, was admired there, and the mention of the fall of Polish liberty in the 'Pleasures of Hope' rendered Campbell's name a favourite in the extinguished kingdom. He had kept up a correspondence with some of the leading Poles afterwards, long before the last attempt they made at emancipation.

Besides the Poles, in whose behalf he was incessantly engaged, he began the 'Life of Mrs Siddons' with far more scanty materials than he had possessed for that of Sir Thomas Laurence. He took up his lodgings in Duke Street, St James's, at what were called the Polish Chambers, where the zeal displayed by Mr Bach, secretary to the Polish Association, attached the poet to him strongly: nor was the attachment less strong on the other side. There was a remote attic in the house, where the poet could be as retired and studious as he pleased without the knowledge of any one but his friend Bach. Here, after the poet's decease, under promise of its preservation by the landlord of the house, Mr Bach had a marble tablet placed, with the following inscription so honourable to his friendship:—'In this attic Thomas Campbell, Hope's Bard, and mourning Freedom's Hope, lived and thought, A. D. 1832, while at the head of the Literary Association of the Friends of Poland, his creation. *Divinæ virtutis pietati amicitia*, 1847.'

The 'Life of Mrs Siddons' was a difficult task to execute, owing to the paucity of materials. The booksellers would not look at it in less than two volumes. Matter was laboriously collected to eke out the required quantity; but the middle of the year 1834 had arrived before the biography made its appearance. It was printed in type larger than the ordinary size, to make it extend to a second volume. Campbell considered that in completing this undertaking he was fulfilling a sacred promise to one whom he had long known and esteemed. The work did not go off well. The public expectation had been too long upon the stretch of expectation, and curiosity had subsided. Besides, the style was indifferent; and the author was not fitted for the task by any acquaintance with the small-talk of the theatre.

This biography being published, the poet visited Paris after twenty years of absence. There the Polish Literary Society gave him the honour of a public dinner, at which Prince Czartoyisky presided. He began, too, while there, but soon dropped, a work on the 'Geography of Classical Literature.' He then proposed to visit Italy; but the mention of Algiers caused him to change his direction to Africa, and his impatience made him embark at Marseilles in a crazy merchant-vessel, which fortunately arrived safely. The result of his visit he published in his 'Letters from the South.' He was kindly treated by the French military, and visited Oran and Bona in turn; but was much affected in health by the climate. While he sojourned in Africa, the death of his old friend Telford took

place. He left the poet £1000. Campbell returned from Algiers in 1835, and arriving in Paris was presented to King Louis-Philippe.

After his return home he proceeded with the publication of an illustrated edition of his poems. He also visited Scotland the next year, where he was entertained at the Campbell Club in his native city, together with Professor Wilson, and other distinguished friends. No difference in politics ever interrupted the friendship between Campbell and Wilson. In Scotland the poet launched his anathemas against the despot of Russia, as was his custom in London and Paris, both in public and private society. At Edinburgh he was presented with the freedom of the city. Campbell made a speech here, in which he paid a pleasing tribute to Professor Wilson as a genius of the highest order, of whom Scotland might well be proud. He visited Edinburgh again in the following year, and took the chair at a Printers' Festival in that city on the 7th of June. Towards the close of this year he edited an annual, these ephemera being then nearly gone out of vogue. This, in his better days, he would not have done, or lent his name to do. He was getting senile, and when he wanted money less than before, he became more eager to acquire it. He had left his chambers in St James's Street before he went to Scotland. On his return he took lodgings in Alfred Place, Tottenham-Court Road; and then removed, towards the end of 1837, into chambers in Lincoln's Inn Fields. He squandered considerable sums in these changes. He could not do without his books and furniture, and every change required fresh fittings and cases. While complaining of the narrowness of his income, now never less than £600 or £700 per annum, he did not put down these expenses, almost annually incurred, as of any moment, for he was a bad financier.

The engravings for his illustrated works still proceeded. Turner executed twenty-five of the drawings. It sold very well, as did a cheap edition published by Moxon the bookseller. In 1838 he placed his name to a life of Shakspeare, which he overlooked; but his name was the only advantage the edition derived from his connection with it. He was past all literary labour requiring research and thought. The Queen accepted from him the present of his works; and the poet, in grateful acknowledgment, went to court. Her Majesty soon afterwards did him the honour to send him her picture. This picture, and the silver goblet presented him by the students of the Glasgow university, became so much his favourites, that he afterwards made allusions to them with a frequency that too surely indicated the change which time had wrought upon him, and how small a thing called out a display of the vanity he would have concealed in earlier days. Notwithstanding, he began a 'Life of Petrarch,' or rather a dressing up of Archdeacon Cox's Life, while in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Upon this subject his friend Foscolo had years before told him that nothing new could be said. It could not add to his reputation, much less could a small volume of poems he afterwards published in 1842, the principal of which was called the 'Pilgrim of Glencoe,' and which was far below mediocrity. A retrospective glance at the poet's former glorious works made the world feel the change that had occurred in the valueless character of this volume more strongly. With the advance of years, that pride of feeling, that lofty self-respect which marked the poet's career for

two-thirds of his life in literature, had disappeared. The incitement of money made him go even further, and he subsequently placed his name to a 'Life of Frederick the Great,' as being compiled under his revision: a poor effort in biographical composition.

Even in 1839 his appearance had greatly changed in the eyes of those who saw him only at intervals. In 1840 this change was more strongly marked; yet he talked of founding a club, to be called *The Alpha*, and of new designs. He seems after his short residence in *Lincoln's Inn Fields* to have become tired of the spot. He had been a wanderer after his wife's death. He had tried the same kind of domestic establishment for a year or two, and could not find his former comfort. His son he had sent to an asylum at *Epping*. He then went from lodging to lodging, visited and journeyed, but was still far from discovering a rest for his feet, as of old. He spent time in company which he would otherwise have passed at the domestic hearth. After all his desultoriness, he came back in 1840 to what he hoped would give him domestic life again. He bought the lease of a house in *Victoria Square*, *Pimlico*, and sent to *Scotland* for *Mary Campbell*, a niece, the daughter of his second brother. He corrected the last proofs of '*Petrarch*' here, and promised himself once more that peace from which he had been long estranged. But he could not revive the past. His health, not mended, made him still whimsical and restless. He had seen a pretty child one day as he entered the *Park*, and its face haunted him. He fancied a second sight would be gratifying, and he actually advertised for this indulgence, relying upon his own description for a success, which, it need not be added, he did not find.

In an ailing state of body he paid a visit to the baths of *Wiesbaden*, but returned with his health no way amended. It was evident that he was rapidly declining throughout 1841 and 1842; yet amidst all he never lost sight of his usual pursuits. In 1842 he talked of publishers and their exactions, as if they were new to him, and projected fresh undertakings. We are all reluctant to wound our self-love by giving credit to any diminution of our ability. This year he made his will, and bequeathed all he might leave behind him to his niece, *Mary Campbell*. His son was provided for by the interest of the legacy from the *Ascoy* estates, being the interest on £4500, about £200 per annum. He became as unsettled, restless, apprehensive, and even irregular as usual. His countenance exhibited anxiety and bodily decay. His former neat appearance vanished, and he was negligent in his dress. Sometimes he lit up in a mode that recalled what he had once been, but this was seldom. Yet his kindness to his friends suffered no diminution, and he was still active in his habits. He visited *Cheltenham*, but without any benefit.

In 1843 he lost his only surviving sister, and by this the sum of £800 came into his hands. He had an idea that even with his pension of £300 a year, the interest of the legacy from the *Ascoy* estates, and the profits of his works, between £600 and £700 a year at least, he might still find himself want. He therefore insured his life injudiciously, and lost £500. This made him think of going to the continent, to live frugally, disregarding the heavy expenses of removal with his library, and a certain loss on the lease of his house, which would balance any saving. Undetermined

for some time whither to proceed, he fixed upon Boulogne. At the commencement of October 1843 he removed there. His house was in a bad situation. It was cold, and the severity of the winter soon acted perniciously upon his debilitated frame: he then talked of removing more to the southward as soon as he was able. Day by day he complained of the chilliness he felt, at the same time not paying any attention to his mode of life. In February 1844 he was too weak to write even a few lines without pain. He complained that the climate made him torpid. In April he seemed to revive for a time with the softening atmosphere. Through May this improvement did not continue.

At the commencement of June it was seen that his case was utterly hopeless. For a long while he held no conversation with any one, and his appearance was more altered. When questioned about his health, he either complained of weakness and chilliness, or replied in a general way 'tolerably well.' His countenance betrayed great anxiousness, and he was usually in a state of half slumber to appearance, but retaining the full use of his mind. A few days before he departed, in order to try if he was sensible, the question was asked near his bed, if some one, giving a name, had not written 'Hohenlinden.' The poet calmly and distinctly replied, 'It was one Tom Campbell!' They talked of taking him to the seaside if he grew better, but he gave a *look* incredulous of that possibility. His respiration now became impeded, but he talked a little at intervals. This was at the end of the first week in June. Œdema of the right ankle was at this time perceived. He was calm, and said his mind was quite easy; that he had entire control over it. On the 8th of June he exhibited œdema of the left leg and foot. Some one saying he was better, he observed, 'I am glad you think so.' In reply to a communication, he requested his niece to write to Cyrus Redding, his old literary coadjutor, the state of his health, with his kind remembrance. On the 10th of June every favourable symptom had disappeared. He complained of his strength sinking, but had still a perfect command over his mind, and was quite calm. It being observed that he had great patience, he said, 'I *do* suffer.' The next day he thought he felt stronger, and he had a look of cheerfulness, but this was succeeded by difficulty of breathing. He repeated that his mind was quite easy. The next night was passed easily, and the following day but one, the 13th, while his breathing was more laborious, he was still quite sensible, and listened attentively to all going on around. A friend from London arriving, the poet said he was glad to see him. On the 14th he spoke with some effort inarticulately, saying 'tolerable!' to all inquiries. His respiration now became more hurried, but he was still conscious. His lips were firm, as if he were disposed to meet the last struggle with manliness. At one time appearing to sleep, his lips were observed to move, and he said in a slow distinct whisper, 'We shall see — to-morrow,' naming a departed friend. He appeared to be losing the consciousness and self-possession which marked him before from that time. On giving him something he said, 'Thank you—much obliged!' These were the last words he uttered clearly and intelligibly. The next day was the poet's last: he answered a question put by his niece with much difficulty, but with great kindness, and soon after slumbered. There was no more restlessness; his appearance was serene, except when convulsive

breathings took place as he reposed upon his side. Two hours after noon he opened his eyes, and then closed them for ever. He expired without a struggle at a quarter past four P.M.

The foregoing statement is mostly from that of his medical attendant and executor, Dr William Beattie, who was at the poet's bedside when he expired, and who, with every professional attention, united the kindly concern of a friend.

The task yet remains to assign to Campbell that place in the ranks of the British poets to which his works entitle him. One proof of his merit is that he has been quoted more than any modern poet in the senate, by public orators, and by cotemporary literati. He had, too, the rare happiness of living to see his fame fixed upon an unshaken basis. His verses cannot be mistaken for those of any other English poet; his odes do not resemble those of Dryden, Collins, or Gray: they stand alone. His manner was singular: Scott said he could imitate all the modern poets but Tom Campbell; he could not imitate him, because his peculiarity was more in the matter than the manner. Whatever niche in the temple of fame is hereafter assigned to him, his works are such as fame will not easily let die.

The remains of the poet were brought to England, and interred in Westminster Abbey by the side of the ashes of Sheridan, on the 3d of July 1844. The funeral was numerously attended by the titled and untitled, by the literary and non-literary. The Rev. Mr Millman read the burial service; and at the hour of noon, the dust of him whose works had so long been the delight of his native land was left to its last long repose.



FRANCIS JEFFREY.

THE recent death of the most distinguished citizen of Edinburgh, the Hon. Francis Jeffrey, and the national importance of his career as a man of letters, a lawyer, and a politician, have suggested that some brief record of him should appear in this miscellany. A durable and fitting memorial of his life and services will soon, we trust, be raised by worthy hands, but in the meantime we may be allowed, like the Roman soldier at the grave of his general, to collect some fragments for the funeral pile. The history of Francis Jeffrey is of interest to all classes. It furnishes one of those examples which are the peculiar glory of a free state; for it exhibits talents, integrity, and perseverance—without extrinsic aid, and without one shade of subserviency or moral debasement—conducting its possessor to the highest professional rank, to opulence, and fame. It is instructive to note the stages in his onward march, as difficulties disappear, and honours gather round his name, and to perceive that, though endowed by nature with various and exquisite powers, he was no less remarkable for indefatigable study and patient application. It was by the union of those intellectual gifts and acquirements with inflexible principle, with energy, and with the graces of private life, that he won his way to public and social distinction. His course was long and prosperous.

‘Another race hath been, and other palms are won.’

His work was accomplished. His early and courageous championship of toleration and freedom had been crowned with success; the school of criticism, which he had founded and built up with such incessant care, was crowded with new and worthy disciples, and its essential principles had spread into all lands. He was still able, however, to serve his country on the judicial seat as a most upright, laborious, and penetrating judge. He was still able to counsel and direct, and to dispense a generous but not ostentatious hospitality. There was a sunset brilliancy and benignity in his latter days that made his age beloved as well as venerable.

It is to the honour of the profession of the law that some of its most eminent members have been great also in literature and science, and have dignified their legal career with important public services. The names of Sir Thomas More, of Bacon, Coke, and Selden—of Clarendon and Somers—of Mansfield, Blackstone, and Sir William Jones—the unrivalled forensic oratory of Erskine, and the enlightened humanity of Romilly and Mack-

intosh—form a splendid bead-roll. The Scottish list is less brilliant; but we may instance, not without pride, Viscount Stair, whose ‘Institutes’ form the text-book of the Scottish lawyer, and who was also a philosopher and statesman; Lord Fountainhall, who resisted the tyranny of the Stuarts, and vindicated the independence of the bar; Sir George Mackenzie, who, though the persecutor of the Covenanters, was an elegant author, the friend of Dryden, and the founder of the Advocates’ Library; Duncan Forbes, the upright and intrepid judge, the scholar, and the pure self-sacrificing patriot; and Lord Hailes, the early and accurate explorer of Scottish history, and the opponent of Gibbon. We may notice the metaphysical acuteness and learning of Kames and Monboddo, and the accomplished associates of the ‘Mirror’ and ‘Lounger,’ with their chief, Henry Mackenzie, the ‘Man of Feeling.’ To these might be added many living instances of the happy union of law and literature. The world is slow to admit that a man can excel pre-eminently in more than one pursuit, but even the proverbial severity of legal studies need not exclude from more elegant attainments, and extensive legal practice need not extinguish taste or patriotism.

FRANCIS JEFFREY—who was destined to afford one more illustrious instance of this intellectual and moral combination—was born in the city of Edinburgh on the 23d of October 1773. He could boast of no high lineage. His family was one of humble industrious Edinburgh citizens; but his father, Mr George Jeffrey, being bred to the law, had attained to the position of a depute-clerk of session, an office now inferring a salary of about four hundred pounds a year. He has been described as a writer or attorney in respectable practice, chiefly from the northern counties. His wife’s name was Henrietta Loudon, and she was a native of Lanarkshire. This worthy, careful, and respected couple had several children, of whom Francis was the eldest. The exact spot of his birth has been disputed, and the sarcastic line of Byron—

‘The sixteenth storey where himself was born’—

would of itself give interest to the question in what part of the town he first saw the light. We may therefore state on authority that Francis Jeffrey was born in the *fourth* storey, or flat, of a house in Buchanan’s Court, Lawnmarket, nearly opposite Bank Street. The Lawnmarket is one of the upper sections of that great line of buildings extending about a mile in length from Holyrood Palace to the Castle, and which, from the stupendous height of the houses, their air of antiquity, the steepness of the ascent, the crowded and various population, and the historical associations connected with the Old Town, is perhaps the most remarkable and unique street in Europe. The lines of Scott—which it is impossible not to recall—give a glowing yet accurate picture of the outline of this great thoroughfare:—

‘Such dusky grandeur clothed the height
Where the huge castle holds its state,
And all the steep slope down,
Whose ridgy back heaves to the sky,
Piled deep and massy, close and high—
Mine own romantic town!’

It has been related, though we cannot give the anecdote authoritatively that when Francis Jeffrey was about a year old, his father's house took fire, and in the alarm and confusion of the moment, the child, who was in his crib in the garret, was forgotten. At length one of the neighbours, a slater, volunteered to rescue the infant. With much difficulty, and no little danger, he succeeded in carrying him out of the burning house, and delivered him to his anxious parents. Many years afterwards, when Mr Jeffrey had gone to the bar, the slater, being, through no fault of his own, involved in a series of legal troubles, applied to him for his professional assistance. This was readily and gratefully extended, and with such success, as soon to replace the honest tradesman in comparatively easy circumstances.

Francis Jeffrey was of a slight and delicate frame. From his infancy he evinced the greatest quickness of apprehension and lively curiosity; and he could read well when only in his fourth year.* Having made rapid progress at a day-school, he was sent to the High School of Edinburgh, and in October 1781 (when he had about completed his eighth year) was entered in the second Latin class, then taught by Mr Luke Fraser. He remained under Mr Fraser four years, until October 1785, when, according to the usual routine, he was transferred to the class of the rector, Dr Adam, where he continued two years. In Fraser's class Jeffrey distinguished himself; although in the higher department of the rector he never attained the honour of *dux*. He was, however, a good Latin scholar; and in 1825, when the High School was rebuilt, chiefly by public subscription, he signified his gratitude to the institution by contributing the sum of fifty pounds.

From the High School of Edinburgh Jeffrey proceeded to the university of Glasgow. He matriculated as a student of the logic class, under Professor Jardine, in the session of 1787-8, having just completed his fourteenth year. Glasgow was then famous for its professors. Mr Young, who held the Greek chair, was one of the most eminent philologists of his day, and a highly successful teacher. Professor Jardine was not less able in his department of logic and belles lettres; and Jeffrey said he owed to the judicious instructions of this gentleman his taste for letters, and any literary distinction he had attained. Dr John Millar was then professor of law; and being himself a zealous Whig, he seems to have instilled his own opinions into the minds of his admiring pupils. 'By his learning, sagacity, and wit,' says Thomas Campbell, 'John Millar made many converts.' Jeffrey has also borne testimony to Millar's extensive learning and penetrating judgment, and to the 'magical vivacity' which he infused into his lectures and conversation. The chair of moral philosophy was held

* The late Mr Alexander Smellie printer (son of William Smellie the naturalist, and correspondent of Burns), used to relate the story of Jeffrey's *début* at school. It took place at a seminary situated in a now unapproachable den of the Old Town, called Bailie Fyfe's Close. Smellie was in the *Collection Class*, so called from the book taught being a 'Collection of the Beauties of English Authors,' and which is usually introduced about the third year of an ordinary English course. Jeffrey came, a small creature in petticoats, and was put into the lowest class. From the marvellous quickness of parts shown by the tiny scholar, he was soon transferred to the *Collection Class*, the top of which he gained in *half an hour*. Cockburn, the schoolmaster, prophesied that the little fellow would come to something; and Smellie cried heartily at being so completely beaten by a child not yet deemed fit for male attire.

by Professor Arthur, but his great predecessor, Dr Thomas Reid, still superintended the progress of the class—‘hallowing,’ as Jeffrey has finely remarked, ‘with the sanctity of his venerable age, and the primitive simplicity of his character, the scene over which his genius has thrown so imperishable a lustre.’

With such able and congenial instructors, it is to be regretted that Mr Jeffrey did not remain longer than two sessions. His academical career was desultory and incomplete; but he was always preparing himself for the profession of the law, to which he was early destined. In December 1789, his name appears in the records of the university of Edinburgh as a student in the Scots Law Class, taught by Professor Hume. The following winter he was again at the university of Glasgow. In 1791 he proceeded to Oxford, and was entered of Queen’s College.* His journey southwards had been very leisurely performed, for he was twelve days in getting to London, and he remained a week in the metropolis. He seems to have entered Oxford with no prepossessions in favour of that ancient seat of learning. Its classical renown had no inspiration for the young metaphysical law-student, and its stately Toryism was alien to his nature. It was a jocular remark of Johnson that much might be made of a Scotchman if he was caught young; but Jeffrey would not be caught. In a letter written six days after his arrival, and addressed to one of his college companions in Glasgow, he says—‘Separated as I am from all my friends, and confined to the society of the students of one college, I shall not cease to regret the liberty and variety of intercourse which was permitted, and I hope not abused, at Glasgow. I have been too much in the company of ladies and relations to be much interested with the conversation of pedants, coxcombs, and strangers.’ In a second letter to the same friend, without date, but apparently about a month after the former, the young student writes—‘You ask me to drop you some English ideas. My dear fellow, I am as much, nay, more a Scotchman, than I was while an inhabitant of Scotland. My opinions, ideas, prejudices, and systems, are all Scotch. The only part of a Scotchman I mean to abandon is the language, and language is all that I expect to learn in England. And indeed, except it be prayers and drinking, I see nothing else that it seems possible to acquire in this place.’ He then describes the scenes of uproar and dissipation which took place among the students, and the fragments of broken doors, windows, and stairs, which lay scattered about. Of the fellows and heads of colleges he gives a very unfavourable account. ‘They are men,’ he says, ‘who had in their youth, by dint of regular, persevering, and indefatigable study, painfully acquired a considerable knowledge of the requisite branches of science, which knowledge served only to make them pedants, and to render still more austere and disgusting that torpid insensibility and awkwardness which they had contracted in the course of their painful retirement from the world—men who accustomed themselves to a vile and sycophantical reverence to their superiors while they had them, now insist upon a similar adoration and observance to themselves. If you add to this a violent attachment to the

* The following is an extract from the Register of Matriculations of the University of Oxford:—‘Termino Sti. Michaelis, 1791. Oct. 17, COLL. REGINÆ. Franciscus Jeffrey, 17, Georgii de Civitate Edinburgi armigeri Filius.’ He was, however, in his eighteenth year.

game of whist, and to the wine called port, you will have a pretty accurate conception of the venerable men to whose hands I am now committed.' In a third letter he indulges in the same querulous and lachrymose strain: the home-sickness was evidently strong upon him:—

'As for the times, I know little more of them than that they are such as have succeeded to the past, and must pass away before the future can come on; that they are measured out by hours, and days, and years; and that people observe their lapse with the same testifications of joy and sorrow as have divided their sensations from the creation of the world. To say the truth, I know less of the world than almost any man alive in it. I hardly ever see a newspaper, politics are banished from our conversation, and a man may spend ten years in Oxford without hearing anything but the history of foxes and fox-chases, and riots and trials. Such an institute as your Juridical Society, which seems to occupy so much of your time, would have no more chance of succeeding here than an institution which required a sermon from each of its members once a week. The collected and accumulated study of an Oxonian in a whole year is not in general equivalent to the reflection you bestow upon one of your orations. But I would labour to no purpose to give you an idea of the indolence which prevails here. For my own part, I would attempt to persuade you that I am an exception; but I hate to tell lies, and I had better say nothing at all about it.'

These graphic sketches are probably a little exaggerated. The writer, like most young artists, may have been more intent on force and liveliness of colouring than on correctness of outline or literal truth. His opportunities for observation had at least been too limited to justify such wholesale censure of the fellows and heads of colleges. It is clear that the atmosphere of Oxford did not agree with his Scottish tastes and feelings. He might not have been prepared to appreciate the importance which is attached to classical learning at that university, and his patience would be sorely tried by the syllogisms of Aristotle and the system of college tutors, so different from popular lectures in natural and moral philosophy, and from the social studies to which he had been accustomed. That there was at that time, and long previously, as well as afterwards, no small share of bigotry and careless discipline in the colleges and halls of Oxford, has been proved from various sources. Jeffrey's statements agree in a remarkable manner—even to the port-wine potations—with the experiences of Gibbon, which he could not have seen (for the *Memoir* by Lord Sheffield was not published till 1795); and it is obvious, from the constitution of the colleges, that, along with the quiet and retirement of the monastic life, a considerable portion of its indolence and prejudice had descended to those venerable institutions. It is unfortunate, as Adam Smith had said long before, that the Oxford professors are secure in the enjoyment of a fixed stipend, without the necessity of labour or the apprehension of control. The system is now considerably improved; but the vast wealth of the university can never be efficiently employed until it be freed from the ancient statutes, which fetter its powers of teaching, and directly encourage sloth and inactivity.

The letters of Jeffrey at this early period evince his acuteness and discrimination, his love of intellectual pursuits, and that strong attachment

to *home and friends* which marked him throughout life. Even the style of his composition seems to have been formed. Its flexibility, vigour, and copiousness are already there, and no small portion of the polish which afterwards more highly distinguished it. In nearly all of his letters he makes apologies for writing so much at length, and this was another peculiarity in his character. He was always a voluminous letter-writer, and was seldom a day absent from his family or familiar friends without communicating with them in long and lively epistles.

It is a tradition at Queen's College that Jeffrey left Oxford in disgust at the *intense idleness* which prevailed at the time. He remained only one session, and consequently did not graduate at the university. On his return to Edinburgh he resumed his legal studies. In the session of 1791-2 he again attended the Scots Law Class under Professor Hume. In the session of 1792-3 he repeated his attendance at this class, adding to it the study of civil law under Professor Wilde, and that of civil history and Greek and Roman antiquities under Professor Tytler. He is not entered as having attended any of Dugald Stewart's classes, which is the more remarkable, considering his partiality for ethical studies, and the high reputation of the professor. He may, however, have been present occasionally at the lectures without being enrolled as a student.

In December 1792 Mr Jeffrey became a member of the Speculative Society—an extra-academical school of oratory and debate, and of literary composition, connected with the university of Edinburgh, and sanctioned by the *Senatus Academicus*. Institutions of this kind have long been popular with young and ambitious students, as affording a ready mode of trying their scarce-fledged powers in generous rivalry with their fellows, and of preparing them for a higher flight. Of all our modern orators or statesmen, the second William Pitt was perhaps the only one who, when barely of age, started into full maturity as a public speaker. The flower and the fruit were of simultaneous growth. But his rivals and compatriots, Burke, Sheridan, Curran, &c. were early members of Debating Clubs. The Speculative Society of Edinburgh is an institution of a higher class: the members are nearly all, or have been, students at the university. They are required to produce written essays, as well as take part in debates on questions of political economy, legislation, and philosophical history; and the rules with regard to attendance, the selection of topics, and the conduct of the proceedings, are judicious and rigid. The society has been in existence since the year 1764, and many of the greatest Scottish lawyers and professors disciplined their minds in its exciting discussions. There Dugald Stewart, the most accomplished and eloquent of all commentators on moral philosophy, read his first essay; there Sir James Mackintosh made his first speech; there Playfair, so distinguished in physical science, and the classic Dr James Gregory, found a fitting audience. Divines mingled with lawyers and philosophers; for two of our greatest theologians, Professor Hill and Sir Henry Moncreiff, were members of the Speculative. Baron Hume the able lecturer on Scots law, John Clerk (Lord Eldon), Malcolm Laing the historian, Benjamin Constant the French economist and statesman, and Sir Astley Cooper the eminent physician, participated at the same period in its debates; and when Jeffrey entered, to add new attraction and celebrity to the society, he found Walter Scott

officiating as its secretary. In a few years he was joined by Henry Brougham, by Francis Horner, John Archibald Murray, James Moncreiff, and Henry Cockburn. Three students destined to eminence as British statesmen—the Marquis of Lansdowne, Lord Glenelg, and Lord John Russell—were subsequently members of this society. An institution boasting such an array of varied and commanding talent, and enriched with historical associations, might well breathe an invigorating spirit and generous emulation into all its members. Its fame and importance imposed the necessity for careful preparation; knowledge was acquired in its debates; and the practice it gave in the mechanical part of public speaking was of inestimable importance to the future advocate or senator.

The meetings of the Speculative Society were held once a week in the evening, during the winter session of the university, from November to May. At the meeting when Jeffrey first saw Scott, who was for several years secretary and treasurer, the future prince of novelists read an essay on ballads, which so much interested the new member, that he requested to be introduced to him. Mr Jeffrey called on him next evening, and they adjourned to a tavern and supped together. ‘Such,’ says Mr Lockhart, ‘was the commencement of an acquaintance, which by degrees ripened into friendship, between the two most distinguished men of letters whom Edinburgh produced in their time.’ The secretary must have been gratified by the kindred ardour which his new acquaintance evinced in the business of the society. He was a frequent speaker, and during four sessions, from 1794–5 to 1797–8, he was annually elected one of the presidents. We find he brought forward the following questions:—

1793. Feb. 12. Is a System of Influence necessary to the Support of a Free Government? Carried in the affirmative by 8 to 3 votes.
 ... Dec. 17. Is the National Debt to be considered as a Grievance? Carried unanimously in the affirmative.
 1794. Jan. 21. Is Monarchy more Favourable than Democracy to Excellence in the Arts and Sciences? Carried in the affirmative by 3 to 1.
 ... Feb. 3. Whether is Theism or Polytheism most natural to a rude state? Carried by a majority of 3 that polytheism is most natural.

The essays contributed by Mr Jeffrey were on the following subjects:—
 1. Nobility; 2. Effects derived to Europe from the discovery of America; 3. Authenticity of Ossian’s Poems (a subject on which he had already produced two essays); 4. Metrical Harmony; 5. The Character of Commercial Nations. The titles of these early prelections indicate the writer’s prevailing tastes and studies.

In the discussions of the Speculative Society questions of party politics and religion were prohibited; and in 1798, when the celebrated Irish barrister, Thomas Addis Emmet, became a member of the Executive Directory of the Irish Union, and was privy to the carrying on a treasonable correspondence with France, his name was expunged from the records of the society. This was done at the instance of Henry Brougham. But notwithstanding the prudent caution and abstinence of the members, the Speculative Society fell under the ban of one of the political parties of the day. The French Revolution had roused the fears and jealousies of men in authority. The ‘Reflections’ of Burke, followed by the ‘Vindiciæ Gallicæ’ of Mackintosh, had made political discussion the favourite exercise of young and ardent

minds. Then came the stormy debates in parliament, the secret associations, and state trials throughout the kingdom—all filling the minds of the timid and anxious with suspicion and alarm. There were years of agitation and doubt, during which the constitution was in danger both from the excesses of revolutionary zeal and the uncontrolled exercise of arbitrary power. The crisis passed, but parties were not reconciled :

‘They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs that had been rent asunder.’

Jeffrey was no unmoved spectator of the rapidly-shifting scenes of this great drama. He had been present at the trials of Muir, Palmer, and Gerald (1793-4 and 5), and was deeply affected by what he witnessed. The lofty bearing of the accused parties, their romantic enthusiasm, and the severity of the sentences inflicted on them, deepened his convictions in favour of reform. Another eminent Scotsman—Thomas Campbell, then a youth of sixteen—had walked from Glasgow to Edinburgh to witness the trial of Gerald, and from that day was a sworn enemy to oppression. Jeffrey was less of a democrat than Campbell. He was a Whig of the school of Fox and Burke, before Burke had receded from his ancient principles, scared by the horrors of the French Revolution. His leanings were all towards the popular branch of the constitution, but without the slightest tincture of democratic violence. He conceived that the prerogatives of the crown had encroached on the rights of the commons, and required to be curtailed. He saw state prosecutions conducted with oppressive rigour, and he contended for freedom of opinion, and the impartial administration of justice. There was a native independence in his character, and a jealousy of all power and control, which kept him apart from the slavish adherents of party and the unscrupulous dispensers of patronage.

The suspicion that the Speculative Society, under the guise of academic debate, had been converted into a political club, led to the secession of above twenty of its members. Mr Jeffrey exerted himself to protect the institution. He joined in drawing up an earnest appeal; and committees of the *Senatus Academicus* and the town-council having investigated the charge, it was found to be groundless. The society soon regained its popularity and influence; and from 1797 to 1805—with the exception of the temporary cloud we have alluded to—has been considered the most splendid period of its history. Long afterwards, Jeffrey delighted to recall his connection with the society. He was present at two great anniversary dinners of the old members—one in 1814, and another in 1835. At the latter he presided. Several of his early associates were gone—dropt through the broken arches of the Bridge of Life. Horner had been cut off in his prime, and the unrivalled genius of Scott had been extinguished amidst delirium and gloom. Mackintosh also had departed. But around him were Cockburn, Murray, and Moncreiff—now all Scottish judges—and he had risen to be a judge himself. Henry Brougham was a peer, and had been chancellor of England. These were examples of the advantages of such institutions in training men at an early period of life to vigorous exertion and to the use of their minds. ‘For my own part,’ said Jeffrey, ‘in looking back to that period of my life when I had experience of this society, I can hardly conceive anything in after-life more to be envied

than the recollection of that first burst of intellect, when, free from scholastic restraint, and throwing off the thralldom of a somewhat servile docility, the mind first aspired to reason and question nature for itself; and half wondering at its own temerity, first ventured without a guide into the mazes of speculation, or tried its unaided flight into the regions of intellectual adventure, to revel uncontrolled through the bright and boundless realms of literature and science.'

Having duly qualified himself by his studies in the classes of Scots and Civil Law, Mr Jeffrey passed his trials, and was called to the bar. The official record bears, that on the 13th of December 1794 Francis Jeffrey was 'publicly examined on Title 7, Lib. 50, Pand. de Legationibus, and was found sufficiently qualified.' The minute is signed by the witty and famous Henry Erskine, then dean of the Faculty of Advocates. The study of the Pandects and Institutes—Roman jurisprudence and Scots law—would now be varied by attendance at the Parliament House and the drudgery of Session papers. Mr Jeffrey applied himself with his usual energy to his profession. Success at the bar, however, is seldom attained until after years of dreary toil and perseverance. Sir Walter Scott, though assisted by business from his father—a Writer to the Signet, in good practice—was four years an advocate ere his professional earnings amounted to £100 per annum. He ascribed his failure mainly 'to the prejudices of the Scotch solicitors against employing, in weighty cases at least, any barrister supposed to be strongly imbued with the love of literature;' and he instanced the case of his friend Jeffrey as almost the solitary instance within his experience of such prejudices being entirely overcome. Overcome they were at last, but not without a tedious and disheartening probation. The really valuable part of the practice was engrossed by his seniors, who had toiled up the steep ascent, or by plodding junior counsel, who never diverged into the flowery paths of literature, or presumed to meddle with politics. So late as 1803, in writing to his brother in America, and discussing the possible effect which literary pursuits might have on his business, Mr Jeffrey expressed indifference on the subject, because, he said, he had never in any one year made £100 by his profession. His indifferent success, however, did not prevent him from assuming the dignity of a housekeeper, and giving, as Lord Bacon has said, 'hostages to fortune.' On the 1st of November 1801, Mr Jeffrey was married to Miss Catherine Wilson, daughter of the Rev. Charles Wilson, professor of ecclesiastical history in St Mary's College, St Andrews. This lady (described by Mrs Grant of Laggan as a 'beloved and very deserving wife') survived the union only a few years: she died August 8, 1805.

It was obvious that the intellectual activity of Jeffrey and his associates, urged by ambition and conscious power, could not long be restrained within the narrow professional channels to which it was then confined. Literary and scientific societies might afford better scope for argument and oratory than they could find at the bar, but these were only a preparatory exercising-ground. They were *private*, and the youthful aspirants longed for a public theatre and more numerous audience. Their social circle had received a valuable addition by the arrival in Edinburgh, in the year 1797, of an accomplished Englishman—the Rev. Sydney Smith, one of the most

original and genial of wits, with the classical learning of an Oxford M.A.; and with a fund of natural sagacity, toleration, and manly simplicity, which kept him free from the slightest tinge of pedantry. Mr Smith had been a curate, as he has humorously told the world, 'in the middle of Salisbury Plain'—at Netheravon, near Amesbury. 'The squire of the parish,' he adds, 'took a fancy to me, and requested me to go with his son to reside at the university of Weimar. Before we could get there, Germany became the seat of war; and in stress of politics we put into Edinburgh, where I remained five years. Among the first persons with whom I became acquainted were Lord Jeffrey, Lord Murray, and Lord Brougham; all of them maintaining opinions upon political subjects a little too liberal for the dynasty of Dundas, then exercising supreme power over the northern division of the island. One day we happened to meet, in the eighth or ninth storey, or flat, in Buccleuch Place, the elevated residence of the then Mr Jeffrey. I proposed that we should set up a Review; this was acceded to with acclamation. I was appointed editor, and remained long enough in Edinburgh to edit the first number of the "Edinburgh Review." The motto I proposed for the Review was—

"Tenui musam meditamur avena."

"We cultivate literature upon a little oatmeal."

But this was too near the truth to be admitted; and so we took our present grave motto from "Publius Syrus,"* of whom none of us had, I am sure, ever read a single line. And so began what has since turned out to be a very important and able journal. When I left Edinburgh, it fell into the stronger hands of Lord Jeffrey and Lord Brougham, and reached the highest point of popularity and success.'

We are happy at being able to produce a still more interesting and detailed statement of the circumstances attending the commencement of the Review—a document hitherto unpublished, and written by Lord Jeffrey, at the request of Mr Robert Chambers, in November 1846. It is as follows:—"I cannot say exactly where the project of the "Edinburgh Review" was first talked of among the projectors. But the first serious consultations about it—and which led to our application to a publisher—were held in a small house, where I then lived, in *Buccleuch Place* (I forget the number). They were attended by S. Smith, F. Horner, Dr Thomas Brown, Lord Murray, and some of them also by Lord Webb Seymour, Dr John Thomson, and Thomas Thomson. The first three numbers were given to the publisher—he taking the risk, and defraying the charges. There was then no individual editor, but as many of us as could be got to attend used to meet in a dingy room of Willison's printing-office in Craig's Close, where the proofs of our own articles were read over and remarked upon, and attempts made also to sit in judgment on the few manuscripts which were then offered by strangers. But we had seldom patience to go through with this; and it was soon found necessary to have a responsible

* [*Judex damnatur cum nocens absolvitur.* Literally: 'The judge is condemned when the guilty is absolved.' This famous motto was much canvassed at the time. The adventurers, it was said, had hung out the bloody flag on their title-page. 'It was a sort of imprecation on themselves and their infant publication, if they withheld their arm from battle for pity, need, or respect of persons.'—*Scott.*]

editor, and the office was pressed upon me. About the same time Constable was told that he must allow ten guineas a sheet to the contributors, to which he at once assented; and not long after, the *minimum* was raised to sixteen guineas, at which it remained during my reign. Two-thirds of the articles were paid much higher—averaging, I should think, from twenty to twenty-five guineas a sheet on the whole number. I had, I might say, an unlimited discretion in this respect, and must do the publishers the justice to say that they never made the slightest objection. Indeed, as we all knew that they had (for a long time at least) a very great profit, they probably felt that they were at our mercy.

‘Smith was by far the most timid of the confederacy, and believed that, unless our incognito was strictly maintained, we could not go on a day; and this was his object for making us hold our dark divans at Willison’s office, to which he insisted on our repairing singly, and by back approaches or different lanes! He also had so strong an impression of Brougham’s indiscretion and rashness, that he would not let him be a member of our association, though wished for by all the rest. He was admitted, however, after the third number, and did more work for us than anybody. Brown took offence at some alterations Smith had made in a trifling article of his in the second number, and left us thus early; publishing at the same time in a magazine the fact of his secession—a step which we all deeply regretted, and thought scarcely justified by the provocation. Nothing of the kind occurred ever after.’

In this document (which must be regarded as an important contribution to literary history) the distinguished writer has made no mention of his own emoluments as editor of the Review. The principal publisher was Mr Archibald Constable—a liberal and enterprising bookseller, the Mæcenas of Scottish authors, whose highest pride it was to elevate the literary reputation of his country, and associate his name with all its triumphs. Constable remunerated the editor of the Edinburgh Review on a scale of what must then have appeared princely liberality. From 1803 to 1809 a sum of 200 guineas was given for editing each number. The account-books are missing for three years after 1809, but from 1813 on to 1826 Mr Jeffrey is credited ‘for editing’ £700 a number, so that his salary appears to have been more than trebled.

The youth of the Edinburgh critics was at first a fertile subject of comment and ridicule. The Review was pronounced to be the result of ‘a conspiracy of beardless boys,’ and the veteran Richard Cumberland wrote against the *young gentlemen* of the ‘Edinburgh Review.’ It may be as well, therefore, for the sake of accuracy, to note the respective ages of the leading contributors. The youngest of the band, it will be seen, was about as old as Pitt when he became a cabinet minister and chancellor of the exchequer. In 1802 Sydney Smith was in his 34th year, Jeffrey was 29, Dr Thomas Brown 24, Horner 24, Brougham 23, Allen 32, Dr John Thomson 38, and Thomas Thomson 32.* The *title* of the work, and some parts of its general plan, were most probably suggested by a periodical of a superior class, bearing the name of ‘The Edinburgh Review,’ which was

* Of this fraternity, Lord Brougham and Mr Thomas Thomson are now (1850) the only survivors.—Ed.

started in 1755 under the auspices of Adam Smith, Robertson, and Blair, but which was discontinued for want of encouragement after two half-yearly numbers had been issued. As a medium between the half-yearly plan and the ordinary monthly term, the quarterly form of publication was a happy and judicious arrangement. It allowed the critics a greater variety of selection than the shorter period could furnish, as well as more time and space for their lucubrations. They were not under the necessity of noticing the trivial and ephemeral works which the press throws off in the summer months when publishers rarely launch their important ventures, but which were indispensable towards filling the pages of the monthly miscellany; and they had no occasion, within their enlarged bounds, to continue any article from one number to another. Thus a generally grave and permanent character was given to the work, distinguishing it from all its critical contemporaries of that period. The liberal copyright allowance made to the writers was also a novel and judicious feature in the scheme. It tempted and rewarded study, and no contributor could be degraded by what was one of the conditions of authorship imposed upon all.

A still more favourable circumstance for the new adventurers was the low state into which periodical criticism had then fallen. The 'Monthly Review' was the principal critical journal of that day, and it had been much improved in its management since the time that poor Goldsmith groaned under the tyranny of Griffiths and his wife. Sir James Mackintosh, William Taylor of Norwich, Southey, and other men of talent, made it the repository of their political and literary theories. There were other respectable literary journals, but none of an independent or commanding character, none supported by an organised body of able well-paid contributors, working on a regular plan, and exempt from bookselling influence and control. The general complexion of the whole was that of insipid compliment and tame uniformity, and both writing and quotation were dealt out in scanty measure. The advent of the northern Rhadamanthus in the midst of this rose-water criticism was an event startling to authors and booksellers, but sure to arrest in a strong degree the attention of the public, who have a malicious satisfaction in witnessing high pretensions brought low, or drowsy learning and gentle dulness routed by the lively forces of wit and satire.

The first number of the 'Edinburgh Review' appeared on the 1st of November 1802. The greater part had been written, and even printed, some months previous, but it was suggested by Constable that the publication should be deferred until the commencement of the winter season. The number of copies printed was 750. The demand, however, exceeded this limited supply: 750 more were thrown off, and successive editions still more numerous were called for. In 1808 the quarterly circulation of the Review had risen to about 9000; and it is believed to have reached its maximum about 1813, when 12,000 or 13,000 copies were printed. Before the poems of Byron and the novels of Scott had taken the public, as it were, by storm, this success was unprecedented.

Never again perhaps will one generation of critics have such a splendid harvest to reap—such a magnificent vintage to gather in. Could the editor have surveyed the thirty years' produce that lay before him, awaiting his critical distribution, he must have been overwhelmed by its prodigality and

richness. There was the poetry of Crabbe, of Campbell, Moore, Southey, Coleridge, and Wordsworth—types of different schools; there was the gorgeous chivalry of Scott, with his long file of novels and romances, like an endless procession of the representatives of all ages, conditions, and countries; there was the Oriental splendour and grace of Byron, alternating with his fierce energy and gloomy philosophy—the still more erring and extravagant genius of Shelley—and the youthful bloom of Keats; there were the tales of Maria Edgeworth, of Miss Austen, Galt, Wilson, and other not unworthy associates; the histories of Hallam, and the historical pictures of Macaulay; innumerable biographies of great contemporaries who had gone before—the Sheridans, Currans, Wilberforces, and Hebers; innumerable books of travels, that threw open the world to our curious gaze; the gossiping treasures of Strawberry Hill and other family repositories, that revived the wits, and poets, and beauties of a past age; the diaries of Evelyn and Pepys; the inimitable letters of Cowper drawn from their sacred privacy; the policy and intrigues of courts laid bare; the whole world of literature and the living world of Europe stirred to their inmost depths. What rich materials in the wars and politics of the times—in the rise and fall of Napoleon—in the overthrow of kings and dynasties—in the perturbations even of the mighty heart of England throbbing to be free! What discoveries in science and the arts—steam, gas, railways, and all that facilitates and sweetens social intercourse! Over such vast and interesting fields had the ‘Edinburgh Review’ to travel, moving firmly under the guidance of its editor, with elate and confident step, and attended by thousands who caught its enthusiasm, and echoed its sentiments and opinions.

We have traced some of the circumstances which imparted interest and novelty to the plan of the Review. Its grand distinction, however, and the genuine source of its success, was the ability and genius it displayed, coupled with the perfect independence and boldness of the writers. Within the small circle of its projectors were men qualified to deal with questions in physical science, in political economy (the chosen field of Horner), in politics (the favourite ground of Brougham), in law, poetry, and the belles lettres. They had wit, irony, and sarcasm at will, with the higher attributes of eloquence, correct principles of reasoning and analysis, strong sense, and a love of freedom. They were free from all external restraint; they were young, and had both fortune and reputation to achieve. To give consistency and stability to the scheme, the editor laboured with unceasing attention and judgment. No other member of the fraternity could have supplied his place. His own contributions were also from the first the most popular and effective in the work. He selected the departments of poetry, biography, and moral philosophy, with occasional excursions into the neighbouring domains of history and politics. The first number of the Review displayed the leading characteristics of his style and manner. It could not show the whole extent and richness of the vein, but we saw its peculiar quality, and could form an estimate of its probable value. The opening paper is a critique on the now-forgotten work of M. Mounier on the ‘Causes of the French Revolution,’ and it is distinguished by great ability in tracing and comparing political events, and trying them by the tests of history and philosophy. Some of the reviewer’s distinctions and

illustrations are very happy, and a high moral tone is preserved throughout the whole. This first effort is a key-note to much of Jeffrey's reasoning and to his clear and pointed expression. Subsequently his style became more loose and oratorical—from his increased practice at the bar, and the haste with which he wrote many of his reviews—but it gained also in power and copiousness. To the state of society and literature in France at this period he paid much attention; and his admirable articles on Marmontel, on Grimm, on Madame du Duffand, &c. are invaluable for the moral lessons they inculcate, and the earnestness with which the importance of our social and domestic duties is portrayed and recommended. The reviewer penetrated through the gaiety and glitter of the *salons* of Paris, and showed how little of real worth or of real happiness was contained amidst all their splendour. He delighted to expatiate on the superiority of those humble virtues which are of daily use and benefit, which brighten the domestic hearth, and shed contentment and joy on all the private and ordinary relations of life. And in this respect the example of the critic was in beautiful accordance with his precepts. He was the most affectionate relation—'not in the least ambitious of new or distinguished acquaintances, nor by any means fond of large parties or the show and bustle of life; there was no one to whom all the charities of home and kindred were more endeared.'*

In the first number of the Review Mr Jeffrey also propounded his canons of poetical criticism, and began his warfare with the Lake Poets. He produced an elaborate critique on Southey's 'Thalaba,' prefaced with observations on the perverted taste for simplicity, which he considered as the distinguishing mark of the modern school of poetry, of which Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, and Lamb, were represented as the masters or disciples. The gauntlet was thus thrown down. It was obvious that the great critic of the 'Edinburgh Review' had taken his stand on certain limited principles of taste, and that however tolerant he might be of political innovation, he was to be strongly conservative in poetry. His rules were calculated to make correct poets, not great ones. He forgot that

'The native bards first plunged the deep
Before the artful dared to leap.'

The same circumstances which had convulsed society, and laid bare the whole organisation of governments, gave an impulse to the powers of creative genius, and led it into new fields free from the conventionalism of the old régime. Notwithstanding all the errors and puerilities of the modern school—aided by importations from the German dramatists—it had infinitely more of nature, of originality, and boldness, than the artificial system it sought to supplant. The critic's severe and restricted standard of poetical excellence was further illustrated by his criticism on Scott's poetry. He concluded that the popularity of the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel' would be obstructed by the locality of the subject, while this very circumstance was in reality one great cause of its success. The old Border country was consecrated to song and romantic traditions. The aged minstrel, the chivalrous and superstitious incidents, and the feudal manners of the poem, were all native to the 'Braes of Yarrow,' and familiar to

* Memoir and Correspondence of Mrs Grant of Laggan.

the lovers of poetry. 'Marmion' was still more unmercifully dealt with. Its errors were dwelt upon with iteration and emphasis, and little or no sympathy was evinced with respect to the nobler passages which redeem the work, and which rendered it so universally popular. The miscalculations of the critic as to the probable success of Scott's poems, and the effect of such minute painting of ancient manners, arose from the limited faith he had in the power of genius to mould the national taste and awaken enthusiasm. Scott broke through the rules of criticism in writing a modern romance of chivalry, but he infused into it the life and fire of genius, and many of the popular elements of poetry.

In the same number of the Review which contained the depreciatory critique on 'Marmion,' appeared one not less elaborate on the poems of Crabbe. The simultaneous publication of the two articles was an unlucky combination, for the principles laid down in one cannot be well reconciled with those in the other. If the ingenious critic be right in condemning the minute descriptions of Scott as deficient in interest and dignity, the same rule must be applicable to Crabbe, who is still more prolix and minute, and whose descriptions are of the humblest and lowest character. The account of Lord Marmion, with his mail of Milan steel, the blue ribbons on his horse's mane, and his blue velvet housings—even the attire of his men-at-arms—was as natural and necessary to the poet of chivalry as the cottage furniture, the cock-fights, the dirt and squalor of village life, were necessary to enable the poet of the poor to complete his pictures. The critic was inconsistent. Scott had not profited by his former schooling, and the lash, therefore, was laid on without mercy. In Crabbe, too, there was more of real life, of keen observation, and simple pathos, which possessed a greater charm for the mind and feelings of Jeffrey than the warlike chivalry and tournaments of the middle ages. He saw and felt the truth of these village paintings, and he forgave their Dutch-like minuteness in consideration of their reality. The works of Campbell and Rogers Jeffrey was peculiarly qualified to feel and appreciate, and friendship for the authors may have led to a warmth of praise unusual with the stern reviewer.

Poetry has many mansions, and even Francis Jeffrey had not then a key to all, or else he wilfully refused to enter some of its most select and august chambers. In the epic creations of Southey, and particularly in his 'Curse of Kehama,' there are sublime conceptions, and an affluence of poetical resources, which the critic did not rightly estimate; the fine imagination and rich diction of Coleridge he neglected or contemned; and to Wordsworth he was uniformly unjust. It required some courage to reprint in 1844 the critique on 'The Excursion,' beginning 'This will never do,' after the world had decided that it *would* do, and had reversed his judgment by calling for successive editions of the poem. The purity and elevation of Wordsworth's poetry, his profound sympathy with external nature and humanity, and the consecration of his whole mind and genius to his art, would have formed a noble and congenial theme for Jeffrey; but he saw only the puerilities and ridiculous theories of some of the 'Lyrical Ballads,' which no more represent the great body of Wordsworth's poetry than the weeds of a garden represent its flowers and fruits.

In his disquisitions on the old masters of our literature Jeffrey did good service. His reviews of the writers of the Elizabethan age and of later

periods are generally excellent. He revelled among the creations of Shakespeare, Massinger, and Beaumont and Fletcher, and dwelt with cordial delight on the ornate graces of Jeremy Taylor, or Sir Thomas Browne, as on the milder charms of Addison, the sweep of Dryden's versification, and the pointed brilliancy of Pope. The modern revival of a taste for those great authors may be partly ascribed to the 'Edinburgh Review.' And for the critic's severity in assailing those on the lower slopes of Parnassus who departed from such models, he had this excuse—that he conceived it to be his duty to punish all sins of irregularity and conceit, that he might keep the public taste from corruption, and reform the offender. He had another apology common to periodical writers, and which, in his genial frankness and acknowledged supremacy, he could afford to produce. When recanting some of his strictures on the character of Burns, he said—'A certain tone of exaggeration is incident, we fear, to the sort of writing in which we are engaged. Reckoning a little too much perhaps on the dulness of our readers, we are often unconsciously led to overstate our sentiments in order to make them understood; and when a little controversial warmth is added to a little love of effect, an excess of colouring is apt to steal over the canvas, which ultimately offends no eye so much as our own.' He seems also to have aimed at blending a conversational freedom and carelessness with his criticisms, as if ambitious, like Congreve, to be more of the gentleman than the author. This contributed to the tone of superiority which the 'Review' assumed from its commencement, and which the suffering authors felt to be peculiarly galling. It unquestionably made the articles more piquant; and when the reviewer rose above the conventional level, the contrast afforded by his finer passages was the more conspicuous and effective. If he had been more profound in imagination or feeling, he must have lost some of that airy elegance, and fancy, and spontaneous grace, which contributed so much to his success. Another distinctive quality was the great taste with which Jeffrey made selections from the works he reviewed. Whatever was new or striking, solemn, picturesque, or figurative in language or matter, was sure to be extracted. The finest scenes in a new novel, the best passages of a poem, a book of travels, or a work of biography, were generally to be found in the 'Edinburgh Review,' and the criticism with which the whole was linked together, or the manner in which the plot was described by the acute and lively critic, rivalled, if it did not excel, the work of the author. The *setting* was as precious as the jewels.

One of the most memorable incidents in the critical and personal history of Mr Jeffrey was his encounter with Moore the poet. In this case the sentiment that no man should write with his pen what he is not prepared to defend with his sword, was substantially verified; for though in the modern *duello* the instrument of warfare has been changed, the danger has not thereby been lessened. Literary duels, still common in France, have always been rare in this country. The effusion of ink sufficed to revenge even the truculent satires of Dryden and the stinging sarcasms of Pope. Dr Johnson laughed at the Drawcansir threats and hostile message of Macpherson, though he seems to have considered duelling a species of self-defence that might be justified on the same grounds as public war. Happily the force of opinion has now all but abolished the practice. When

literary men have been prompted to manifestations of this kind, it will generally be found that the demon of politics was present; and this, we suspect, was the case in the misunderstanding between Moore and Jeffrey. In the spring of 1806, the former published his 'Epistles, Odes, and other Poems.' The poet enjoyed considerable social and fashionable celebrity. He was supposed to be a boon companion of the Prince of Wales. His poems were dedicated to the Earl of Moira; one of the epistles was addressed to Viscount Strangford, and others to the Lady Charlotte Rawdon, to Viscount Forbes, the Hon. William Spencer, &c. In all of these really graceful and sparkling poetical offerings, democratic America, with its 'piebald polity' and its 'fustian flag,' was heartily anathematised—French philosophy and liberty were denounced as unclean things—England was warned to beware of the mob mania—and over every page of the handsome hot-pressed quarto volume was spread an air of courtly fastidiousness and superiority. All this must have grated on the popular sympathies and Whiggish feelings of the Edinburgh reviewer; but he had a still more serious ground of offence. Many of the poems were tainted with licentiousness. Amidst the sweet and melodious versification, the glittering fancy, and rich exotic imagery, lurked this insidious poison of immorality—only the more seductive from its being half hidden with flowers—and Jeffrey, like the Good Knight in Spenser, set himself resolutely to trample down the whole. He reviewed the poems in the number for July 1806. Little was said of the literary qualities of the work; few citations were made, and those only of an unfavourable description; but the author was charged with deliberate immorality—with seeking to impose corruption upon his readers under the mask of refinement—and with insulting the delicacy and attacking the purity of the female sex. Some peculiarly mortifying personal imputations were also thrown out by the reviewer. Allusion was made to 'patrons who were entitled to respectful remonstrance,' and the following lines from an old poet were quoted as a prophetic description of Mr Moore's iniquities:—

'Thereto he could fine loving verses frame,
And play the poet off. But ah, for shame!
Let not sweet poets praise whose only pride
Is virtue to advance and vice deride,
Be with the work of losel's wit defamed,
Ne let such verses poetry be named.
Yet he the name on him would rashly take,
Maugre the sacred Muses, and it make
A servant to the vile affection
Of such as he depended most upon,' &c.

SPENSER'S *Mother Hubbard's Tale*.

Youthful flesh and blood—and particularly Irish flesh and blood—could hardly refrain from resenting this charge of mercenary immorality. Mr Moore resorted to the mode then sanctioned as the blind arbiter of quarrels. He sent a challenge to his critic, who happened to be at the time in London, and the parties met, August 12, 1806, at Chalk Farm. Fortunately information of the affair had been given at Bow Street, and officers arrived just as the parties had taken their places to fire. It was afterwards found that the ball with which Mr Jeffrey's pistol was loaded had dropt out either on the field when the pistol was snatched from his hand by the

officer, or on the way to town, and some wag circulated a report that both pistols were leadless! Hence the sarcastic allusion in Byron's 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,' which was afterwards nearly causing a duel between the noble poet and Moore, but ultimately led to their acquaintance and friendship:—

'Health to great Jeffrey!
Can none remember that eventful day,
That ever-glorious, almost fatal fray,
When Little's leadless pistol met his eye,
And Bow Street myrmidons stood laughing by?'

This was of course a false representation of what occurred, but it served as a subject of raillery, not the less, we may believe, because Mr Moore was known to be sensitive on the subject, and had even taken the trouble to contradict the report in the newspapers. In a letter written a few days after the occurrence, addressed to the editor of the 'Morning Chronicle,' Mr Moore vindicated his conduct. 'The quarrel,' he said, 'was not to be considered as *literary*. Though by no means indifferent to the decrees of criticism, I am aware that they are not to be reversed by an appeal to the pistol. The review, however, which Mr Jeffrey had written appeared to me to contain more personality than criticism; to impute to me motives which my heart disclaims and detests; and to assail me altogether much more as a man than as a writer. Conceiving, therefore, that in the present state of manners no gentleman can hold such language to another with impunity, I returned a contradiction to the assertions of Mr Jeffrey in terms too plain to be misunderstood, and the meeting of which the public has heard was the consequence.' The poet then anxiously explains that the pistol which the officer took from *him* was found to be regularly loaded, though, from some accident in the carriage of the pistols to town, that of Mr Jeffrey was certainly without a ball!

In this ridiculous affair the public was generally on the side of the critic. It was acknowledged that the prurient muse of the English Anacreon required to be checked and rebuked, and that though the moral censor might have gone too far, he went in the right direction. There was, however, too much wit, talent, and real worth on both sides for the estrangement to continue long. Habits of intimacy commenced shortly afterwards, and Mr Moore himself became an Edinburgh Reviewer. To the number for September 1814 he contributed a critique on Lord Thurlow's poetry, in which he almost rivalled the editor in critical severity. In one of the prefaces to his collected works, Mr Moore has said—'In the most formidable of all my censors—the great master of the art of criticism in our day—I have found since one of the most cordial of all my friends;' and on the occasion of his visiting Scotland in 1825, the poet passed some days with Lord Jeffrey at 'his agreeable retreat, Craigcrook,' where he sang his last new song, 'Ship Ahoy!' and was called upon to repeat it so often, that 'the upland echoes of Craigcrook ought long to have had its burden by heart.'

The famous critique on Lord Byron's 'Juvenile Poems' (January 1808) was still more remarkable in its results than that on Mr Moore. The merciless severity of the attack was intended to crush the minor poet, but it only nerved him for further exertion, and impelled him on in that poetical career

which was destined to be so fertile and glorious. Had Byron's first critic not pronounced his poetry to be a *dead flat*, which the author could neither get above nor below, and had he not counselled him to *abandon poetry*, we should never have had that vigorous satire, 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,' and might have waited long even for 'Childe Harold.' There was some danger at this period that Byron would sink into the idle dissipation and frivolity of a town life; and from such a descent the reviewer called him, though with no friendly voice, and added his name to the proud roll of our national poets. Byron's diaries and letters afford evidence that he considered the critique in the 'Edinburgh Review' to be the work of Mr (now Lord) Brougham. We believe this is no longer matter of doubt; though Jeffrey afterwards made amends to the noble poet's feelings by his criticism on his greater works. If Sir Walter Scott's critiques on Byron in the 'Quarterly Review' be compared with those of Jeffrey in the 'Edinburgh,' it will be seen that, beautiful as the former are in style and spirit—approaching almost to feminine tenderness, and overflowing with illustration—the professional critic has greatly the advantage in force, discrimination, and eloquence. The early crudities of his poetical faith and opinions had been mellowed down by time and reflection; the range of his poetical emotion was extended; and in the poetry of Byron he had subjects worthy of all his powers and sensibilities. The poet felt the generosity of his critic. He had heard Jeffrey, he said, most highly commended by those who knew him for things independent of his talents, and he admired him for his liberality towards himself. 'None but a great soul dared hazard it; a little scribbler would have gone on cavilling to the end of the chapter.' In the tenth canto of 'Don Juan,' written at Pisa in 1822—when all his 'little feuds' were over, and his brief career was drawing to a close—Byron paid a noble tribute to his former antagonist, blended with rich allusions to Scotland, to *auld langsyne*, and to his boyish feelings and dreams, as must ever render the passage one of the finest and most interesting episodes in his poetry and his life.*

As the Review advanced in public favour, it assumed a bolder tone in politics. The war in Spain ranged the nation into two parties—one, like Scott, animated with a strong anti-Gallican spirit; and another, like Jeffrey, predicting that we should reap nothing but disaster and disgrace from the struggle. An article by Brougham on the 'French Usurpation in Spain,' being a review of a work by Don Cevallos (1808), seemed to induce a crisis in the affairs of the Review. 'The Tories,' said Jeffrey in a letter to Horner, 'having got a handle, are running us down with all their might, and the ghosts of all the misérables we have slain are rising to join the vengeance. Walter Scott and William Erskine, and about twenty-five persons of consideration, have forbidden the Review to enter their doors. The Earl of Buchan, I am informed, opened his street-door, and actually *kicked* it out!' The editor resolved to eschew party politics, and to prac-

* See 'Don Juan,' canto x., stanzas 11 to 19. In one line—'A legal broom's a moral chimney-sweeper'—there seems to be a punning allusion to the poet's supposed critic, Mr Brougham. Captain Medwin, in his conversations with Lord Byron in Italy, reports the poet to have said that Jeffrey disowned the article; and though he would not give up the author, promised to convince Byron, if ever he came to Scotland, who the person was.

tise exemplary moderation for the future; but this could not well be done. The public events were too exciting to be passed over in silence. Brougham and Horner were now in parliament, and connected with the Opposition. The editor himself was become too conspicuous to preserve an obscure neutrality. Friends required to be supported, and opponents encountered; and it was almost inevitable that the Review, to keep its ground, and preserve consistency, should become the recognised organ, defender, and exponent of the Whig party. A cry of infidelity was also raised against the Review, and it was grounded on articles written by an orthodox clergyman! Sydney Smith had commented in 1807 on Foreign Missions, and tried, as he said, 'to rout the nests of consecrated cobblers' with their Methodistic cant, in a style so daring and ludicrous, that it gave serious offence to many excellent persons, besides arming the political opponents of the powerful journal with new weapons of assault.

During all this time Mr Jeffrey was steadily advancing in his practice and reputation at the bar. In assiduity he rivalled the dullest plodder; for he took no fee without conscientiously studying the case, and he spared no pains to procure a verdict for his client. His fluency and vivacity, and the constant stream of his illustrations, poured out with the rapidity of a cataract, were sometimes too elevated and recondite for a common jury, but in important criminal trials he was highly effective. In political cases he was the intrepid defender of constitutional freedom. In the trials for sedition between 1817 and 1822 he was ever in the front rank. He also took part in public meetings, condemning the system of intimidation which was then adopted to repress the evils of discontent; he spoke at the Fox anniversaries; he wrote for the instruction of the discontented mechanics; and on all occasions, when oppression or slavery was to be stigmatised, or toleration and liberty promoted, he was ready with his displays of high eloquence, intermingled with effusions of wit or fancy. We need not dwell on those party conflicts; on the meetings in the Pantheon or county-halls; on the dinners to Hume or Brougham (in the latter case he disappointed his auditory, as if paralysed by the fierce invectives and tremendous power of Brougham); or attempt to depict the glowing scenes of rivalry and contention that have happily passed away. In 1816 the institution of the court for the trial of civil cases by jury in Scotland threw a vast accession of business into the hands of Mr Jeffrey. He was engaged in almost every case; his knowledge, acuteness, and subtle argumentation having there an appropriate field for exertion. In the intervals of his busy toils he made occasional excursions to the Highlands or to the English lakes. In 1811 he made a pilgrimage on foot through the wilds of Inverness-shire, and by the parallel roads of Glenroy. In 1815 we find him in France, noting in his journal that Cambray was famed for 'its cambric, its league, and its Fenelon.' He had about this time taken a country-house—his residence of Craigcrook—an old turreted mansion, much patched in the whole mass of its structure, beautifully situated at the foot of the Corstorphine Hills, about three miles from Edinburgh. His windows looked out upon a wooded hill: he had a good garden, and some fields for rural occupation and pleasure. The charms of this old château and summer retreat were enhanced by the presence of a lady who added

much to his happiness, and who now mourns his loss. In 1811 M. Simond (the well-known French author), his wife, and niece, visited Edinburgh. Mr Jeffrey saw much of them during their stay, and some time afterwards the intercourse was renewed in London. In 1813 Mr Jeffrey followed his visitors to America, and was there married to the young lady, Miss Wilkes, a grand-niece of the celebrated John Wilkes.*

The exuberant fancy and imagery scattered throughout Jeffrey's essays and speeches, and which were constantly sparkling up like a perennial fountain in his conversation, led many to believe that nature had marked him out for a poet, and that, as in the cases of Lord Mansfield and Sir William Blackstone, the goddess Themis, so jealous of her rights, had defrauded the Muses. Rarely have rhetoricians had such command of the elements of poetry as was possessed by Jeffrey.

* The following anecdote is related of his transatlantic marriage-journey:—‘He met in America a large and brilliant party, who endeavoured to extort political opinions from him. The paltry and unnecessary war between the United States and Great Britain was then in progress, and one American statesman, in a very marked manner, asked, “And now, Mr Jeffrey, what is said of the war in Great Britain?” Jeffrey was determined to mortify the national vanity of the Americans, and he replied, “War—war? Oh yes, I did hear some talk of it in Liverpool!” The insignificance of the struggle, and the little interest it excited in this country, could not have been more happily or sarcastically illustrated.’

A few personal traits and anecdotes may be here given. It was the custom of Jeffrey, when reviewing the works of his friends, to give them the perusal of the proof-sheets before publication. In doing this to Mrs Grant of Laggan, he remarked, ‘I let them know what I say of them *before they are led out to execution*. When I take up my reviewing pen, I consider myself as entering the temple of truth, and bound to say what I think.’ He courageously sent the proof-sheets of his critique on ‘Marmion’ to Scott, having to dine with the poet the same day. Scott preserved his equanimity, as may be seen from the detail in Lockhart’s Life; but Mrs Scott could not help saying in her broken English, when her guest was departing, ‘Well, good-night, Mr Jeffrey; dey tell me you have abused Scott in de Review, and I hope Mr Constable has paid *you* well for writing it.’

Mr Willison, the early printer of the Review, in sending one of the proofs to the editor, wrote on the margin that ‘there appeared to be some obscurity in it.’ The sheet was returned with this reply—‘Mr J. sees no obscurity here, except such as arises from the great number of commas, which Mr W. seems to keep in a pepper-box beside him for the purpose of dusting all his proofs with.’ Jeffrey was somewhat peculiar in the punctuation of his writings, as in his handwriting, which was wretched.

It has been confidently stated that Jeffrey sent the late Mr Hazlitt a sum of £50, to relieve him from difficulty in his last illness. This generosity is alluded to in the ‘Life of Charles Lamb.’

Mr William M’Gavin, a Glasgow merchant, and author of a series of letters entitled ‘The Protestant,’ was tried and convicted for a libel on the Catholic priest at Glasgow. Jeffrey was retained for the pursuer, and brought his eloquence to bear with a very lively effect on M’Gavin. The latter sat, in mute astonishment, gazing on Jeffrey, while, minute after minute, there rolled forth periods of the fiercest invective against himself. At length the mortified ‘Protestant’ took out his watch, and calculated how many words Jeffrey spoke in a minute. He afterwards published, that having compared Johnson’s Dictionary with Jeffrey’s speech, he found that the voluble gentleman had in two hours spoken the English language three times over!

As so much has been said about Jeffrey and the Lake Poets, we may mention that the critic had little personal intercourse with them. He had met Southey in Edinburgh and Keswick, and Coleridge once only at Keswick. Mr Wordsworth and his critical antagonist had one meeting. This was in June 1828, at an evening party in the house of Sir James Mackintosh in London. It was at his own request that the critic was introduced to the poet by their courteous and benevolent host.

'Oh! many are the poets that are sown
By nature; men endowed with highest gifts,
The vision and the faculty divine,
Yet wanting the accomplishment of verse.'

The Excursion.

This is the declaration of a high authority, but of one who would not perhaps have included the brilliant reviewer among his own silent brethren. To epic or tragic power, indeed, Jeffrey could have made no approach: the divine *afflatus* was wanting. But in that middle class of poetry, of which Horace was the great master and exemplar—uniting knowledge of the world and shrewd observation with pictures of manners, just sentiment, wit, and elegance—Jeffrey, we think, might have attained to a respectable rank. We do not know that he ever attempted translation. The following stanzas from his pen appeared in one of the *Annuals* in the year 1829, entitled 'Verses Inscribed in a Lady's Album.' They belong to the higher class of *vers-de-société*:—

Why write my name 'midst songs and flowers
To meet the eye of lady gay?
I have no voice for lady's bowers,
For page like this no fitting lay.

Yet though my heart no more must bound
At witching call of sprightly joys,
Mine is the brow that never frowned
On laughing lips or sparkling eyes.

No, though behind me now is closed
The youthful Paradise of Love,
Yet I can bless, with soul composed,
The lingerers in that happy grove.

Take, then, fair girls, my blessing take,
Where'er amid its charms you roam,
Or where, by western hill or lake,
You brighten a serener home.

And while the youthful lover's name
Here with the sister beauty's blends,
Laugh not to scorn the humbler aim
That to the list would add a friend's.

There is more poetry in the following specimen of his prose. In treating of the beauty of landscapes, as connected with the law of association, in a critique on Alison's *Essay on Taste* (1811), Mr Jeffrey draws this exquisite parallel:—

'Take, for instance, the case of a common English landscape—green meadows, with fat cattle—canals or navigable rivers—well-fenced, well-cultivated fields—neat, clean, scattered cottages—humble antique church, with churchyard elms, and crossing hedgerows—all seen under bright skies, and in good weather: there is much beauty, as every one will acknowledge, in such a scene. But in what does the beauty consist? Not certainly in the mere mixture of colours and forms—for colours more pleasing, and lines more graceful (according to any theory of grace that may be preferred), might be spread upon a board, or a painter's palette, without engaging the eye to a second glance, or raising the least emotion

in the mind—but in the picture of human happiness that is presented to our imaginations and affections—in the visible and unequivocal signs of comfort, and cheerful and peaceful enjoyment—and of that secure and successful industry that insures its continuance—and of the piety by which it is exalted—and of the simplicity by which it is contrasted with the guilt and the fever of a city life—in the images of health and temperance and plenty which it exhibits to every eye—and in the glimpses which it affords to warmer imaginations, of those primitive or fabulous times when man was uncorrupted by luxury and ambition, and of those humble retreats in which we still delight to imagine that love and philosophy may find an unpolluted asylum. At all events, however, it is human feeling that excites our sympathy, and forms the object of our emotions. It is man, and man alone, that we see in the beauties of the earth which he inhabits; or, if a more sensitive and extended sympathy connect us with the lower families of animated nature, and make us rejoice with the lambs that bleat on the uplands, or the cattle that ruminate in the valley, or even with the living plants that drink the bright sun and the balmy air beside them, it is still the idea of enjoyment—of feelings that animate the existence of sentient beings—that calls forth all our emotions, and is the parent of all the beauty with which we proceed to invest the inanimate creation around us.

‘Instead of this quiet and tame English landscape, let us now take a Welsh or a Highland scene, and see whether its beauties will admit of being explained on the same principle. Here we shall have lofty mountains, and rocky and lonely recesses—tufted woods hung over precipices—lakes intersected with casteled promontories—ample solitudes of unploughed and untrodden valleys—nameless and gigantic ruins—and mountain echoes repeating the scream of the eagle and the roar of the cataract. This, too, is beautiful; and to those who can interpret the language it speaks, far more beautiful than the prosperous scene with which we have contrasted it. Yet lonely as it is, it is to the recollection of man and of human feelings that its beauty also is owing. The mere forms and colours that compose its visible appearance are no more capable of exciting any emotion in the mind than the forms and colours of a Turkey carpet. It is sympathy with the present or the past, or the imaginary *inhabitants* of such a region, that alone gives it either interest or beauty; and the delight of those who behold it will always be found to be in exact proportion to the force of their imaginations and the warmth of their social affections. The leading impressions here are those of romantic seclusion and primeval simplicity; lovers sequestered in these blissful solitudes, “from towns and toils remote;” and rustic poets and philosophers communing with nature, at a distance from the low pursuits and selfish malignity of ordinary mortals; then there is the sublime impression of the Mighty Power which piled the massive cliffs upon one another, and rent the mountains asunder, and scattered their giant fragments at their base—and all the images connected with the monuments of ancient magnificence and extinguished hostility—the feuds, and the combats, and the triumphs of its wild and primitive inhabitants, contrasted with the stillness and desolation of the scenes where they lie interred—and the romantic ideas attached to their ancient traditions and the peculiarities of their present life—their wild and enthusiastic poetry—their gloomy superstitions—their attachment to their chiefs—the

dangers, and the hardships, and enjoyments of their lonely huntings and fishings—their pastoral sheelings on the mountains in summer—and the tales and the sports that amuse the little groups that are frozen into their vast and trackless valleys in the winter. Add to all this the traces of vast and obscure antiquity that are impressed on the language and the habits of the people, and on the cliffs and caves, and gulfy torrents of the land—and the solemn and touching reflection perpetually recurring of the weakness and insignificance of perishable man, whose generations thus pass away into oblivion with all their toils and ambition, while nature holds on her unvarying course, and pours out her streams, and renews her forests, with undecaying activity, regardless of the fate of her proud and perishable sovereign.'

In 1820 Mr Jeffrey was elected Lord Rector of the university of Glasgow. The principle of election for this high academical distinction is of a popular character. By the original statutes, dated so far back as 1450, the suffrage is vested in the whole of the matriculated students, with whom are joined the dean and principal professors. In the earlier periods of our history, before civil rights were extended and defined, the rector possessed vast powers civil and criminal. His court was almost as absolute as the Star Chamber. The duties and powers of the office are now, however, almost nominal. The appointment is an honorary distinction, and is generally bestowed on some eminent public character with whose political sentiments, genius, or learning, the majority of the students sympathise. Burke filled the office in the year 1784: Adam Smith was installed in 1787. Of late years the names of Sir James Mackintosh, Brougham, Campbell, Peel, and Macaulay, shed honour on the office of Lord Rector, and on the choice of the young students. Jeffrey was elected in a time of considerable excitement by an overwhelming majority, and his appointment was a graceful tribute to his talents and political consistency, rendered the more appropriate by his having studied at Glasgow university. He delivered his inaugural address on Thursday, December 28, and spoke warmly of the grateful and flattering honour conferred upon him.

'It was here,' he said, 'that, now more than thirty years ago, I received the earliest and by far the most valuable part of my academical education, and first imbibed that relish and veneration for letters which has cheered and directed the whole course of my after-life; and to which, amidst all the distractions of rather too busy an existence, I have never failed to return with fresh and unabated enjoyment. Nor is it merely by those distant and pleasing recollections—by the touching retrospect of those scenes of guiltless ambition and youthful delight, when everything around and before me was bright with novelty and hope, that this place, and all the images it recalls, are at this moment endeared to my heart. Though I have been able, I fear, to do but little to honour this early nurse of my studies since I was first separated from her bosom, I will yet presume to say that I have been, during all that interval, an affectionate and not an inattentive son. For the whole of that period I have watched over her progress, and gloried in her fame; and at your literary Olympics, where your prizes are distributed, and the mature swarm annually cast off to ply its busy task in the wider circuit of the world, I have generally been found a fond and eager spectator of that youthful prowess in which I had ceased to be a sharer, and a delighted

chronicler of that excellence which never ceased to be supplied. And thus the tie which originally bound me to the place was never allowed to be broken; and when called to the high office which I this day assume, I felt that I could not be considered as a stranger, even by the youngest portion of the society over which I was to preside.'

Mr Jeffrey, according to the usual custom, was re-elected Lord Rector at the expiration of his first year of office. He delivered a second inaugural address on the 3d of January 1822, in which he announced that he had determined to give a prize, 'to be awarded by the young men themselves, to the individuals who shall excel in recitation and declamation—a science in the study and knowledge of which we are so much behind our southern neighbours: the prize, a gold medal, to be confined to the two classes where such an excitement seems more particularly called for—the Greek and Latin classes—to each of which it will be given alternately, commencing with the Greek.' By a subsequent arrangement on the part of the Lord Rector, this prize was confined to the most distinguished student in the Greek class, the award to be made by the votes of his fellow-students. In order to place the medal on a permanent footing, the generous donor, in 1849, remitted to the college factor the sum of £120, of which ten guineas were to be applied in procuring two medal dies, the remainder to be invested by the faculty for the purpose of 'providing and engraving annually, in all time coming, a gold medal, of such value as can be obtained for the amount of the yearly interest.'

In 1829 Mr Jeffrey was chosen Dean of the Faculty of Advocates, an honour unanimously conferred upon him by his brethren of the bar, and which was justly regarded not only as a token of personal confidence and respect, but as an unequivocal recognition of his having reached the summit of his profession as an advocate. On his election to this office he resigned the editorship of the 'Edinburgh Review' into the hands of Mr Macvey Napier. He still, however, took a lively interest in its management, and was consulted by his successor whenever any difficulty occurred.

The year 1830 brought Mr Jeffrey prominently into public life. It was truly an *annus mirabilis*. We had the revolution in France agitating all Europe, and the scarcely less decided revolution in England, which began with the overthrow of the Duke of Wellington's administration (considered as impregnable as the lines of Torres Vedras), and the accession of the Whig party to power. Jeffrey was now to reap the honours of the well-fought field, and to receive the plaudits of the nation as one of the victors. With the French success he cordially sympathised, and he joined with his fellow-citizens in publicly commemorating the valour, moderation, and heroism of the people of France. A few months afterwards, he was appointed Lord Advocate in the administration of Earl Grey. This office must always be one of high responsibility, as including the functions of crown lawyer and public prosecutor, and the exercise of political influence and patronage. The Lord Advocate is the minister for Scotland. The duties of the appointment were also rendered more arduous and delicate at this time, when a party had acceded to power on popular principles, and pledged to extensive reforms. To charm the popular voice into submission and contentment after a period of such unbounded excite-

ment and expectation, required more energy and prudence than were necessary at first to secure success. Mr Jeffrey said he accepted office with sincere reluctance; for he had to leave the retirement of private life, in which he had his chief solace and delight. He did not covet the office; it had come to him from no solicitation on his part, but from the circumstance that the new government formed by the crown professed all the most important principles it had been the study of his life to assert and maintain. It was necessary that the Lord Advocate should have a seat in parliament. He became a candidate for the representation of the district of burghs including Perth, Dundee, St Andrews, Cupar, and Forfar, for so many important towns were then linked together in unnatural union to return one member to parliament! The three first-mentioned voted for the Lord Advocate; the two last for his opponent, Captain Ogilvy of the 'noble House of Airly;' and as Forfar was the returning burgh, and had a casting vote, both candidates claimed to be elected. Mr Jeffrey was declared the sitting member, and Captain Ogilvy petitioned against his return. Mr Jeffrey took his seat in the House of Commons on the opening of parliament in February 1831. He had thus an opportunity of aiding his friends in the great debate on the second reading of the Reform Bill, which, after a four-nights' discussion, was carried on the 22d of March. Four days afterwards, the election committee decided in favour of Captain Ogilvy. The Lord Advocate, however, found refuge in the small burgh of Malton in Yorkshire, where the influence of Earl Fitzwilliam predominated. Sir James Scarlett, who had opposed the Reform Bill, retired; and Mr Jeffrey succeeded him as member for Malton on the 12th of April. In less than a fortnight the House of Lords had rejected the Reform Bill, and parliament was dissolved. Mr Jeffrey then solicited the suffrages of his native city, and no less than 17,400 of the inhabitants petitioned the elective body, the town-council, in his favour. He was, however, defeated by the narrow majority of three—fourteen members of council voting for him, and seventeen for his opponent, Mr R. A. Dundas (now Mr Christopher). So indignant was the populace at the rejection of their favourite candidate, that serious riots took place, and the Lord Provost had to be escorted home by a party of dragoons. The whole nation was at this period (to use the phrase of an old politician) 'intoxicated by the elevation of a spirit too highly rectified.' The Lord Advocate was again returned—and on a valid election—for the Forfar burghs, his seat in Malton being at the same time kept open till his election was secured. He again co-operated in carrying the Reform Bill through the Commons. The peers gave way, the bill became law; and under the new constituency Mr Jeffrey, and his friend Mr Abercrombie (now Lord Dunfermline), were almost unanimously elected the representatives for the city of Edinburgh. The Lord Advocate retained his seat until May 1834, when he gladly exchanged the turmoil of party politics for the duties of a judge. He was appointed to the bench on the retirement of an aged judge, Lord Craigie; his parliamentary career having thus extended over a period of three years and three months.

The impression was universal that Mr Jeffrey had failed in parliament. The case of Erskine was cited as a parallel one, and we were reminded of the saying, that the floor of the House of Commons was strewed with the

wreck of eminent lawyers' reputations. All such broad unqualified statements must be received with caution. With the examples of Mansfield and Wedderburne, of Thurlow, Scarlett, and Brougham, before us, it is idle to say that eminent lawyers do not succeed in the House of Commons. Erskine's failure was only comparative. He could not rival Pitt, or Fox, or Sheridan; and he did not apply himself sedulously to cultivate the arts necessary to success in debate. His previous reputation as a forensic orator was so great, that scarcely any appearance could have realised the expectations formed by his friends. Mr Jeffrey laboured under the same disadvantage. His fame was already high—filled to the brim. He had to contend not only with practised rivals, who waited for his halting, but with the prepossessions and hopes created by his own genius. He made one brilliant speech in support of the Reform Bill—one of the best which the discussion called forth; but he made no attempt to shine as a debater, and this is the most attractive and valuable accomplishment in a popular assembly. A clever retort or sarcasm, a personal sally, or a strain of witty exaggeration directed against an opponent, will always meet with a better reception in the House of Commons than a speech which deals with the first principles of a question, though abounding in the finest analysis or illustration, and appealing to history and reason. A familiarity with the forms and *personnel* of the house, a knowledge of parties, and a certain style of masculine plainness and vigour, are also requisite; and these can rarely be acquired except by early practice and long perseverance. A gentleman who sat with the Lord Advocate in parliament, and was a strenuous supporter of his principles, writes to us as follows on the impression made on the House by his distinguished friend:—

‘That Jeffrey failed in securing the attention of the House of Commons in a manner commensurate with his extraordinary genius, and his talents as a public speaker in other respects, is, I believe, certain. As to the causes of his being imperfectly listened to, I may begin by saying that his voice was far from clear and distinct, and that he was subject to a tendency to bronchitis. His utterance was also extremely rapid. His pronunciation, though not broad, was not easily followed by an English ear. The shape in which he clothed his thoughts was not very intelligible to an English audience. There was a spontaneous flow of imagery in his ordinary language which it was not easy for him to restrain. There was a good deal of metaphysical theory, and a considerable sprinkling of technical phraseology, which, though quite familiar to his audiences in Edinburgh, was very imperfectly understood in the House of Commons. Besides all this, he did not enter the House till on the borders of sixty, at which no eminent speaker ever commenced his career.’

These physical impediments could never have been wholly got over; but at this time Mr Jeffrey laboured under severe indisposition and debility, which disqualified him for active exertion. He was often confined to his house, or could only exchange it for the purer air of the country, free from the stir and noise of the Great Babel. If we glance at the few and imperfectly-reported speeches delivered by the Lord Advocate in the debates on the Reform Bill, we shall find no trace of mental weakness, or any cause of parliamentary failure. How few men in the House could have struck off the following brief and philosophical summary!—

'It could not be denied that if they looked back to the career of glory which England had run during the reigns of the Tudors and Stuarts, they found that England during those periods held a high rank among nations for wealth and splendour, and even then was regarded by other nations as the country where the principles of liberty were best understood and practised. But could it be argued that because England held that rank among the nations during the reigns of the Tudors and Stuarts, the country was now to be satisfied with the institutions of those days? Why, this was an argument contrary to all history; and, independent of history, it was contrary to all principle. In infant states, the first things in order were wealth and prosperity, and these might exist for a short time without either liberal institutions or freedom; but the fruit of wealth and prosperity was necessarily freedom. The first stage of what might be called civilised society was generally that in which a munificent and prudent tyrant ruled the destinies of a state, and encouraged those persons described in the book of Ecclesiasticus, as men who wrought with their own hands, and were cunning in works of wood, and brass, and iron. When wealth increased, liberty followed; for liberty was the daughter, not the mother, of wealth. This was the case with the Italian republics, with the free towns of Germany, with the ancient state of Corinth, and other Grecian republics; and, latterly, with the towns and corporations of England. Works of the utmost splendour and genius rendered England as proud a name then as it had been since; but was that any reason that when society became enlarged, and the various links of it became more multiplied, the basis of the constitution should not be widened, and room be found for the multiplied children of freedom?'

He argued that the greatest of all dangers was, that the really distressed or aggrieved in the country should be led to tolerate doctrines of anarchy in despair of legitimate redress. 'If the reasonably discontented were propitiated and satisfied, would they not feel themselves the stronger, and be the better able to deal with the unreasonable? He wanted, amid the political chaos, to establish a firmament which should separate the waters above from the infernal Stygian below.'

In advocating the Scots Reform Bill, which it was his official duty to prepare and superintend in its progress through the House, Mr Jeffrey gave a lucid and effective exposition of the anomalous and illusory system of representation which then prevailed. We may quote his account of Bute as a happy and remarkable illustration:—

'All the voters in the county of Bute were twenty-one, and it was ludicrous to state that twenty out of those twenty-one had no property whatever in that county; so that in that county there was only a single voter connected with it by property, who, like a sovereign, was uncontrolled within it. At one election there, within the memory of man, when the day of election came, only one person qualified to vote attended; and that person was the sheriff. He read the writ to the meeting as sheriff. Then he constituted the meeting. Then, having constituted the meeting, he called over the names on the roll. Then he answered to the names himself. Then he put the vote for a preses to the meeting; he elected himself preses; he read over the minutes of the last meeting; he moved that they should be confirmed; he confirmed them himself; and, last of

all, he put the representation to the vote; and being himself the whole meeting, made a unanimous return.'

If Jeffrey retired from parliament without one additional leaf of laurel—harassed with party tactics, and worn out with late divisions—he retired also without one stain on his honesty or disinterestedness as a politician. He was welcomed to the Supreme Court by all the legal profession and by the public; for all had confidence in his learning, his discernment, and his industry. He earned a high reputation as a judge. Suitors were anxious that their cases should be decided by him. He devoted the most careful consideration to every question that came before him; consulting authorities and maturing his opinions in private, and stating fully in court, with his usual candour and precision, the various grounds of his decisions. His quickness in detecting sophistry and error sometimes led him to interrupt the counsel with significant and puzzling questions; and there was at times an over-solicitude and over-refinement in his mode of handling a case; partly arising from his conscientious sense of duty, and partly from his intellectual habits of subtle investigation and nice inquiry. This, however, was counteracted by the alacrity with which he could set to any amount of labour, and his aversion to the accumulation of arrears. No better monument to his legal skill and perseverance need be given than the records of cases decided in the Court of Session within the last fifteen years. His judicial labours were relieved by his unabated love of literature. He contributed a few articles to the 'Edinburgh Review,' including critiques on the Lives of Mackintosh and Wilberforce; and at length he consented to the publication of a selection from the whole of his contributions, similar collections having been made and published with great success from the writings of Macaulay and Sydney Smith. Lord Jeffrey's work appeared in 1844, in four volumes, being only about a third of what he had actually written for the Review. The volumes were accompanied by a graceful, half-apologetic preface, and by explanatory notes couched in a gentle and subdued spirit. All traces of the keen invective and caustic irony had disappeared. The 'lord of the unerring bow' had sheathed his arrows. There was a full admission of the errors and indiscretions of the earlier numbers of the Review, and of its 'excesses both of party zeal, overweening confidence, and intemperate blame.' Lord Jeffrey acknowledged that he had said 'petulant and provoking things' of Mr Southey, and that he had in many places spoken 'rather too bitterly and confidently of the faults' of Mr Wordsworth's poetry. But in these cases, though regretting the manner of his strictures, he still adhered substantially to the judgments he had given. Having acknowledged his faults, he intimates his claim to the merit of having more uniformly and earnestly than any preceding critic made the moral tendencies of the works under consideration a leading subject of discussion. The praise to which he aspired was, 'that of having constantly endeavoured to combine ethical precepts with literary criticism, and earnestly sought to impress his readers with a sense both of the close connection between sound intellectual attainments and the higher elements of duty and enjoyment, and of the just and ultimate subordination of the former to the latter.'

'The great critic realised all he aspired to, and much more. He made

good his claim to 'titles manifold.' His four volumes, though not containing all his most original or striking essays, are a repertory of sound and valuable maxims, fine conceptions, and correct definitions. The actual writings, however, afford no just criterion of the benefits which Jeffrey conferred upon his country. Who can calculate the impulse which he gave to thought and opinion, to the whole current of our literature, to correct principles of taste and reasoning, to enlarged views of government, of public duty, and private morality! Much that is valuable and instrumental in periodical writing perishes in their use. The arguments necessary to help on any great cause become to a certain extent superfluous and antiquated when that cause is won, as elementary dissertations on law or morals cease to interest in an advanced state of society. During his twenty-six years of active duty as editor and reviewer, Jeffrey had stored the public mind with principles and opinions which we have seen reduced to practice, and which no party would now dispute, but which were violently assailed when presented in the pages of the 'Edinburgh Review.' To appreciate him aright, we must go back to the times in which he wrote, when literary criticism was low and servile, and political independence a rare and dangerous quality—when he had to contend with discouragements on every hand, and to inspire or cherish the taste and feelings of which we now reap the advantages. Some of the reviews in his collected works, devoted entirely to political questions—to Ireland, the nature of our relations with America, the state of parties in England, and the subjects of parliamentary reform and criminal jurisprudence—are solid and valuable constitutional treatises. He not merely *lightens* on his subject—he reasons closely on it, and is logical as well as brilliant.

He loved to play with metaphysical abstractions; and this, which was one of his early triumphs, now impedes instead of advancing his popularity. He was just in time to catch the last gleams of metaphysical science from Reid, Stewart, and Alison; but the 'shadowy tribes of mind' retreated before the certain light of physical science, and the delineation of human passions and manners. The vivacity and ability with which Jeffrey could expound these mental theories astonished his contemporaries, and certainly have never been exceeded. He had an exhaustless armoury of language of all descriptions, to suit every shade of meaning, and he was always as definite and exact as he was copious and animated. Yet the adventurous critic was very sceptical as to the utility of metaphysical speculations. Instead of endeavouring to bring out a theory of his own, he set himself to investigate critically all the theories most prevalent in his day—to disentangle them from what he deemed doubtful and obscure, and to exhibit within the smallest possible compass what is satisfactory to our reason, or what bears in any degree on practical purposes. Thus he considers the principle of *veracity* and the principle of *credulity*, which Reid held to be original principles in human nature, to be merely excrescences on that philosopher's system, and unnecessary to carry out his views. He also cut off from Alison's theory of association the notion of *long trains* of ideas and sensations, which he held to be equally superfluous. Jeffrey's exposition of Alison's theory is one of his most elaborate and complete metaphysical dissertations, and it is enriched with some of his most picturesque and beautiful writing. He enlarged the article, and

reprinted it as an essay on Beauty in the 'Encyclopædia Britannica.' He evidently regarded it as the corner-stone of his fame.

His great superiority consists in the versatility of his powers, and the perfect command he had over his faculties and acquirements. There was scarcely a region of the intellectual world that he had not explored, yet his natural endowments were greater than his acquisitions. The demands of a laborious profession precluded any profound knowledge in the sciences or abstruser branches of learning. He was more a man of the world than an erudite scholar—more of a popular orator and lawyer than an author, yet how few have been able to rival him in mental philosophy or polite literature! His perceptions were so quick, as to seem intuitive, and his sensibilities so keen, as to include every species of emotion. No poet could have a greater admiration of the beauties of external nature, yet his fertile imagination was but the handmaid of his clear and powerful understanding. His reasons and arguments on any subject were as strong and distinct as his illustrations were rich and fanciful. When these were aided by the fire of his eye, the animated expression of his countenance, and that flow of language which seemed as if it were never to cease running and sparkling, and which never made one abrupt or half-formed sentence, the impression made by his genius and acquirements on all minds of the slightest susceptibility was indescribable. Mrs Hemans compared the effect of his conversation to drinking champagne. But Jeffrey aimed at higher things than these. Both by his voice and his pen he sought to make men better, and wiser, and happier. He had a deep sympathy with his kind in all its joys and sorrows—a love of whatever was fair and good, and a scorn of whatever was base, or mean, or hypocritical. His candour was as transparent as his truth. His highest flights as an orator or writer were connected with the best feelings and interests of humanity.

At a late period of his life Lord Jeffrey was called upon, in his judicial capacity, to deliver judgment in a case connected with the political reformers, Muir, Palmer, and Gerald. It was proposed in the year 1845 to erect a monument to their memory, but the scheme was objected to chiefly on political grounds. The Court of Session, by a majority of its body, overruled the objection, Lord Jeffrey concurring. 'The thoughts,' he said, 'which such a monument should suggest, even to those most opposed to the views and opinions of its founders, are naturally of a solemn and sobering character. And if, in some, they may still be too much mixed up with feelings of anger at supposed injustice, and in others of unmerciful reprobation of offences, of which the mischief and the penalties have been long ago consummated, I can only say that the blame will be with those who continue, on either side, to cherish sentiments so uncharitable; and that, if there be any place where the influences of the scene in which they are suggested are likely to soften them down to a more humane and indulgent standard, it is when that scene is laid where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary rest; and where everything should remind us of our own frail mortality, and of that awful Seat of Judgment before which none of us can hope to be justified—except through mercy.'

This solemn and touching admonition may prepare us for the fast-approaching sequel of our narrative. Lord Jeffrey's health had been shaken by several severe attacks. His cheerfulness and clearness of

intellect, however, were undiminished. He scarcely seemed old even at seventy-six. His evening parties at Craigercock, or at his house in Moray Place, were the special delight of his friends; his acts of generosity and charity and unaffected kindness were still more numerous. Recent circumstances had revived his interest in the 'Edinburgh Review.' His only child, a daughter, was married to Mr Empson, professor of law in the East India College at Haileybury; and in 1847, on the death of Mr Macvey Napier, Mr Empson succeeded to the editorship of that journal from which his illustrious relative had derived such solid and lasting honours. Lord Jeffrey might now be seen in his leisure hours turning over the leaves of a critique destined for publication, and perhaps suggesting some golden thought or happy illustration to be set like a 'coigne of vantage' in the text. He was so engaged within one week of his death! Within four days of that event he sat in court, not having missed a day during the season; and one of his last writings was a letter, full of tenderness, addressed to the widow of his early friend, Sydney Smith, who had sent him a printed copy of the Lectures on Moral Philosophy delivered by Mr Smith so far back as 1806. His early associates and occupations—the names and the duties so long familiar—were thus vividly before him at the last! The closing hours were linked in beautiful sequency and uniformity with the morning splendour. On returning from the court on Tuesday, January 26, 1850, Lord Jeffrey had a slight accession of cold, which brought on his constitutional complaint, bronchitis; fever followed, and at six o'clock on Saturday afternoon, while his medical attendant was in the act of feeling his pulse, life became extinct. His remains were interred in the Western Cemetery, without any funereal pomp, as was his own desire, but mourned deeply and widely with no common sorrow. He had lived and died among his own people; and his native country, amidst her grief, rejoiced, and will long rejoice—in his fame.



DANIEL DE FOE.

AMONG the books which may be reckoned as belonging to the world's acknowledged stereotypes, there are probably few that have been read more frequently, or proved acceptable to a greater variety of tastes, than the illustrious 'Robinson Crusoe.' While, however, in connection with this performance the author's name has become so extensively familiar, it is principally by means of it that he continues to be remembered. The generality of modern readers know little of the extent and merit of De Foe's political and controversial writings, or of the conspicuous position which he occupied on account of them with his contemporaries. Having reference chiefly to the disputes and contentions of his times, these productions have naturally lost much of their original interest, and their value has been therefore considerably diminished. It is nevertheless conceived that they are worthy of a more general investigation and attention; and accordingly it is here intended to furnish some account of them, and also to present such an outline of the writer's personal history, character, sufferings, and disappointments, for conscience' sake and otherwise, as can be conveniently rendered within the limits of the present Paper.

De Foe's entire works consist of more than two hundred separate publications, embracing a vast variety of subjects, and all exhibiting evidences of great ability, honesty of intention, and a keen perception of just and wholesome principles. As a politician, he was throughout his whole career the steady advocate of liberal interests, the manly and upright champion of justice, of tolerance, and of all those citizen-rights valued by honest Englishmen. Living in a turbulent era of our history, when the pretensions of rival and selfish factions were agitated with an inveterate and unprincipled animosity, he seems to have been in great part proof against the prevalent contagion, and to have entertained the questions in dispute with a scrupulous regard to their truthfulness or reasonable expediency. By being an honest man than the generality, he became the object of general misapprehension and opprobrium. Few men had more of the world's notice in his day; none more of its calumny and persecution. In a more than ordinary degree he shared the fate of every man who, by genius or cultivation, is in advance of his own times. The party whose aims and schemings he opposed he very naturally offended; but he was also not unfrequently misrepresented and calumniated by the

very party whose interests he endeavoured to promote. This party consisted of the nonconforming Presbyterians, who, as the successors of the Puritans of the foregoing age, continued to protest against the narrowness and dominancy of the Protestantism of the Reformation. De Foe is in a certain sense the representative of the aims and spirit of modern Independence: he was in creed and political principle a dissenting Presbyterian, and he advocated most of the claims and opinions by which the dissenting sects were then, and are still in part, distinguished; but he seems, upon the whole, to have been greatly superior to his party, inasmuch as he was less sectarian, and more liberal and catholic in his sentiments.

In proceeding to narrate the principal events and transactions of his life, it may be well to mention at the outset that the particle *De*—for reasons which cannot now be ascertained—was adopted, and not inherited, by our author; his original family name being simply *Foe*, without any euphonious or ornamental prefix. Of his ancestry or immediate progenitors there is very little known. The earliest that has been mentioned is his grandfather, Daniel Foe, who was a substantial English yeoman, and farmed his own estate at Elton in Northamptonshire. He is supposed to have been attached to the Cavalier and High Church party; and as an evidence of his respectability, it has been recorded that he kept a pack of hounds for his diversion. Daniel pleasantly relates, that his grandfather's huntsman had the irreverent habit of naming his dogs after the most illustrious officers in the Puritan and Royal forces: 'he had his Roundhead and his Cavalier, his Goring and his Waller, and all the generals in both armies were hounds in his pack; till the times turning, the old gentleman was fain to scatter the pack, and make them up of more dog-like surnames.' Besides scattering his hounds, it would seem that Mr Foe had also to disperse his family, for we find that James Foe, who is presumed to have been a younger son, was 'sent at a proper age to London,' and there apprenticed to a butcher. In this calling he became afterwards established in St Giles's, Cripplegate, and after flourishing in business for many years, he ultimately retired upon a decent competency, which he enjoyed until his death. He was the father of our celebrated Daniel, who was born in the parish of St Giles's aforesaid in the year 1661.

His parents having embraced the Nonconformists' principles, the boy was accordingly brought up in their faith. Of the manner in which he spent his early years there is no existing record. The imagination is left to picture him as it can. A lively and pleasant fellow we conceive him to have been, of quick and generous impulses, not backward to contend in feats of sport or warfare, but nowise given to the exaction of unfair advantages, for he says he 'learned from a boxing English boy not to strike an enemy when he is down.' One cannot readily bring his figure and appearance very near to us; but there assuredly, in St Giles's parish, Cripplegate, he once visibly lived and went to school with his contemporaries. Nightly for some years was he perhaps seated at the family table in the sitting-room—a little back parlour, as we fancy, behind the butcher's shop—conning lessons for the coming day, and possibly relieving his strained attention by counting the flies upon the ceiling. There were times, doubtless, when he read books for his own amusement: most likely the historical portions of the Bible, and probably the wondrous

allegory of the 'Pilgrim's Progress.' On Sundays he had to put on a grave face, and go forth with the family to the 'meeting-house in Little St Helen's, Bishopsgate Street,' to hear the Rev. Dr Annelsey, 'an esteemed Presbyterian minister,' who had been formerly ejected from the incumbency of Cripplegate. There, with subdued and steady countenance, in the grave Presbyterian congregation, Daniel undoubtedly sat and listened to the fervid eloquence of the preacher, and imbibed from it something of the manly independence and invincible love of liberty which he was destined afterwards to display in his own career. It is even conceivable that the good minister sometimes visited his father's house, and it is not unlikely that, on suitable occasions, he may have put his hand on the boy's head, and bade him remember to stand resolutely by the principles and religious doctrines in which he had been instructed.

It were interesting to know whether Daniel ever carried a butcher's tray, and what was the price of mutton, as his father retailed it to customers, two hundred years ago. To such questions as these, however, we can now obtain no answer. But judging from the prosperous circumstances of his family, and from the fact that young De Foe was early destined for the Presbyterian ministry, it seems improbable that he was ever actively connected with his father's business. At the age of fourteen, after he had been sufficiently qualified by inferior teachers, he was sent to a Nonconformist college, or academy, at Newington, then under the direction of the Rev. Charles Morton, a gentleman who had the reputation of being a 'polite and profound scholar.' Here he is reported to have had great advantages for learning, and to have lived in very agreeable society. Little, however, is known of his manner of life, or of the progress which he made while residing at this institution; but it has been concluded, from certain passages in his writings, that he had not failed to turn his opportunities to account. He has informed us that he had in his time been master of five languages, and that he had studied the mathematics, natural philosophy, logic, geography, and history. With the theory and practical capabilities of the English constitution he was thoroughly acquainted; and he sometimes boasts of having investigated politics as a science. Under the direction of his tutor, he went through the authorised courses of theology, in which he acquired such a proficiency as enabled him to cope with the acutest writers of the disputatious age in which he lived. His knowledge of ecclesiastical history was also very considerable; and indeed his attainments in all departments of general information were such as to entitle him to be considered a person of great intelligence and cultivation. A man of deep or extensive 'learning,' in the technical acceptance, he certainly never was, nor as such was he ever desirous of being regarded; but that he was anything like the 'illiterate person' which some of his opponents delighted to represent him to be, there is evidence enough in his writings to disprove. The poet Gay, adopting the cant of the Scriblerus Club, speaks of him as 'a fellow who had excellent natural parts, but wanted a small foundation of learning,' and cites him as 'a lively instance of those wits who, as an ingenious author says, will endure but one skimming;' but this is a judgment which time has since emphatically reversed; and it is not likely that it will be again referred to, either in depreciation of De Foe, or by way of illustrating the poet's penetration.

At what time De Foe quitted the Newington institution is not distinctly known; neither is it apparent what induced him to abandon the design of entering the Presbyterian ministry. Perhaps he had no sufficient sense of any call to the work. It has even been surmised that the volatility of his disposition might have proved incompatible with that dignified vocation. An early turn for authorship, and an inveterate tendency for satire, may have contributed to unfit him for entering into the ministry with an exclusive devotion to its duties, and may possibly have determined him to renounce his purpose, for the sake of addressing himself more freely to literary and political pursuits. At anyrate, at the age of twenty-one he came forth boldly as an author, embracing the popular side in politics. His first production was a spirited lampoon, levelled at the noted Roger L'Estrange, who, in a work entitled a 'Guide to the Inferior Clergy,' had recently advanced some highly illiberal notions. De Foe's pamphlet bore the title of 'Speculum Crape-Gownorum; or a Looking-Glass for the Young Academicks, new Foyl'd: with Reflections on some of the late High-flown Sermons, to which is added an Essay towards a Sermon of the Newest Fashion. By a Guide to the Inferior Clergy. London: 1682.' The title was adopted in allusion to the crape-gowns then in use among the inferior clergy, and the banter was sufficiently effective to put them out of fashion, and thereby damage the respectability of the material, against which, however, the author had no particular antipathy. The design of the work was to expose and ridicule the pretensions of the High Church faction. The most amusing portion is the sermon, which is a clever parody of the pulpit discourses of the times, and was especially intended to satirise the 'crape-gown men' for their interferences with politics, 'that they may see how ridiculous they are, when they stand fretting, and fuming, and heating themselves about state affairs in their pulpits.' Its success with the town, and the fertility of the subject, induced the author to follow it up with a second part, in which, however, he deals more seriously with the government on account of its severity to Dissenters, and by exhibiting the practical effects of persecution, cleverly exposes its absurdity. The work seems to have attracted attention enough to lead some one to reply to it, as the same year we have notice of a publication bearing the title of 'Reflections upon Two Scurrilous Libels, called Speculum Crape-Gownorum.' The author is commonly supposed to have been L'Estrange himself.

Three years after the publication of his pamphlet—namely, in the summer of 1685—De Foe engaged in practical hostility against the government of James II., by joining the standard of the Duke of Monmouth when he landed in Dorsetshire with his hundred and fifty men, for the purpose of delivering the country from the dominion of arbitrary rule, and the anticipated sway of popery, and thereby gaining for himself the crown of England—'a romantic kind of invasion,' says Welwood, 'which is scarcely paralleled in history.' On the suppression of this rebellion, our adventurous volunteer narrowly escaped being taken prisoner. Eluding pursuit, however, he managed to save his head; and being personally unknown in that part of the kingdom which was the seat of the insurrection, he does not appear to have been afterwards suspected, and therefore was never brought to trial for his treason. Returning subsequently to London, he next proceeded to settle himself peaceably in business, resolved, if possibly,

to refrain from interfering further in public or polemical affairs. In Freeman's Court, near the thoroughfare of Cornhill, he accordingly became established as a hose-factor, designing to live by a reasonable commission on the sale of stockings. In 1688, being a freeman by birth, he was admitted into the livery of London. For ten years he devoted himself more or less to business; but the times were too unfavourable to permit him to succeed. The discontents and agitations of the country, occasioned by the arbitrary proceedings of the king, who was aiming at absolute power over the lives and consciences of his subjects, and fomented by the disputes and controversies of the several factions into which the nation was divided, were of too exciting and interesting a character for a man of De Foe's active and earnest temperament to refrain from taking part in them. Mixing continually in company, in coffee-houses and in taverns, he seems to have spent more of his time in discussing the movements and pretensions of the parties, and the bearings of political disputes, than in attending to his personal interests at the counter. With him, it would appear, there was no alternative: when the wellbeing of the nation, and the most important liberties of the people were endangered, all private convenience and advantage ceased, in comparison, to have any sensible hold on his regards. He therefore stood forth boldly in defence of the popular rights, speaking and writing whatsoever might seem to him calculated to consolidate and support them.

One of the prominent dogmas of the day, and one which served the cause of despotism more effectually than any other, was the absurd pretension of the unlimited and unconditional *divine right* of kings. 'It was for many years,' says De Foe, 'and I am witness to it, that the pulpit sounded nothing but the duty of absolute submission, obedience without reserve, subjection to princes as God's vicegerents, accountable to none, to be withstood in nothing, and by no person. I have heard it publicly preached, that if the king commanded my head, and sent his messengers to fetch it, I was bound to submit, and stand still while it was cut off.' That the reader may be assured that this is really no caricature of the opinions which then prevailed, let him take the following delectable passage from a published sermon of the bishop of Chester in those days, who undoubtedly spoke only what were the common sentiments of the clergy:—'Though the king,' saith he, 'should not please or humour us—though he rend off the mantle from our bodies, as Saul did from Samuel—nay, though he should sentence us to death, of which, blessed be God and the king, there is no danger; yet, if we were living members of the Church of England, we must neither open our mouths nor lift up our hands against him, but honour him before the elders and people of Israel; nor must we ask our prince why he governs us otherwise than we please to be governed ourselves; we must neither call him to account for his religion, nor question his policy in civil matters, for he is made our king by God's law, of which the law of the land is only declarative!'

To this sort of doctrine De Foe altogether objected to subscribe, and scrupled not to denounce it as an abominable heresy. Such a presumptuous exaltation of the divine right of kings he considered to be entirely

subversive of the divine rights of men; and rather than acknowledge it, or sanction its acknowledgment, he was constrained to try the case by logical disputation, and was even nowise disinclined to try it by argument of battle. To this disposition, indeed, the whole country came at last. James II., in attempting to carry the current dogmas into practice, aroused a universal opposition to his schemes and government; and Church of England people and Dissenters finally combined to expel him from the kingdom. The 4th of November, the day on which the Prince of Orange landed, De Foe is reported to have commemorated ever afterwards as a sort of sacred holiday. 'It is a day,' said he, 'famous on various accounts, and every one of them dear to Britons who love their country, value the Protestant interest, or who have an aversion to tyranny and oppression.' In the following year, when King William and Queen Mary visited the City, our exulting Dissenter rode on horseback in the procession as a member of a royal regiment of volunteers.

The Revolution being settled, De Foe appears for some time to have abstained from politics, and to have directed his attention principally to affairs of trade. For some years past he had been engaged in 'commercial speculations with Spain and Portugal;' but being repeatedly unsuccessful, he finally failed in business. The occupations of trade seldom assort well with literary genius, and it is thought that De Foe's lively and discursive talents were the principal hindrance to his success. 'With the usual imprudence of superior genius,' says Mr Chalmers, 'he was carried by his vivacity into companies who were gratified by his wit. He spent those hours with a small society for the cultivation of polite learning which he ought to have employed in the calculations of the counting-house; and being obliged to abscond from his creditors in 1692, he naturally attributed those misfortunes to the war which were probably owing to his own misconduct.' Be this as it may, it is very evident that his failure was no impeachment to his honesty. An angry creditor, indeed, took out a commission of bankruptcy against him; but this was shortly afterwards superseded, on the petition of those to whom he was most indebted, and who accepted a composition on his single bond. This was punctually paid, as he became capable of paying it, by efforts of unwearied diligence. Some of his creditors who had been thus satisfied, falling afterwards into difficulties themselves, De Foe voluntarily paid up their entire claim—'an example of honesty,' says Mr Chalmers, 'which it would be unjust to De Foe and to the world to conceal.' The amount for which he failed cannot now be ascertained, but it must have been considerable, and shows that he was no peddling or petty trader, such as his political enemies delighted in representing him. Being reproached by Lord Haversham as a mercenary, De Foe tells him, in 1705, that 'with a numerous family, and no help but his own industry, he had forced his way, with undiscouraged diligence, through a sea of misfortunes, and reduced his debts, exclusive of composition, from seventeen thousand to less than five thousand pounds.'*

As the estimate to be taken of De Foe's moral character must be in great part determined by his conduct under these pecuniary diffi-

* Reply to Lord Haversham's Vindication.

culties, it is essential that whatever evidence there may be now existing illustrative of his integrity should be fairly stated. In the first place, it would appear that his personal probity was unsuspected; for 'so high a sense of his honour was entertained by his creditors, that they agreed to take his own personal security for the amount of composition upon his debts.' The confidence reposed in him seems likewise to have been justified, inasmuch as he returned ultimately to all or the greater number of his creditors the full amount of their original claim. 'This,' says Mr Wilson, 'was a fine illustration of the effect of moral principle, and an exemplification of the advice he gave to others.' Which advice is: 'Never think yourselves discharged in conscience, though you may be discharged in law. The obligation of an honest mind can never die. No title of honour, no recorded merit, no mark of distinction, can exceed that lasting appellation—an *honest man*. He that lies buried under such an epitaph has more said of him than volumes of history can contain. The payment of debts, after fair discharges, is the clearest title to such a character that I know; and how any man can begin again, and hope for a blessing from Heaven, or favour from man, without such a resolution, I know not.*' We thus see that De Foe's notions of obligation were nowise lax or latitudinarian. As an illustration of his practice, let us take the following recorded testimony to his honesty, by one who was no friend of his, from a pamphlet entitled, 'A Dialogue between a Dissenter and the Observer,' published in 1702. 'I must do one piece of justice to the man,' observes the writer, 'though I love him no better than you do. It is this, that meeting a gentleman in a coffee-house, when I and everybody else were railing at him, the gentleman took us up with this short speech—"Gentlemen," said he, "I know this De Foe as well as any of you, for I was one of his creditors, compounded with him, and discharged him fully. Several years afterwards he sent for me, and though he was clearly discharged, he paid me all the remainder of his debt voluntarily, and of his own accord; and he told me, that as far as God should enable him, he intended to do so with everybody. When he had done, he desired me to set my hand to a paper to acknowledge it, which I readily did, and found a great many names to the paper before me; and I think myself bound to own it, though I am no friend to the book he wrote any more than you." The work alluded to was the 'Shortest Way with the Dissenters,' of which we shall have occasion to speak hereafter.

De Foe is thus as far as possible exonerated from blame, and in this unhappy failure must be regarded rather as an unfortunate than as a fraudulent or unprincipled speculator—as many of the contemporary scribblers, without knowing him sufficiently, were accustomed to consider him. The passage just quoted affords as satisfactory a proof of his upright and honourable efforts and intentions as can be reasonably desired. To avoid the operation of the harsh and crushing laws, however, that were then in force against insolvents, he appears to have absconded, and lived in hiding for some time under a blighted reputation. To what part of the kingdom he retired is not clearly known; but as it was ascertained that he once resided for a while at Bristol, it has been supposed that he

did so at the time when he was under apprehensions from his creditors. There is even a tradition which seems to countenance the supposition. A gentleman of that city informed Mr Wilson that one of his ancestors had a distinct recollection of De Foe, and often spoke of having seen him walking in the streets of Bristol, accoutred in the fashion of the times, with a fine flowing wig, lace ruffles, and a sword by his side: also that he there obtained the name of 'The Sunday Gentleman,' because, through fear of bailiffs, he did not dare to appear in public upon any other day. The fact of De Foe's residence in Bristol, either at this or some later period of his life, is further corroborated by another circumstance, mentioned to Mr Wilson by the friend alluded to. By this it appears that there was formerly a tavern in Castle Street, known by the sign of the Red Lion, and kept by one Mark Watkins, 'an intelligent man, who had been in better circumstances,' and whose house was in considerable repute among the Bristol tradesmen, who were then in the habit of resorting to it after dinner for the purpose of smoking their pipes, and hearing the news and small talk of the day. Here De Foe, following the custom of the times, is reported to have spent an occasional afternoon among the company, and was well known to the landlord under the same name of 'The Sunday Gentleman.' Mark Watkins, who appears to have been a humourist, is said to have entertained his guests in after-times with a very whimsical account of a strange man, who went about Bristol clothed in goat-skins, and who he affirmed was none other than the celebrated Robinson Crusoe.* The house, we believe, is still standing, but has been latterly reduced to a mere pot-house, so that none need go there to make inquiries about De Foe.

Having at length come to a satisfactory arrangement with his creditors, De Foe was enabled to emerge from his retirement. For two years he had been living in unpleasant and involuntary leisure: not indeed altogether idly; for notwithstanding the pressure of his affairs, he contrived to write a book. This was his 'Essay upon Projects,' which, however, he did not find it convenient to publish till nearly five years afterwards. Of his proceedings subsequent to his liberation he himself gives us the following account:— 'Misfortunes in business having unhinged me from matters of trade, it was about 1694 when I was invited by some merchants, with whom I had corresponded abroad, and some also at home, to settle at Cadiz in Spain; and that with the offers of very good commissions. But Providence, which had other work for me to do, placed a secret aversion in my mind to quitting England upon any account, and made me refuse the offers of that kind, to be concerned with some eminent persons at home, in proposing ways and means to the government for raising money to supply the occasions of the war then newly begun.† The war in question was an expensive one with France, entered on in support of the title of King William, and for the purpose of arresting the conquests of Louis XIV.; and it was part of De Foe's business to devise and suggest taxes, to enable the government to carry on the enterprise. 'Some time after this,' says he in continuation of the statement just quoted, 'I was, without the least application

* De Foe's Life and Times, by Walter Wilson.

† Appeal to Honour and Justice, pp. 5-6.

of mine, and being then seventy miles from London, sent for to be the accountant to the Commissioners of the Glass-Duty, in which service I continued to the determination of their commission.' This appointment he received in 1695, and held it till the suppression of the tax in August 1699.

About this time, or somewhat earlier, De Foe became a partner in certain tile-and-brick-kiln works at Tilbury in Essex, and continued to be the acting secretary of the concern for several years. Here he had a country-house, overlooking the river Thames, and seems to have lived for some time in thriving circumstances. With his share of the proceeds of the business, and his settled salary as accountant to the Glass Commissioners, he is once more in a condition to pay his way, and by dint of thrift do something to reduce his former debts. As a scheme, perhaps, for raising additional ways and means, he now, in 1796, ventured on the publication of the before-mentioned 'Essay upon Projects.' Herein he descants largely and sensibly on 'politics, commerce, and benevolence.' He expatiates on banks, highways, and bankruptcy; and amongst other things advocates a plan for the promotion of friendly societies, 'formed by mutual assurance, for the relief of the members in seasons of distress.' By way of experiment, he proposes to establish one for the support of destitute widows, and another for the assistance of seamen. 'The same thought,' says he, 'might be improved into methods that should prevent the general misery and poverty of mankind, and at once secure us against beggars, parish-poor, alms-houses, and hospitals; by which not a creature so miserable or so poor but should claim subsistence as their due, and not ask it of charity.' We have here the seminal idea of all the friendly clubs, savings' banks, and mutual associations, that have since been established in the country. Another of his projects was the formation of institutions for cultivating certain neglected branches of education. He conceived that there might be some academy or society for correcting, purifying, and establishing the English language, such as had been founded in France under Cardinal Richelieu. 'The work of this society,' says he, 'should be to encourage polite learning, to polish and refine the English tongue, and advance the so-much-neglected faculty of correct language; also to establish purity and propriety of style, and to purge it from all the irregular additions that ignorance and affectation have introduced; and all those innovations of speech, if I may call them such, which some dogmatic writers have the confidence to foster upon their native language, as if their authority were sufficient to make their own fancy legitimate.' A similar notion had been started in the time of Charles II. by Lord Roscommon and the poet Dryden; and when De Foe had thus revived it, it was again renewed by Prior, and subsequently by Swift; though in spite of promises from various influential persons, no attempt was ever made to carry it into practical effect, and it remains to this day as a matter worthy of consideration.

Schemes for military schools, and for lunatic asylums of an educational description, were also ingeniously propounded, and their practicability and advantages very ably stated in this treatise. But perhaps the most interesting of all the author's projects is that of an institution for the better education of young women. As De Foe's remarks on such a subject will tend to illustrate the comparative progress which has been made in female culture since the time at which he wrote, let us here insert some sentences

on the dignity of woman. 'We reproach the sex every day,' says he, 'with folly and impertinence, while I am confident had they the advantages of education equal to us, they would be guilty of less than ourselves.' He complains that the women of his time were taught merely the mechanical parts of knowledge—such as reading, writing, and sewing—instead of being exalted into rational companions; and he argues that men in the same class of society would cut a sorry figure if their education were to be equally neglected. 'The soul,' he observes, 'was placed in the body like a rough diamond, and must be polished, or the lustre of it will never appear. And it is manifest, that as the rational soul distinguishes us from brutes, so education carries on the distinction, and makes some less brutish than others. Why, then, should women be denied the benefit of instruction? If knowledge and understanding had been useless additions to the sex, God would never have given them capacities, for he made nothing needless. What has woman done to forfeit the privilege of being taught? Does she plague us with her pride and impertinence? Why do we not let her learn, that she may have more wit? Shall we upbraid woman with folly, when it is only the error of this inhuman custom that hinders her being made wiser? . . . Women, in my observation of them, have little or no difference, but as they are or are not distinguished by education. Tempers, indeed, may in some degree influence them, but the main distinguishing part is their breeding. If a woman be well-bred, and taught the proper management of her natural wit, she proves generally very sensible and retentive: and, without partiality, a woman of sense and manners is the finest and most delicate part of God's creation, the glory of her Maker, and the great instance of his singular regard to man, to whom he gave the best gift either God could bestow or man receive: and it is the sordidest piece of folly and ingratitude in the world to withhold from the sex the due lustre which the advantages of education give to the natural beauty of their minds. A woman, well-bred and well taught, furnished with the additional accomplishments of knowledge and behaviour, is a creature without comparison. Her society is the emblem of sublimer enjoyments; she is all softness and sweetness, love, wit, and delight; she is every way suitable to the sublimest wish; and the man that has such a one to his portion has nothing to do but to rejoice in her and be thankful.' Persons imperfectly acquainted with De Foe will have probably been unprepared to give him credit for so much elegance and delicacy of sentiment as are here displayed, and which certainly were nowise very common among the wits and gentlemen of his age.

With regard to the substance and execution of this work, Mr Walter Wilson has accurately remarked, that 'it abounds in strong sense, couched in nervous language, and contains some specimens of good writing. His sentiments upon the various topics discussed are delivered with diffidence, but at the same time with becoming freedom; and they discover a versatility of genius, accompanied by correct thinking, that are not often united in the same individual.* It is a book, indeed, which is now but little known, and rarely read, but it is nevertheless in several respects worthy of perusal. Of its sterling and substantial merit there needs no better testimony

* De Foe's Life and Times.

than that of Dr Franklin, who found it in his father's library, and, alluding to it, says, he received impressions from it which influenced some of the principal events of his after-life.

After the publication of this performance De Foe several times exercised his pen in writing pamphlets on various political topics, but produced nothing of any moment till in 1698 he came forward with a tract designed to further the reformation of manners in the nation. The exceeding dissoluteness of the times had offended the moral sense of the constitutional monarch, who had been used to stricter ways, and accordingly, in his speech of the present year, he signified a desire for improvement. 'I esteem it,' said he, 'one of the greatest advantages of the peace (which had lately been concluded), that I shall now have leisure to rectify such corruptions and abuses as have crept into any part of the administration during the war, and effectually to discourage profaneness and immorality.' The House of Commons, in their address to the king shortly afterwards, commended his design, declaring their readiness to support him; and 'in concurrence with his majesty's pious intentions, they most humbly desired that his majesty would issue out his royal proclamation, commanding all judges, justices of the peace, and other magistrates, to put in speedy execution the good laws that were now in force against profaneness and immorality, giving encouragement to all such as did their duty therein.' The king, in reply, said that 'he could not but be very well pleased with an address of this nature, and he would give immediate directions to the several particulars they desired.' Accordingly, a proclamation was issued for preventing and punishing the crimes and vices specified; and the parliament passed a bill to the same effect. In the like spirit the archbishop of Canterbury drew up some 'excellent rules for the government of the clergy,' which he communicated in a circular letter to the bishops of his province. These several proceedings De Foe looked upon with interest, but only with a partial satisfaction, inasmuch as he perceived that the pains and penalties instituted to effect the intended reformation were all likely to have a one-sided and exclusive operation, and would fall mainly, if not entirely, on those classes of society who were called the 'common people.' To serve the cause of these, he therefore published 'The Poor Man's Plea, in relation to all the Proclamations, Declarations, Acts of Parliament, &c. which have been or shall be made, or Published, for a Reformation of Manners, and Suppressing Immorality in the Nation;' and in this production he presented the public with a view of the subject not theretofore considered, and facetiously suggested a variety of reforms which, in his opinion, were required to insure the success of the rigorous measures contemplated.

'In searching for the proper cure of an epidemic disease,' says he, 'physicians tell us it is first necessary to know the cause. Immorality is without doubt the present reigning distemper of the nation; and the king and parliament, who are indeed the proper physicians, seem nobly inclined to undertake the cure. But as a person under the violence of a disease sends in vain for a physician, unless he resolves to make use of his prescription, so in vain does the king attempt to reform a nation, unless they are willing to reform themselves.' After noticing with due commendation the efforts of the public authorities, he says—'These are great things, and, if

well improved, would give an undoubted overthrow to the tyranny of vice. Be we of the *Plebii* find ourselves justly aggrieved in all this work of reformation, and the partiality of the reforming rigour makes the real work impossible. Our laws against all manner of vicious practices are very severe; but these are all cobweb laws, in which the small flies are caught, and the great ones break through. My Lord Mayor has whipped about the poor beggars, and a few scandalous females have been sent to the House of Correction; some alehouse keepers and vintners have been fined for drawing drink on the Sabbath-day; but all this falls upon us of the mob, as if all the vice lay among us. We appeal to yourselves, whether laws or proclamations are capable of having any effect while the very benches of our justices are infected? 'Tis hard, gentlemen, to be punished for a crime by a man as guilty as ourselves: this is really punishing men for being poor, which is no crime at all; as a thief may be said to be hanged not for the theft, but for being taken.' De Foe is not backward to acknowledge that in the upper classes are to be found many persons of honour and good morals, but their partiality in the execution of the laws rendered them almost as criminal as the vicious. 'The quality of the person,' he observes, 'has been a license to the open exercise of the worst crimes; as if there were any baronets, knights, or esquires in the next world, who, because of those little steps custom had raised them on higher than their neighbours, they should be exempted from the divine judicature; or, as Captain Vratz, who was hanged for murdering Esquire Thynne, said, "God would show them some respect, as they were gentlemen."'

Upon the importance of example in the higher orders, he remarks—'If my own watch goes false, it deceives me and no one else; but if the town clock goes false, it deceives the whole parish. The gentry are the leaders of the mob: if they are lewd and drunken, the others strive to imitate them; if they discourage vice and intemperance, the others will not be so forward in it, nor so fond of it.' Of another class of persons who, by the theory of their position, should be patterns of all goodness, he observes—'The *clergy* also ought not to count themselves exempted in this matter, whose lives have been, and in some places still are, so vicious and so loose that it is well for England we are not subject to be much priest-ridden. The parson preaches a thundering sermon against drunkenness, and the justice of peace sets my poor neighbour in the stocks, and I am like to be much the better for either, when I know, perhaps, that this same parson and this same justice were both drunk together but the night before. A vicious parson that preaches well, but lives ill, may be likened to an unskilful horseman who opens a gate on the wrong side, and lets other folks through, but shuts himself out. The application of this rough doctrine,' he concludes, 'is, in short, both to the gentry and clergy—*Physicians, heal yourselves!*'

For his own labours in the cause of reformation, De Foe informs us that he was signally ill treated, and calumniated 'as a reproacher of magistrates, a reviler of the rulers of the people, and a meddler with what was not his own business.' The work, however, was not without its influence on the public: we are told that 'an honest, learned, and judicious clergyman, was even pleased to commend it from the pulpit'—though, as De Foe relates, he

was censured for the sermon, and 'is hated to this day (eight years afterwards) by all the leading men of the parish of St J——, not far from the city of London.' The offence which the book occasioned no doubt arose out of its truthfulness, and its close and cutting application to the actual conditions of the times. The writer was obviously correct in his position, that unless wickedness in high places could be reduced, it would be both folly and unfairness to attempt its suppression in the low.

Some time towards the close of the century, De Foe appears to have taken up his residence at Hackney, for the sake, probably, of being nearer to the metropolis, the grand scene of political movements and adventures. Here we find him with a settled household, a married man with children around him, one of which was born here in 1701, as is evidenced by an entry of baptism in the parish register. How long he had been married, or what fair lady he had linked his fate with, are points of his biography which have never come to light. Being, however, on the verge of forty, it is probable that he was by this time a paternal personage of some standing, since in his writings there are repeated allusions to his large family. For instance, in 1706 he speaks of seven children; and subsequently, in 1712, he refers to six, one having died in infancy during the interval, in 1707. For the rest we can obtain no authentic information about his circumstances, though, from what subsequently transpired, and will be related in its course, we have reason to presume that he continued to maintain a prosperous and respectable position. Meanwhile, with every occasion involving the interests or honour of the country, he is certain to be ready with a pamphlet. On all questions he can find a shrewd word to say—standing armies, changes of ministry, international diplomacy, the qualifications necessary for a member of parliament—on all these, and on whatever else may for the time be uppermost as a topic for discussion, he will boldly and emphatically, like a genuine Englishman, speak his mind. Nor can it be denied that what he says is often extremely pertinent to the subject. Take, for instance, one brief sentence of advice from his 'Six Distinguishing Characters of a Parliament Man,' published on the occasion of a general election in 1701. It is his opinion that the persons chosen should be thoroughly satisfied with the order of things established at the Revolution; therefore neither Papists nor Jacobites, nor other declared or supposed friends of James II., can be reasonably considered eligible. To such he has nothing to say provided they keep the peace, and do not push themselves into public notice: 'but,' says he, 'to single out such men to serve the nation in a Protestant parliament, and to advise King William in matters of the highest importance, is a thing so preposterous, that I know not what to say to it: 'tis like going to the devil with a case of conscience.' It seems to us, that at the time when this was written, it was a most necessary and important caution, and precisely the one which a wise and prudent man would give in order to guard against the dangers that were then most threatening to the state. There is a penetrating and statesmanlike discernment in it, much beyond the capacity of ordinary politicians, who are famous for never seeing a difficulty till they find themselves no longer able to contend with it.

Now, however, about this same year of 1701, the serpents of faction are

beginning to raise their heads and hiss, malignantly designating our respectable Dutch monarch by the opprobrious epithet of 'foreigner.' This term had then a very offensive meaning, and there was even danger that simple-minded people might be signally misled by it. De Foe therefore puts saddle and bridle upon a sort of Pony-Pegasus, and valiantly rides forth with a poetical satire called the 'True-born Englishman.' It opens with the memorable lines, which have since become a proverb—

'Wherever God erects a house of prayer,
The devil always builds a chapel there;
And 'twill be found upon examination
The latter has the largest congregation.'

The object of the satire is to reproach the author's discontented countrymen with ingratitude for abusing King William as a foreigner, and to humble their pride for despising some of the newly-created nobility on the same account. He accordingly traces the elevation of our ancient families to the favour of the Norman Conqueror, who partitioned out the country among his followers, and by his usurped prerogative made them lords and denizens. He conceives that the descendants of a nobility so created have not much to boast of; and he thus strongly exposes their inordinate pride of ancestry:—

'These are the heroes who despise the Dutch,
And rail at new-come foreigners so much;
Forgetting that themselves are all derived
From the most scoundrel race that ever lived—
A horrid crowd of rambling thieves and drones,
Who ransacked kingdoms and dispeopled towns.
The Pict and painted Briton, treacherous Scot,
By hunger, theft, and rapine, hither brought;
Norwegian pirates, buccaneering Danes,
Whose red-haired offspring everywhere remains;
Who, joined with Norman-French, compound the breed,
From whence your True-born Englishmen proceed;
And lest by length of time it be pretended
The climate may the modern race have mended,
Wise Providence, to keep us where we are,
Mixes us daily with exceeding care.'

Descending to the age of Elizabeth, the satirist notices the further mixture of the breed by the influx of foreigners, who fled hither on account of persecution; as also happened from another reason in the time of her successor—

'The first seven years of whose pacific reign
Made him and half his nation Englishmen.'

To rebuke the vanity of ancestry, he adds—

'Tis well that virtue gives nobility,
Else God knows where we had our gentry;
Since scarce one family is left alive
Which does not from some foreigner derive.
Of sixty thousand English gentlemen
Whose names and arms in registers remain,
We challenge all our heralds to declare
Ten families which English-Saxon are.'

Wherefore, he goes on to say—

‘A True-born Englishman’s a contradiction—
In speech an irony, in fact a fiction;
A metaphor invented to express
A man *akin* to all the universe.’

From thus exploring the origin of the race, De Foe proceeds next to discuss its character—

‘Fierce as the Briton, as the Roman brave,
And less inclined to conquer than to save;
Eager to fight, and lavish of their blood,
And equally of fear and forecast void.
The Pict has made ’em sour, the Dane morose,
False from the Scot, and from the Norman worse.
What honesty they have the Saxons gave them,
And that, now they grow old, begins to leave them.
The climate makes them terrible and bold;
And English beef their courage does uphold;
No danger can their daring spirit pall,
Always provided with their bellies full.’

The remainder of the work is chiefly occupied in laudations of King William, and in exposing the ingratitude of the nation towards its deliverer. After reviewing his principal exploits, and the services and virtues of some of his associates in the Revolution, the author concludes his poem by asserting the pre-eminence and supreme nobility of *character*—

‘Could but our ancestors retrieve their fate,
And see their offspring thus degenerate;
How we contend for birth and names unknown,
And build on their past actions, not our own;
They’d cancel records, and their tombs deface,
And then disown the vile degenerate race;
For fame of families is all a cheat,
’TIS PERSONAL VIRTUE ONLY MAKES US GREAT!’

It should be mentioned that the immediate occasion of this performance was the previous publication of a sorry pamphlet, in ill-natured verse, and called ‘The Foreigners,’ by a writer whom De Foe alludes to as ‘one Mr Tutchin.’ It seems to have been quite a scurrilous affair: and it was to correct the impression which it was making on the public that the ‘True-born Englishman’ was produced. De Foe’s work had a wonderful success, having passed in a short period through not less than *nine* authorised editions, and appears to have been *pirated* to an almost unlimited extent. Of the cheap editions published without the author’s concurrence or assent, it is said that not less than 80,000 copies were disposed of in the public streets of London.* He tells us, that had he been permitted to enjoy the profits of his own labour, this production would have yielded him above a thousand pounds.†

It is difficult to judge of the merit of a satire when the occasion which produced it has passed away; but if, as seems reasonable, we are to esti-

* Life and Times, by Walter Wilson.

† Preface to the Collection of his Writings, vol. ii.

mate its value by its effects, we shall be justified in considering the 'True-born Englishman' as an excellent performance. Its poetical attractions, to be sure, are nowise extraordinary—there being in the entire work scarcely an inkling of what we are now accustomed to esteem poetry. Yet the versification is often good, and the whole piece is replete with sense, vigour, and ingenuity. It discouraged that vain reliance upon the merits of rank and ancestry which it was intended to expose; it reprov'd, and so far moderated the national vanity, as to silence the absurd pretensions to superiority over other nations which were then so commonly indulged in; and it contributed to the promotion of a more general respect for natural talent and personal integrity in the kingdom. Of its reformatory efficacy the author appears to have been individually satisfied. Many years after its publication he said in allusion to it: 'None of our countrymen have been known to boast of being *True-born Englishmen*, or so much as to use the word as a title or appellation, ever since a late satire upon that national folly was published, though almost thirty years ago. Nothing was more frequent in our mouths *before* that—nothing so universally blushed for and laughed at *since*. The time I believe is yet to come for any author to print it, or any man of sense to speak of it in earnest, whereas, before, you had it in the best writers, and in the most florid speeches, before the most august assemblies, upon the most solemn occasions.'*

Notwithstanding the injuries which he sustained by the piratical practices of the times, the publication of the 'True-born Englishman' had a favourable effect upon the author's fortunes, inasmuch as it gained for him a personal introduction to King William. Having read and admired the poem, his majesty desired to become acquainted with De Foe, and accordingly sent for him to the palace, and subsequently employed him in various state transactions, the nature of which, however, has been scrupulously kept secret. It is nevertheless apparent that he was held in great estimation by the king, and received from him many substantial marks of his approbation. This is indeed the most prosperous period in his private history. By royal favour and the character of events, by success and popularity in authorship, he has now attained to considerable elevation in worldly respectability, and is even understood to keep his carriage.

The best of times, nevertheless, as the proverb goes, are liable to change. On the 8th of March 1702, King William, after a reign of thirteen years, is lying dead at Kensington; and De Foe speedily discovers that he has no longer any friend at court. The new reign appears propitious for reaction. The Whigs, whose influence in the national councils had been declining during the latter days of William, now find themselves entirely displaced by their old enemies the Tories. Moreover, High-Church sectarianism is lifting up the darkness of its countenance, and intolerance and persecution are at work, striving to coerce private consciences. A grand controversy arises about 'occasional conformity;' argumentations begin, all more or less affecting the interests and comfort of Dissenters. Now also arose that eminent distinction between *High Church* and *Low*, which was destined to play so large a part in the history of those days, and to survive even down

* Use and Abuse of the Marriage-Bed, pp. 400-1.

to the present writing. According to Burnet, all that were opposed to rational liberty, held up the standard of persecution for the faith, and were inclined to practise extreme and violent measures against Dissenters, were called *High Churchmen*—and some of them gloried in the name—while all that treated the Dissenters with temper and moderation, diligently laboured in their cures, and approved of the principles of the Revolution, were considered to be ill affected to the interests of the church, and were therefore denominated *Low Churchmen*. The High-Church faction being now in the ascendancy, all toleration was repudiated, and the most strenuous exertions made to subject the Nonconformists to tyrannous and degrading disabilities. Parson Sacheverell, probably the greatest blackguard of his day, sounded the ‘pulpit drum’ at Oxford, declaring that every man who desired the true welfare of the church ‘ought to hang out the bloody flag and banner of defiance’ against Dissenters. Great was the war of pamphlets thereupon—newspapers having not as yet become sufficiently established to be the organs of party contests.

In such a threatening state of things, De Foe could not fail to advance into the fray, to the help of the oppressed against the mighty. Tract after tract, loaded with argument and sharp derision, was accordingly fired off in rapid and continuous succession—wounding and convincing some, and irritating and offending many more. Argument, however, was upon the whole sadly ineffective, and fell for the most part as harmlessly as cannon-balls on feather-beds. Defoe therefore thinks it well to change his tactics, and instead of argument to try the force of satire. Being well acquainted with the writings of his opponents, and seeing the absurd lengths to which their intemperate dispositions urged them, it occurred to him that by personating the character of a High Churchman, and judiciously employing his gift of irony, he might perhaps be able to expose the wickedness and folly of the ascendant faction in such a way as would in some sort frustrate their intolerant designs. With this view he produced and published ‘*The Shortest Way with the Dissenters; or Proposals for the Establishment of the Church*. London, 1702’—a work which apparently recommended the infliction of the harshest pains and penalties on those unquiet people, and which, being published without the author’s name, was at first misapprehended, as well by the party whom it was designed to serve as by that against whose malignity and perverseness it was intentionally directed. At the two universities it was accepted as the work of a violent High Churchman, and under that impression was considerably applauded; while the Dissenters, on the other hand, gave proof of their incapacity for understanding banter, by being seriously alarmed lest the inflictions derisively proposed should be actually put in exercise.

The work begins with some bitter reflections on the principles and conduct of Dissenters, showing how inimical they are to the peace and well-being of the nation. Then, after a review of their fanatical irregularities from the period of their original secession, and some remarks on the injudicious lenity which had been exercised towards them by all preceding governments, the author proceeds to propose and justify a resolute course of persecution. He declares that ‘we can never enjoy a settled, uninterrupted union and tranquillity in this nation till the spirit of Whiggism, faction, and schism is melted down, like the old money.’ Accordingly, the Dissenters

must be all exterminated. Nothing short of their absolute destruction will suffice to render us 'a national and unmixed church.' 'I do not prescribe fire and fagot,' says he; 'but as Scipio said of Carthage, *Delenda est Carthago*—they are to be rooted out of this nation, if ever we will live in peace, serve God, or enjoy our own.' How so desirable a consummation is to be effected he declines to say, leaving it 'to those who have a right to execute God's justice on the nation's and the church's enemies.' For the rest, he continues—'Tis vain to trifle in this matter. The light, foolish handling of them by fines is their glory and advantage. If the gallows instead of the compter, and the galleys instead of the fines, were the reward of going to a conventicle, there would not be so many sufferers. The spirit of martyrdom is over. They that will go to church to be chosen sheriffs and mayors would go to forty churches rather than be hanged. If one severe law was made, and punctually executed, that whoever was found at a conventicle should be banished the nation, and the preacher hanged, we should soon see an end of the tale—they would all come to church, and one age would make us all one again. To talk of five shillings a month for not coming to the sacrament, and of one shilling a week for not coming to church, is such a way of converting people as never was known! This is selling them a liberty to transgress for so much money. If it be not a crime, why don't we give them full license? And if it be, no price ought to compound for the committing it, for that is selling a liberty to people to sin against God and the government. We hang men for trifles, and banish them for things not worth naming; but an offence against God and the church—against the welfare of the world and the dignity of religion—shall be bought off for five shillings! This is such a shame to a Christian government, that 'tis with regret I transmit it to posterity.'

One wonders how any human heads could have been so obtuse as not to perceive the irony of passages such as this. Perceived, however, it was not, but was, as we have said, entirely mistaken both by Churchmen and Dissenters. In one of his later works our author says—'The wisest Churchmen in the nation were deceived by this book. Those whose temper fell in with the times hugged and embraced it—applauded the proposal—filled their mouths with the arguments made use of therein; and an eminent Churchman in the country wrote a letter to his friend in London, who had sent him the book, in the following words:—"SIR—I received yours, and with it that pamphlet which makes so much noise, called 'The Shortest Way with the Dissenters,' for which I thank you. I join with that author in all he says, and have such a value for the book that, next to the Holy Bible and the sacred comments, I take it for the most valuable piece I have. I pray God put it into her majesty's heart to put what is there proposed in execution. Yours, &c.'" In 1705 De Foe stated in his 'Review' that he had the original of this letter then in his possession. A similar story is related by Oldmixon, which it is unnecessary to repeat.

As soon as it was discovered that De Foe was the author of the 'Shortest Way,' the Church and Tory party were at no loss to comprehend his object; and that which had been lately lauded as a production inferior only to the 'Holy Bible and the sacred comments,' was now denounced as infamous, and its author deemed deserving of a public prosecution. As the tempest of rage began to rise, De Foe thought it prudent to conceal himself, though it was

soon apparent that any lengthened concealment would be impossible: witness the 'Gazette' of London for the 10th of January 1703, offering a reward for his apprehension, on the grounds that he is 'charged with writing a scandalous and seditious pamphlet.' We are much indebted to this document for preserving to us an intelligible description of his outward man. 'He is,' says the Gazette, 'a middle-sized, spare man, about forty years old; of a brown complexion, and dark-brown coloured hair, but wears a wig; a hooked nose, a sharp chin, gray eyes, and a large mole near his mouth; was born in London, and for many years was a hose-factor in Freeman's Yard in Cornhill, and is now owner of the brick and pantile works near Tilbury Fort in Essex. Whoever shall discover the said Daniel De Foe to one of her majesty's justices of the peace, so he may be apprehended, shall have a reward of £50, which her majesty has ordered immediatly to be paid upon such discovery.' On the 25th of February, as an instance of further animosity against De Foe, a formal complaint was made of his publication in the House of Commons, when some of the obnoxious passages being read, it was resolved—'That this book, being full of false and scandalous reflections on this parliament, and tending to promote sedition, be burnt by the hands of the common hangman to-morrow in New Palace-Yard.'

Accordingly, on the morrow, in New Palace-Yard there is a remarkable display of fire-works. The Calcraft of the day, with drunken, bewildered countenance, in second-hand, uncertain small clothes, indefinite jerkin, and other nondescript apparel, has been summoned to execute the 'last severity of the law' upon a book. Suitable official persons, indignant zealots, and the universal 'tag-rag and bob-tail' of the neighbourhood are also assembled to see it done; and there, amid execrations and huzzings, the free-spoken thought of a bold man, so far as authority can do it, is suppressed. By every burnt book, however, the world is more effectually enlightened; and 'every suppressed or expunged word reverberates through the earth from side to side.' There always comes a day of stern retaliation for such indignities. 'The minds of men are at last aroused; reason looks out, and justifies her own, and malice finds all her work in vain.*' Nay, are not the author's popularity and importance, even at the time, thereby extended and advanced? In one of his works De Foe relates that he had heard a bookseller in King James's time affirm, that if he desired a book to *sell*, he would, if possible, have it burnt by the hands of the common hangman.

The book being thus, as we suppose, burnt, the printer and publisher were next taken into custody, and thereupon De Foe came forward and surrendered. While in retirement he had prepared 'A Brief Explanation of a late Pamphlet,' hoping by its publication to correct the misunderstanding which had led to a hasty censure of his book: nevertheless, he was indicted for libel and sedition, and was subsequently brought to trial on the charge. Bench, bar, and jury were alike prejudiced against him, so that there was little difficulty in obtaining a verdict favourable to his prosecutors. Being pronounced guilty, he was sentenced to pay a fine of 200 marks to the queen; stand three times in the pillory; find sureties for his good behaviour for seven years; and be imprisoned during the pleasure

* Emerson.

of her majesty. In retired durance under lock and key in Newgate, he has accordingly to compose himself as well as possible, and contemplate his prospects. To a man who lately 'kept his carriage,' and is now in a manner ruined, that side of things can hardly present anything very cheering. However, it is consolatory to him to reflect that his misfortunes have befallen him, not as the consequences of his misconduct, but as an unjust and violent infliction from malicious men on account of deeds whereof his conscience can approve. He therefore abates not a jot of heart or hope. The indignities awarded him can neither humble his erect spirit, nor cover his manifest integrity with disgrace.

But now, will the reader endeavour to imagine a warm July day—say the 29th—of the year 1703, and go with us to Cornhill, and see what is doing near the Royal Exchange there? There is rather a great crowd, and much anxiety among certain parties to behold a man who has been largely talked about, and is now expected to be visible, standing in the pillory.

'Fearless on high stood unabashed De Foe.'

He conceives, indeed, that he has not any cause to be abashed. In the calm consciousness of honour, he can brave the jeers and insults of his enemies, and is even protected from their missiles by the presence and activity of many steadfast friends. The ignominy of his situation is all reflected on his persecutors. The very populace regard him with sympathy and interest, and in generous 'fraternity' greet him with triumphant acclamations. Instead of pelting him with stones, they deck the pillory with garlands, and raising a voluntary contribution, in strong liquor purchased with the same, audaciously proceed to *drink his health!*

That same night, too, a 'Hymn to the Pillory' was proclaimed about the streets—a new and daring satire, in which De Foe denounced the injustice and defied the power of the ministry, and boldly vindicated his own integrity. With mingled playfulness and sadness he begins—

'Hail! hieroglyphic state-machine,
 Contrived to punish fancy in;
 Men that are men in thee can feel no pain,
 And all thy insignificance disdain.
 Contempt, that false new word for shame,
 Is, without crime, an empty name;
 A shadow to amuse mankind,
 But never frights the wise or well-fixed mind.
 Virtue despises human scorn,
 And scandals innocence adorn.'

Apostrophising still further this 'State-Trap of the Law,' he says—

'Thou art no shame to truth and honesty,
 Nor is the character of such defaced by thee
 Who suffer by oppressive injury.
 Shame, like the exhalations of the sun,
 Falls back where first the motion was begun;
 And he who for no crime shall on thy brows appear,
 Bears less reproach than they who placed him there.'

Then, in a burst of indignation, he commands the pillory to break silence, and publish forth the facts and merits of his case to all the world—

‘Thou bugbear of the law! stand up and speak;
Thy long misconstrued silence break;
Tell us who ’tis upon thy ridge stands there,
So full of fault, and yet so void of fear;
And from the paper in his hat,
Let all mankind be told for what.
Tell them it was because he was too bold,
And told those truths which should not ha’ been told;
Extol the justice of the land
Who punish what they will not understand.’

The last lines are stinging—

‘Tell them the men that placed him here
Are scandals to the times—
Are at a loss to find his guilt,
And can’t commit his crimes.’

By this discreditable prosecution De Foe was once more ruined in his circumstances. In consequence of his imprisonment, he could no longer attend personally to his pantile works, from which his income was principally derived; and owing to his lengthened absence, they were finally obliged to be given up. By this affair, he tells us, he lost no less a sum than £3500. He had now a wife and six children dependent upon him for support, and was utterly without resources, save such as must be realised by the produce of his pen. In this trying situation his virtue appears to have been put to a rather severe test. It is reported by Oldmixon, that the Earl of Nottingham, one of the ministers who had been most prominently concerned in the prosecution, either went or sent to him in Newgate, offering him the mercy of the government if he would discover who set him on to write the ‘Shortest Way.’ But this was a needless piece of tampering, and was treated with the contempt which it deserved. The same writer observes, that all who were acquainted with De Foe were satisfied that ‘he needed no setting on to put such a trick on a party of whose understandings as well as principles he had no good opinion.’ The calumny propagated by Leslie in his ‘Rehearsal,’ to the effect that he would have made any submission to have been excused the pillory, seems to be entirely without foundation. Alluding to it afterwards, De Foe remarked—‘Till he can tell the world what submissions they were he offered to make, it must stand for one of the most scandalous slanders any man that pretends to truth can be guilty of.’* As the unscrupulous Leslie does not appear to have ever furnished the requested information, the matter stands precisely as it did at the time when his statement was contradicted.

De Foe remained in Newgate for nearly two years. He did not, however, sit down idly and disconsolately to lament his fate. An honest man may even live in prison, and turn his hours to account. Pen and ink were not denied him, nor had he lost the habit or ability for using them. It is true he had to cultivate literature under difficulties; but he nevertheless at this time produced various political works of merit, and also

* Review, iii. 218.

collected and republished a new edition of most of his former pieces. As an occasional recreation, he set himself to study the habits and characters of the prisoners, which he afterwards turned to use when writing such works as 'Colonel Jacque' and 'Captain Singleton.' Moreover, he started a 'Review,' apparently the first that was ever published in the country. It differed materially from the Reviews of modern days, being rather akin to the *Tatlers* and *Spectators* which succeeded it, and were partly modelled on its plan. In this work De Foe discoursed from week to week on all the various questions relating to trade, politics, and ecclesiastical affairs, which occupied the popular attention, much after the fashion of Cobbett's *Register*—the work being also conducted with as much boldness and unflagging energy as ever distinguished Cobbett; while in point of moral consistency and genuine liberality of scope, it was far superior to anything the latter at any time wrote or contemplated. The 'Review' was published without intermission for nine years—during the greater part of the period three times a week, and was exclusively the production of De Foe himself—a feat of authorship which few men (perhaps Cobbett alone) can parallel. Possibly a collection of its best parts, if judiciously selected and arranged, might still be worth the reading. The same remark would indeed apply to several of the author's now neglected writings. His 'Reasons against a War with France' has been characterised as one of the finest political tracts in the English language.

By such a round of occupations as we have indicated, De Foe was enabled to render his incarceration tolerable, and to realise in some degree that fine sentiment of Lovelace—

‘Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for a hermitage.’

Meanwhile, by his unrelenting wit, and powers of argument and satire, he continued to assail and mortify the ruling powers, until at length, it is said, they 'tried hard to enlist him in their service,' and thus silence his opposition. De Foe, however, 'preferred poverty to the shame of serving a cause which his soul abhorred.' He would nowise condescend to release himself from prison by the sacrifice of his integrity; and accordingly he continued in confinement as long as his persecutors remained in power. A change of ministry was at length the occasion of his deliverance. The high-flying administration had so embarrassed and distracted the country, that it became at last a matter of necessity to transfer the government to men of more moderate and enlightened principles. Shortly after Harley's accession to office, in 1704, the queen, through him, became acquainted with the merits of De Foe, and was made conscious of the injustice of his punishment. Desirous of mitigating it, she sent relief to his wife and family through Lord Godolphin, and even forwarded a sufficient sum to De Foe himself for the payment of his fine, and for the rest of the expenses attending his discharge from prison. Mr Chalmers has observed that 'Harley approved probably of the principles and conduct of De Foe, and doubtless foresaw that during a factious age such a genius might be converted to many uses.' Be this as it may, in the beginning of August

1704 Daniel found himself at large, without, as far as we can learn, having stipulated to render any political service to the government.

On his liberation, De Foe quitted London, and went down to the 'Montpelier of Suffolk'—in other words, to Bury St Edmund's, in that county—'a town famous for its pleasant situation and wholesome air; famous also for the number of gentry who reside in the vicinity, and for the polite and agreeable conversation of the company resorting there.'* Here, among excellent and steady friends, he appears to have enjoyed for a while the sweets of recovered liberty. It was, however, only for a while, for, ere many months had passed, certain slanderous 'news-writers' in London had propagated a report that he had fled from justice, and that warrants were out for his apprehension. This was something of an annoyance to De Foe; but to set the matter right, he immediately wrote to the secretary of state to inform him where he was, and offered to go up to London by post, to answer any charge that should be brought against him. In reply to this, he was informed that there was no charge whatever against him, nor had any officer, messenger, or other person received any order or warrant to apprehend him, or was in anyway authorised to disturb him in his avocations. A statement of all this De Foe published in his 'Review,' 'in justice to the government and himself,' as the only course open to him for effectually silencing the slander.

Of the kind and amount of persecution which De Foe endured we can have in these days no adequate conception, much less anything at all corresponding to it in experience. By his political enemies he was not only subjected to perpetual slander and abuse, but was even frequently necessitated to guard himself from violence. His writings were scandalously misquoted, and even reprinted in a garbled and mutilated state, to suit party purposes; his works pirated and hawked about, to defraud him of the emolument arising from the legal sale of them; his property intercepted, and made away with in the most lawless manner; his Reviews were stolen out of coffee-houses, to prevent them from being read; his debts were bought up, that proceedings might be instituted against him; and he was even at last obliged to withhold his name from his works, as the only chance of successfully introducing them to the public. The published attacks upon him were endless. 'Tis really something hard,' said he on one occasion, 'that after all the mortification they think they have put upon a poor abdicated author, in their scurrilous street-ribaldry and bear-garden usage, some in prose, and some in their terrible lines they call verse, they cannot yet be quiet; but whenever anything comes out that does not please them, I come in for a share of the answer, whatever I did in the question. Everything they think an author deserves to be abused for must be mine.'† He was subjected to a similar ill-treatment in connection with many of his personal transactions. The following statement may be given as a curious specimen of the manner in which his conduct was watched and punished even by private individuals. 'On board of a ship,' says he, 'I loaded some goods. The master is a

* Tour through Great Britain, i.; Letter i. p. 71.

† Preface to an Elegy on the Author of the True-born Englishman.

Whig, of a kind more particular than ordinary. He comes to the port, my bill of lading is produced, my title to my goods undisputed; no claim, no pretence—but my goods cannot be found. The ship sailed again, and I am told my goods are carried back; and all the reason given is, that they belong to De Foe, author of the Review, and he is turned about, and writes for keeping up public credit. Thus, gentlemen, I am ready to be assassinated, arrested without warrant, robbed and plundered by all sides: I can neither trade nor live; and what is it all for? Only, as I can yet see, because, there being faults on both sides, I tell both sides of it too plainly.* It needed a brave and steadfast spirit to bear up under long years of treatment such as this; and few things are more honourable to De Foe than the perfect and manly patience with which he sustained so many hardships and vexatious trials. With a gay but yet resolute self-possession, he set his face against the slings of fortune, and, like Luther under supernatural illusion, hurled his ink-stand at the devil!

Some time after his release from Newgate, De Foe wrote voluminously on the subject of the Union then pending between England and Scotland, and thus acquired a measure of ministerial favour which led to his employment in the service of the government. His acquirements and general knowledge, in combination with his acuteness and moral probity, seemed to render him well qualified to undertake matters of delicate diplomacy, and he was therefore sent to Scotland to further and facilitate the Union. It appears that his labours in that country obtained for him general approbation. While in Edinburgh, he took occasion to publish a complimentary poem, under the title of 'Caledonia,' 'in honour of Scotland and the Scottish nation.' In his Review, which continued to be regularly published in his absence, he carefully represented the advantages which would succeed to the Union in a favourable, but not delusive light; and he appears to have exercised his influence and performed his mission most judiciously and beneficially. Writing on the subject, he says—'I have told Scotland of improvement in trade, wealth, and shipping, that shall accrue to them on the happy conclusion of this affair; and I am pleased doubly with this, that I am likely to be one of the first men that shall give them the pleasure of the experiment.' On returning to London, at the beginning of 1708, he was rewarded with a fixed salary and an appointment under government. In the course of the two succeeding years he several times visited Scotland, and when the Union was completed, he published in Edinburgh the first edition of his work on 'The Union of Great Britain.'

Though De Foe had accepted employment under a Tory government, he does not appear to have ever rendered the ministry any service in the way of advocating their expressly Tory measures. He not unnaturally abstained from writing against the cabinet which employed him; but less perhaps from any sympathy with their general proceedings, than from the perception that his former labours had been imperfectly comprehended, and ungenerously received by the party he had designed to benefit. The 'popular cause' of the day had become unfaithful to itself. De Foe desired universal toleration; but it needed only to raise the absurd cry of the 'Church in danger!' to divert the people from the pursuit of their personal

* Review, vii. 490.

and proper liberties. Any one at all acquainted with the history of the period will remember the disturbances and intense excitement occasioned by the proceedings of Sacheverell, who at one time went about London with a mob at his heels, demolishing dissenting meeting-houses; and being unwisely brought to trial by the government, could not be more than nominally punished, by reason of his popularity, and the boundless sympathy which his insensate conduct excited in the public. During the early part of 1710 the nation was almost wholly occupied with the political aberrations and ill-judged trial of this notorious divine. For the time, nothing was so fashionable as discussions on church politics: the very women and children, and even the desolate street-gentry, who might have been supposed likely to remain neutral in such a matter, arranged and paraded themselves in the hostile attitudes of party, vociferously demanding of their neighbours, and of everybody they encountered, 'What side, friend, takest thou in this important controversy?' De Foe has given us a felicitous parody of this astonishing state of things, which pleasantly reminds us of Camille Desmoulins's pithy sketches of the movements and debates of the Palais Royal during the earlier days of the first French Revolution. He says—'The women lay aside their tea and chocolate, leave off visiting after dinner, and forming themselves into cabals, turn privy-counsellors, and settle the affairs of state. Every lady of quality has her head more particularly full of business than usual; nay, some of the ladies talk of keeping female secretaries, and none will be fit for the office but such as can speak French, Dutch, and Latin. Gallantry and gaiety are now laid aside for business; matters of government and affairs of state are become the province of the ladies; and no wonder if they are too much engaged to concern themselves about the common impertinences of life. Indeed they have hardly leisure to live, little time to eat and sleep, and none at all to say their prayers. If you turn your eye to the park, the ladies are not there—even the church is thinner than usual, for you know the mode is for privy-councils to meet on Sundays. The very playhouse feels the effects of it, and the great Betterton died a beggar on this account. Nay, the Tatler, the immortal Tatler, the great Bickerstaff himself, was fain to leave off talking to the ladies during the doctor's trial, and turn his sagacious pen to the dark subjects of death and the next world, though he has not yet decided the ancient debate—whether Pluto's regions were, in point of government, a kingdom or a commonwealth.* Under circumstances such as these, though De Foe never altogether abstained from writing, he for a considerable time remained comparatively quiet—deeming it best to restrict himself mainly to observation, and to await the issue of events.

There are men born into the world who *cannot* rest. They seem to be 'driven by the spirit' into wildernesses of strife, difficulty, enterprise, and ceaseless labour. They must *do* or die. The old Ulysses returns after long years of warfare and adventure from the conquest and desolation of the towers and plains of Troy, and seeks to repose his age on his 'still hearth' in Ithaca, and to live in the blameless dispensation of laws befitting to the people over whom he rules. Much has he seen and known—'cities

* Review, vii. 69.

of men and manners, climates, councils, governments;' himself 'not least, but honoured of them all;' yet finds that 'all experience is an arch where-through gleams that untravelled world whose margin fades for ever and for ever when he moves.' He cannot rest from travel—

'How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnished, not to shine in use!'

He counts it vile to 'store and hoard' himself, while his 'gray spirit' is still 'yearning in desire to follow knowledge, like a sinking star, beyond the utmost bound of human thought.' Therefore will he quit again his patrimonial dominions, and say to his brave comrades—

———'My purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.'

So likewise our hardy De Foe, after reposing for a while in 'easy circumstances' at Newington, ventures forth again on the troublous waters of political contention, with the view of opening people's eyes to the advantages of the Protestant succession, and the danger to be apprehended from the success of the Pretender.

He first of all wrote, 'A Seasonable Caution and Warning against the Insinuations of Papists and Jacobites in favour of the Pretender. London: 1712.' But finding that this, although an argumentative and persuasive pamphlet, did not produce the effect which he desired, he pursued the subject in three other successive publications, all written in that style of keen and subtle irony which he had employed so ingeniously in the 'Shortest Way with the Dissenters.' The titles of the pamphlets, as remarked by Mr Wilson, 'corresponded with the *ruse de guerre* which he played off in their contents:' being—1. 'An Answer to the Question that Nobody thinks of—namely, What if the Queen should Die?' 2. 'Reasons against the Succession of the House of Hanover; With an Inquiry how far the Abdication of King James, supposing it to be Legal, ought to affect the Person of the Pretender. *Si populus vult decipiatur.*' 3. 'And what if the Pretender should Come? or Some Considerations on the Advantages and Real Consequences of the Pretender's Possessing the Crown of Great Britain.' In these papers De Foe sought, by a caricatured use of the Jacobite arguments then in vogue, to expose the absurd and dangerous pretensions of that party, and thus to consolidate the interests of the Protestant succession. While ironically urging the people to bring in the Pretender to settle their existing differences, he was in reality ridiculing the folly of such a course of action. Unluckily, neither Whig nor Tory could understand irony, so that De Foe's pamphlets were collectively construed into a libel against the 'glorious constitution,' and he was suspected and represented to be in league with the discarded Stuarts. Worse still, a certain stupid patriot of the Whig connection—William Benson by name—was so totally blinded and bewildered in the affair, as to institute proceedings against the author, with the view of bringing him to trial for high treason. One morning there enters a sinister-looking mortal with a 'judge's warrant,' and carries off De Foe a second time into the limbo of Newgate! Harley, however, interferes—assures

the queen's majesty that this prosecution has been instigated by prejudice and sheer mistake, and succeeds in presently obtaining the prisoner's release. Such, nevertheless, was the importunity of his enemies, that his ministerial friends considered it advisable to certify his acquittal under cover of a formal royal pardon—a circumstance to which De Foe could never afterwards allude without expressions of astonishment, saying sarcastically that he might have been as reasonably accused of being a Mohammedan; and he playfully desired it might be 'engraved upon his tomb, that he was the only Englishman who had been obliged to seek a royal pardon for writing in behalf of the Hanoverian succession.'

All this happened in 1713. On the 1st of August in the following year there were signs of mourning about the royal palace. Queen Anne had given up the ghost, and Elector George of Hanover reigned in her stead. The Whigs were now again installed in the administration, and the government of the country went on—as it happened. That seems to be the peculiarity of a Whig cabinet. Having been connected with the former ministry, De Foe was entirely discountenanced, though he, more than any man, had advocated and supported zealously all the most important principles and political doctrines which the Whigs pretended to admire. His public career was now drawing to its close. He had been a political writer for more than thirty years; the blossoms of old age were springing about his head; the fires of life, which had long blazed fiercely, were fading at length into quiet embers; and so, with a still regret, but with a spirit resigned to the inevitable, he gradually withdrew from the turbulence of political agitation. His spirit is saddened, but not broken; though forsaken and calumniated, he is not cast down; yet the long years of enmity and persecution, whose progress has marked his brow and surrounded his eyes with wrinkles, have left him little either to hope for or enjoy. With a plaintive complacency he can say—

'No man has tasted different fortunes more,
And thirteen times I have been rich and poor.'

Pondering over the manifold ill-usage he had received both from enemies and friends, and mindful of the aggravated misconstruction that had been put upon his acts and writings, he determined, as a final labour, to furnish a defence of his life and conduct; and with that intent began to write 'An Appeal to Honour and Justice.' Thereby he trusted to justify himself before his candid contemporaries and posterity; but ere the work was properly completed, the wearied and overburthened man was suddenly struck and prostrated by a fit of apoplexy. For a time he lay in helpless stupor, and hovering apparently on the brink of dissolution; but eventually his vigorous constitution recovered from the attack, he regained comparative health and vigour of mind and heart, and came back into the world as from the resurrection of the dead.

Now it was that, quitting the thorny tracks and encumbered regions of contemporary party interests, he came forth to entertain society as a popular author for all time. Numerous instructive and amusing works sprang rapidly from his pen, which, like another Aaron's rod, seemed to blossom with unexpected buds of pleasantness. Among these, in 1719, appeared

the first part of the famous 'Robinson Crusoe,' which, notwithstanding De Foe's well-known capacity for producing saleable and popular books, had to be 'carried round the trade' before he could obtain a purchaser for the copyright. Happy and astonished was the publisher when, after selling four editions in as many months, he discovered that he had cleared a thousand pounds by his lucky bargain! The amount of the author's remuneration is not known, but considering the difficulties attending the publication, it may be reasonably supposed to have been nowise very large. The success of the work, however, induced him to produce a continuation, or second part, which was also well received, and obtained as great a popularity as the first. From that day to the present 'Robinson Crusoe' has been a familiar and household book; and it seems no more likely to become obsolete than the use of household bread, or the faculties of the mind to which it is addressed.

We have no space to speak at any length of the great and peculiar merits of this production. The first thing that strikes every reader of discrimination is the easy matter-of-fact character of the narrative. The whole story reads like a reality. The incidents and adventures are for the most part extraordinary—that is to say, are altogether out of the ordinary courses and chances of experience; yet they are so related, so ingeniously and beautifully woven, that the mind feels it difficult to regard them as anyway fictitious or imaginary. Such an air of plausibility pervades the story, that you say at once, 'If this thing were really true in fact, it would be thus, and thus only, represented.' Then consider the boundless extent of details, the vast and various knowledge here cunningly but unobtrusively set forth. What insight into the inventive and constructive powers of man—what extensive and accurate geography—what large acquaintance with the manners and customs of savages, seamen, mechanics, husbandmen, merchants, travellers, adventurers—what knowledge of the surface and productions of the earth, the institutions and characteristics of different countries and races of mankind—what inexhaustible and natural invention! From the beginning to the end, the author seems to write of what he *knows*. He can put a face of *fact* on the most inconsiderable adventure. You would say he has *seen* the things which he describes, and known intimately every character he delineates. Along with the wonderful reality of the narrative must be taken the appropriate and natural reflections by which it is diversified. What a store of worldly prudence—what exquisite illustrations of the mysteries of life and Providence—how calm and benign a vindication of the ways of God to man! Then how fine a revelation have we of the author's sentiments and sympathies—with what generous interest and compassion does he look upon the varied creeds, systems, and opinions of his fellow-beings, and with what just discernment does he detect some presence of goodness in them all, thereby teaching us a kindly toleration, and soliciting us by insinuation to exercise that holy charity 'which hopeth all things!' Here and there too are strains of pathos—gentle and tender as the sighings of a living heart in deep distress, or as the mournful reverberances of winds dying away upon the sea. But the grand peculiarity of the work is its immense display of *worldly wisdom*, its wide and varied representation of the interests, motives, rewards, and considerations whereby men are actuated to their welfare or their sorrow—its deep and

thoughtful lessons of a soul most largely learned in the daily and hourly experiences of human life. This is a quality in the work which is rarely noted, inasmuch as few people read it at a time of life when it would be observable: the impressions of the generality are derived from the throng of interesting incidents, the wild charm of the situation, the fascinating and wondrous *tale* that took possession of their curiosity when that was the only faculty they were desirous of gratifying. But the book is imbued with a deep philosophy of experience. Rousseau was not beside himself when he called it 'a most excellent treatise on natural education.' In the province of common sense there are few things wiser than some of De Foe's maxims and observations. And none of these are elaborated or introduced obtrusively, but arise naturally out of the story, and are brought in, if not precisely in the right place, at least exactly where they would appear, supposing the narrator to have been dealing in actual matter of fact. Then the style of the book, though homely and unpretending, is really beautiful in its simplicity, reminding one of a plain face lighted up with the glow of excellent conversation. Altogether, we cannot wonder at the exceeding popularity of this work, seeing that it is adapted to every understanding, is calculated to excite the dullest curiosity, appeals generously and naturally to the sympathies, and though not devoid of prejudices, nor even of superstitions, is nevertheless, upon the whole, admirably replete with the best instruction, and tends by its pure truthfulness and simplicity to exalt and edify the moral nature, while it seems designed mainly to delight the imagination. If the poet Gray may be excused for his indolent and luxurious desire to be lying continually on sofas, reading 'eternal new novels of Crebillon and Marivaux,' it seems to our fancy that every schoolboy might be far more reasonably justified in saying, what has doubtless some time been the longing of his soul, 'Be it mine to loll for ever under shady summer trees, and read everlasting volumes of Robinson Crusoe.'

Of De Foe's minor fictions we shall not be able to say much. The most notable are—'The Life, Adventures, and Piracies of the Famous Captain Singleton'—'The History of Duncan Campbell'—'The Fortunes and Misfortunes of Moll Flanders'—'Colonel Jacque'—'The Fortunate Mistress; or, the Life of Roxana'—and 'Memoirs of a Cavalier.' In all these there is the same simplicity of design, the same graphic minuteness, the same prompt invention and unvarying attractiveness—in short, all the qualities that are displayed in a more prominent degree in the author's most memorable production. There is in all the same significant sign of genius—the power of imagining a character within a certain natural range of action and existence, and of investing the conception with that breath of life and individuality which it is the privilege of genius alone to give. They all, however, belong obviously to a period less pure in external manners than our own. Some of them contain scenes and descriptions of profligacy and crime which cannot be recommended to indiscriminate perusal; and though De Foe professes to have, and really has, a moral aim in what he writes, yet it is more than doubtful whether the exciting pictures of vice and passion which he represents will not generally prove more attractive to uncultivated fancies than the moralities he would inculcate. One thing, nevertheless, may be said in favour of these works—they do not outrage

nature or consistency. De Foe's villains never prosper; they find the whole course and force of the world against them; misery walks behind them like their shadows; and in the end they either die in misery, or are reformed through the discipline of a severe repentance. Vice is exhibited only that it may be detested and avoided. Still, Falstaff's observation about the polluting tendencies of *pitch* is deserving of remembrance; and those who cannot handle it without danger of defilement, will always do wisest not to meddle with it.

In any notice of De Foe's smaller fictions, the curious 'Relation of the Apparition of Mrs Veal,' published in 1705, ought not to be omitted. Could a ghost story, under any circumstances, be true, one could not fail to believe this: it seems as plain and indubitable matter of fact as ever passed before one's eyes. The air of credibility in it is astonishing. As Sir Walter Scott says, 'The whole is so distinctly circumstantial, that were it not for the impossibility, or extreme improbability at least, of such an occurrence, the evidence could not but support the story.' One regrets that it should have been published with no worthier intention than that of puffing a dull book which the publisher could not sell—'Drelincourt's Book of Consolations against the Fear of Death.' This work is incidentally spoken of approvingly by the ghost, and the story, as desired, had the effect of creating a large demand for it. The whole thing of course was a bold and indefensible imposition—one of the few transactions of De Foe which we can neither justify nor are careful about excusing, though we do not know that it is a whit more discreditable than any of the innumerable *other* forms of puffery now regularly practised by people who pass muster for very honourable men.

Besides the works already mentioned, De Foe published several other popular productions, some of which still continue in circulation. There is the 'Religious Courtship,' known familiarly to most serious servant-maids, and formerly a favourite companion of their mistresses. 'Christian Conversation' and the 'Family Instructor' have likewise their admirers in certain quarters; and the 'Complete Tradesman' is also now and then republished for the benefit of apprentices who may have pocket-money to invest in it. But by far the most beautiful and interesting of these popular compositions is the 'Journal of the Plague-Year'—a work which is often received as a veritable history, but which is in fact as much a fiction as 'Robinson Crusoe' or 'Captain Singleton.' It is true that in this touching narrative the author has contrived to mingle much that is authentic with the inventions of his own brain; but it is impossible to distinguish the real from the imaginary; and the whole is such a likeness to the dread original, 'as to confound the sceptic, and encircle him with enchantments.' 'So faithful,' says one, 'is the portrait of that distressing calamity—so entire its accordance with what has been delivered by other writers—so probable the circumstances of all the stories, and so artless the style in which they are delivered, that it would baffle the ingenuity of any one but De Foe to frame a history with so many attributes of truth upon the basis of fiction.'* 'Had he not been the author of Robinson Crusoe,' says Scott, 'De Foe would have deserved immortality for the genius which he has displayed in this work.'

* De Foe's Life and Times, by Walter Wilson.

The whole of De Foe's later writings were exceedingly successful, and enjoyed an extensive circulation. While these were severally proceeding in rapid succession from his pen, he occasionally interrupted them to bring out some temporary pamphlet. In a preface to one such publication he alludes to his growing infirmities and advancing age, but holds himself prepared to devote his still remaining days to the advocacy of the public interests. 'I hope,' says he, 'the reader will excuse the vanity of an officious old man, if, like Cato, I inquire whether or no I can yet do anything for my country?'

In all his latter years De Foe appears to have realised a reasonable income by his writings; yet it is melancholy to contemplate him journeying heavily towards the end, tormented with severe diseases, and plundered and abandoned by an ungrateful son, whose despicable worthlessness fulfilled old Jacob's most intolerable apprehension—hurrying down his father's gray and venerable hairs with sorrow to the grave. He passed out of this earthly existence on the 24th April 1731, and his remains were interred in the burial-ground of Bunhill Fields.

We have thus briefly traced the life of the greatest political pamphleteer, and most ingenious, ready writer for the million that England has produced. We have necessarily left unnoticed an immense number of his writings; but we have, nevertheless, seen something of the manner of man he was. It seems to us that he is of a kind who will bear looking at. A brawny, resolute, substantial Englishman: one who, with right on his side, was afraid of neither man nor devil. Not entirely a pacific man, but rather constitutionally pugnacious; and decidedly given to interfere with anything and everything about him which he might fancy to be going wrong. Judging from these two hundred publications, it would appear that he did not particularly cultivate the ordinarily commendable 'talent of silence.' He had very little talent of that kind. He was a downright noisy man; prompt to controvert, contentious, prone to disputation; a perpetual motion of thoughts and thick-flowing fancies, which he had neither power nor disposition to suppress, but of which, on the contrary, he must and would deliver himself. But what he had to say was full of sense and spirit, and therefore worthy of the saying. People listened to him too with more than common attention. There is no doubt that De Foe's influence among the masses was greater than that of any of the political writers of his age. He was the Cobbett of the Revolution. But he was a greater and a better man than Cobbett—a man of firmer principle, and of a larger candour and liberality. He is considerably tolerant: he is a lover of fairness—a faithful respecter and adorer of the truth. The views he gives you have been arrived at by just insight, or at anyrate by a careful examination of the things and circumstances to which they are related.

As a man, he seems to have been eminently sincere in his opinions. Whatsoever he believed, that he boldly professed, and manifested in his conduct without disguise. There is no trimming to party notions, no adroit subserviency, no cunning dodgery to avoid the censures of such as may think fit to take offence, but a direct and manly expression of all he thinks and feels. Honesty is engrained in his constitution. We have

seen how he stood by his obligations in the midst of his misfortunes, and how he strove to realise in his transactions the high integrity which he admired and recommended in his teachings. He is the same man in his life as in his writings. In these he has a keen regard for whatsoever is graphic, interesting, and effective. Though he hopes to instruct, he desires to be entertaining; but in every case he maintains a purpose, and writes for the accomplishment of an *end*. There are few instances in history of so entire a surrendering of a man's self to popular and public interests. He lives, moves, and has his being in one lifelong effort to advance the public welfare. As a politician, all his aims are honest, liberal, and thoroughgoing. In all his endeavours he seeks to *advance his object*, and not himself; and in this respect he is worthy of universal admiration. How immeasurably superior, in this respect, to many a popular champion of later times! His patriotism and philanthropy are not *professional*—are not assumed for purposes of vanity or ambition; but they are real and earnest, and he grudges not to suffer penalties on their account. There is in him an admirable self-abandonment—a prodigal generosity, which sacrifices comfort, interest, and reputation for the sake of a cherished cause that has been conscientiously and deliberately embraced. This, indeed, is the sign of a true patriot—that he will *give himself*, and boast nothing of his devotion; counting lightly of all losses and chagrins, and, if needs be, accepting even Danton's reckless and stern alternative—'Let my *name* be blighted, if so only the good cause may prosper!' De Foe evidently lived much under a 'blighted name;' but he endured it with a noble patience, and along with it manifold persecutions, exposures in the pillory, and imprisonments—and all for an able and manly advocacy of principles and sentiments whose truth and rightfulness time has since asserted and confirmed. Whoso marcheth in the van of the unborn events, under the contempt and hootings of the faithless, let him courageously hold on along the path of his aspirations—

' My faith is large in Time,
And that which shapes it to some perfect end.'



CONFUCIUS.

THE most instructive chapter in the comprehensive records of philosophy is example. There its principles are illustrated in action; its spirit typified in life. By this agency has the Divine Being most perfectly revealed himself; and by it, in the moral economy of his universe, are the virtuous energies of humanity continually renewed. The happiest inspiration of which society is the source is the influence diffused through it in various attractive forms by its most distinguished members. Coleridge has beautifully, and with his accustomed significance, remarked that 'it is only by celestial observations that even terrestrial charts can be constructed scientifically.' To gaze steadfastly at the intellectual and moral lights of the world is at once the criterion and pledge of our own advancement; and in that constellation there are for all of us some bright particular stars, which, on account of the brilliancy with which they have shone forth upon mankind under the most peculiar circumstances, should be most earnestly and studiously regarded. Such a one was Confucius: a man who, to use the language of a distinguished living writer, 'six centuries before Christ, considered the outward economy of an empire a worthier object of study than all hidden and abstracted lore; who prized maxims of life and conduct more than all speculations regarding the Divinity; who had actually anticipated some of the most modern propositions respecting the governor and the governed. This man was not a mere name for a set of opinions: he had a distinct, marked personality. And his words and acts have not been limited to a narrow circle or to one or two centuries. He has left an impression of himself upon the most populous empire in the world. After two thousand years his authority is still sacred among the people, the mandarins, the emperors of China; his influence is felt in every portion of that vast and complicated society.' Of this man it is our intention here to give some account.

Koong-foo-tse, or Confucius, as his name has been Latinised by the Jesuits, was born in the autumn of the year 551 B.C. at Shang-Ping, in the kingdom of Loo, within the district now called Keo-fow Hiew, just to the eastward of the great canal, in Shan-tung province. It will be observed from the date that he was a contemporary of Pythagoras. Various prodigies, as in other instances, were, we are told, the forerunners of his birth. On the eve of his appearance upon earth, two dragons encircled the house, five celestial sages entered it at the moment of the portentous

birth, and vocal and instrumental music filled the air. When he was born this inscription appeared on his breast : ' The maker of a rule for settling the world.' His pedigree is traced back in a summary manner to the mythological monarch Hoang-hj, who is said to have lived more than two thousand years before Christ. His father was a magistrate in his native kingdom ; for China was then divided into a number of small feudal states, nominally dependent on one head, but each ruled by its own laws. Confucius, therefore, undoubtedly belonged to the literary class from which the mandarins are chosen ; and it is said that from his infancy he distinguished himself by his remarkable progress in philosophy. Certain it is that he made those advances in rank and dignity which in China could not be made without much study and an acquaintance with the works of his predecessors in different branches of learning ; for he became, say his biographers, one of the first mandarins in the kingdom of Loo.

The early part of his life, as recorded by his followers, presents some curious traits. He was but three years old, says the tale, when his father, Shuh-Leang-Ho, died in a state of honourable poverty, leaving young Confucius to the care of his wife Yan-She. The young philosopher, we are told, took no delight in playing like other boys—a very bad symptom, as we should have apprehended, of the vigour of his intellectual faculties, but which is, of course, recorded to his honour. He was remarkably grave and serious in his deportment, and endeavoured in all things to imitate his grandfather. For this old gentleman he entertained an extraordinary degree of veneration, but nevertheless he one day ventured to reprove him with much philosophic dignity. The occasion was as follows : the grandfather was sitting absorbed in a melancholy reverie, in the course of which he frequently sighed deeply. The child observing him, after some time approached him, and, with many bows and formal reverences, spoke thus : ' If I may presume, without violating the respect which I owe you, sir, to inquire into the cause of your grief, I would gladly do so. Perhaps you fear that I, who am descended from you, may reflect discredit on your memory by failing to imitate your virtues.' His grandfather, astonished, asked him from whom he had learned to speak in such a manner. ' From yourself, sir,' replied the boy. ' I listen attentively to your words, and I often hear you say that a son who does not imitate the virtues of his forefathers is not worthy to bear their name.' The result of this sage discourse is not mentioned, but it is evidently a story fabricated to hold him up to admiration among a people whose distinguishing character is that of filial respect for their parents. Another tale is told to exemplify his veneration for the ancients. After the death of his grandfather, which happened when Confucius was a mere child, the latter pursued his studies under a learned doctor, who was likewise a magistrate and governor, although a teacher in a public school, by whose instruction he was soon enabled to read and comprehend many ancient works long since lost. This progress he had made at the age of sixteen, when he fell into company with a person of high rank, and more than twice as old as himself. The great man, who did not entertain so high a respect as Confucius for the works in question, declared that they were obscure, and not worth the trouble of studying. Whereupon our young student sharply reproved him, saying : ' The books which you despise are full of profound knowledge,

and their obscurity is a recommendation to them. In consequence of this they can only be understood by the wise and learned. If they were plain and intelligible to the people in general, the people would despise them. It is very necessary to the subordination and tranquillity of society that there should be degrees of knowledge, to render the ignorant dependent on the wise. As society could not exist with equality of power, so it could as little exist with equality of knowledge; for every one would wish to govern, and no one would be willing to obey. I have heard from a low, ignorant person, the same observation which you now make, and it did not surprise me from him, but I am astonished to hear it from a person of your rank and dignity, who ought to be so much better informed.' The story goes on to say that the mandarin, incensed at the rebuke, and unable to reply to it by reasoning, would have fallen upon the young logician, and given him a sound beating, if he had not been prevented by those who stood by.

He was now made a subordinate magistrate, with the duty of inspecting the sale and distribution of corn, and distinguished himself by his industry and energy in repressing fraud and introducing order and integrity into the whole business. This led to a higher appointment—that of inspector-general of pastures and flocks—which he entered upon when in his twenty-first year; and the result of his judicious measures, we are told, was a general improvement in the cultivation of the country and the condition of the people. Before this he had entered into the holy estate of matrimony. Early marriages are common in China; and Confucius, who seems to have had a peculiar aptitude for conforming to established customs, took to himself a wife at the age of nineteen. The lady was Ke-Kwan-She, of an ancient family in Sung, and by her he had one son, named Pe-Yu, who died before his father at the age of fifty, but left a son, named Tsu-Tse, who grew up in the paths pointed out to him by his grandfather, became very learned, and attained to the highest honours of the state. Confucius, who appears to have entertained no great regard for the fair sex, divorced his wife four years after marriage, for no other reason than that he might attend the better to his books, and be able to discharge more efficiently his duties as a mandarin and superintendent of the agriculture of the province.

The death of his mother, which happened when he was twenty-three years of age, interrupted his administrative functions. According to the ancient and almost forgotten laws of China, children were obliged to resign all public employments on the death of either of their parents; and Confucius, desirous of renewing the observance in his native land of all the practices of venerable antiquity, did not fail to conform to this enactment. He further resolved that instead of consigning the dead, as was now customary in China, to any piece of waste ground at hand, the obsequies of his mother should be celebrated with a decorum and magnificence which should be an example to the whole country. This spectacle, in which pomp united with propriety, struck his fellow-citizens with astonishment, and inspired them with such touching recollections, that they determined to restore the observance of what were supposed to be the ancient funeral rites, and to bury their dead in future with all the honours of antiquity. This example was soon followed by the inhabitants of the neighbouring states, and the whole nation, excepting the poorest class, has continued

the practice to the present day. Confucius, however, was not satisfied with a splendid ceremony, which might be forgotten before the 'funeral baked meats' were cold. He inculcated the necessity of repeating acts of homage and respect at stated times, either at the grave, or in a part of the dwelling-house consecrated for the purpose. Hence the 'hall of ancestors' and anniversary feasts of the dead which now distinguish China as a nation, and in which, unfortunately, the Confucian testimonials of affection and respect have degenerated into idolatrous worship. Delighted at the success of his experiment, Confucius shut himself up in his house, to pass in solitude the three years of mourning for his mother.

This period of retirement was not lost to philosophy, for he devoted the whole of it to study. He reflected deeply on the eternal laws of morality, traced them to their source, imbued his mind with a sense of the duties which they impose indiscriminately on all men, and determined to make them the immutable rules of all his actions. Renouncing the repose, fortune, and honours to which his birth and talents entitled him to aspire, he magnanimously resolved to devote his life to the instruction of his countrymen. He undertook to revive amongst them respect and attachment to those ancient rites and usages, with the performance of which, in his view, all social and political virtues were connected. Not content with explaining to all classes of his fellow-citizens the invariable precepts of morality, he proposed to found a school, and train up disciples to aid him in disseminating his doctrines through all parts of the empire, and to continue to teach them after his death. He further intended to compose a series of books which should serve as depositories for his maxims, and hand down his doctrines to after-ages, in the same form in which he had himself promulgated them.

At this time the most eminent of his contemporaries in philosophy was Laou-tze, who was born B.C. 604, and enjoyed a great reputation. He was the 'prince of the doctrine of the Taou;' a word which, according to some, means Reason, and to others, Knowledge, and bears a certain resemblance to the contemporaneous Logos of the Platonic school. His father and mother were poor peasants, the former seventy and the latter fifty years of age at the time of his birth, which tradition ascribes to the agency of a falling star. However this may be, the expectant mother seems to have forsaken or been thrust forth from her dwelling; and while wandering in the fields, when the critical time arrived she lay down beneath a pear-tree, and there the wonderful child was born. The 'Book of Reason and Virtue,' the gospel of the Taou, has never been translated; and it is so obscure, both in style and matter, as to be imperfectly known even to Chinese scholars. The general account of it, however, is, that it presents a scheme of morals of too transcendental and mystical a character to be of any practical use. Laou-tze, during the greater part of his life, was a visionary recluse, wrapped up in metaphysical speculations, and treating with contempt the things of the external world. The darkness of his thoughts was made still deeper by an extraordinary compression of style; and hence the dreamers of succeeding times found in his writings a warrant for their wildest imaginations. He was a believer in the original goodness of human nature, and ascribed its vitiation to the circumstances by which men are surrounded in the world. Above all things, therefore, he insisted

upon the importance of self-knowledge and self-subjection; holding that he alone is truly enlightened who knows himself, and he alone truly powerful who is able to conquer himself. It is difficult in the present state of our acquaintance with the 'Book of Reason and Virtue' to understand how it could have been made the foundation for a system of demonology—but so it is: the sect of the Taou are the demon-worshippers of China. 'If we imagine,' says a recent writer, 'the hermits and other ascetics of the earlier ages of Christianity bringing with them into the desert, together with their ignorant superstitions and fevered imaginations, the pure morality of the Gospel, we shall be able to form some idea of the disciples of Laou-tze. The national love of order had originated, from an early period, a classification of the spirits which haunt and infest the material world; and this philosopher, or more probably his disciples, is supposed to have been the first who systematised the whole, beginning with the doctrine of the Divine *Logos*. These spirits are said to have been originally men; but in the pantheism which runs through the whole of Chinese faith, it would be equally proper to say that men were originally these spirits. Some are lords and rulers of the upper world; some are genii and hobgoblins, wandering among groves and caverns; and some are demons of the abyss, whose business on earth is mischief, and whose fate is hell and torment. Laou-tze gave himself out to be one of the genii who preside over the destinies of men; and he is still supposed by his worshippers to be engaged in this supreme office. His followers were retired and studious men. They were the high chemists of China, who supposed that the process of analysis would discover something more than physical elements; and, believing in the spiritual world, they invested with mystic qualities the world of matter, and devoted their lives to the search after the elixir of immortality and the philosopher's stone. They were originally virtuous recluses, and by means of their ignorant experiments acquired eventually some knowledge of medicine; but the body, as might be expected, was at all times vitiated by quacks and intriguers; and as their doctrines came but little home to the common business and bosoms of men, they could not make any permanent head against the more practical Confucians.

'Like the state religionists, they worship idols representing the innumerable spirits which haunt the world; but their priests are not merely enthusiasts, but being without any general allowance, and depending solely upon the people, they work upon their fears as well as hopes, and, by means of animal magnetism and other mystic secrets, pass frequently for soothsayers and magicians.

'At present they have a high priest who never dies, possessing the same kind of immortality as the Lama of Thibet; and who presides over deities and devils alike. He grants patents for worship, and defines the jurisdiction of the new gods; and, like his inferior clergy, derives a revenue from the sale of amulets to preserve men from the influence of the demons.'

The chief of the new sect, it may be supposed, was curious to see his great rival; and we may mention here, although interrupting the chronology, a highly characteristic interview which took place between them when Laou-tze was in his eighty-seventh and Confucius in his thirty-fifth year. The latter philosopher appeared in all the pomp of office, with a tribe of followers behind him; and the old ascetic began his discourse by

reproaching him with his vanity and worldly-mindedness. 'The wise man,' he said, 'loves obscurity; and so far from courting employments, he shuns them. He studies the times: if they be favourable, he speaks; if corrupt, he yields to the storm. He who is truly virtuous makes no parade of his virtue: he does not proclaim to all the world that he is a sage. This is all I have to say to you: make the best of it you can.' Confucius listened in respectful silence; and his replies afterwards to the eager questions of his disciples were brief and obscure. 'I know the habits of birds, beasts, and fishes,' he said; 'but as to the dragon'—the type of the celestial genii—'I cannot understand how he can raise himself into the heavens.'

When Confucius determined to supersede the dreams of the mystics and solitaries by a practical system of morals, he at first, after his three years' mourning were expired, shut himself up to study and meditate. His professed object was to acquire the 'wisdom of the ancients;' but we entertain a strong suspicion that his famous golden age of virtue, under the rule of the early kings, was merely a figment of his own, invented by way of obtaining a warrant for his maxims which should pass unquestioned with a people so devoted as the Chinese to antiquity and the authority of the past. However this may be, when his studies or his meditations were over, he determined to travel, and correct the lessons of wisdom by those of experience and observation. He visited the state of Kin, where he perfected himself in music, and then traversed Tse and Wei. He returned to Tse in the employment of the prince, as a public reformer; but his efforts, though continued for a year, do not appear to have been attended with any beneficial result. He was now invited to the imperial court, where he remained for several months, inspecting the historical records, and lamenting the degeneracy of the time. It was while here he visited Laou-tze at Seih-tae. He at length returned to Loo, where disciples began to flock to him in such great numbers, that in a short space of time they amounted, it is said, to three thousand, of whom five hundred were mandarins, holding the highest offices in that and the neighbouring states. Some extravagant fictions have been related of the school of Confucius. It has been said that all his followers formed a society, among whom a community of goods was established; and that, in order to detach their minds from the affairs of the world, they appointed one of their number to purchase their food and clothing, and to manage their funds for the good of the whole association. Nothing of this has any foundation. Confucius, like Socrates, seems to have wished to fit men for conducting themselves honourably and usefully in those stations which the public good required that they should fill. His disciples were for the most part men of full age, who lived in their own families, and followed their separate pursuits, resorting to him to propose their doubts, or to collect his opinions and instruction, and oftentimes accompanying him in the different journeys which he thought fit to undertake. He divided his scholars into four classes: to the first he taught morals; to the second, rhetoric; to the third, politics; and to the fourth, the perfection of their style in written compositions. The first was the necessary introduction to the others. Confucius was well aware, that without a distinct perception of moral excellence there was no such thing as good taste in

eloquence or in writing, nor any practical skill to be attained in the direction of political affairs. He therefore directed his first care to the formation of the mind for the attainment of this perception; and in order to do so he taught that it was necessary to clear the intellect from those mists and obscurities which prevent its distinguishing truth from falsehood. These, he said, arise from vices early sown, or springing up in the heart, which it must therefore be our primary care to eradicate; as the good husbandman begins by rooting out weeds and noxious plants before he commits to the earth the hope of a future harvest.

This residence at Loo was an important time for Confucius and for the Chinese world. Here the philosopher revelled in music, which was not to him, as he declares, a passing recreation, which gratifies the ear without leaving a trace upon the mind, but the originator of distinct images and ideas, which remained after the sounds had ceased. He was likewise a mighty hunter, for which he found warrant in ancient prescription—the chase having been inculcated under the early kings as a duty, and enforced by legal penalties. During the same period he worked industriously—often night and day—upon the historical works, wearing out by frequent use no less than three sets of the bamboo bundles, which were then the form of Chinese volumes. He abridged the ‘She-king’ and the ‘Shoo-king,’ and restored the ‘Yeh-king’ from the obscurity into which it had sunk, and by his comments placed it in that supremacy to which it was entitled both by its purity and wisdom. He had accepted a petty magistracy, which, on an unworthy change of magistrates, he threw up in disgust; and at length he determined to resume his travels.

He first proceeded to Chen, where his reception was indifferent; and he then revisited, with better success, the state of Tze. Here the prince, surrounded with all the pomp and circumstance of royalty, received the philosopher as his superior, and would insist upon his taking precedence, urging that a ‘sage is higher than a king.’ Confucius, however, though not questioning so reasonable a proposition, was the last man in China to submit to so unheard of a solecism in ceremony; and he flatly refused to indulge his majesty. He was made one of the ministers, however, but kept his appointment only for a short time. The intrigues of the court were too strong for his wisdom, and our philosopher returned again to his native country.

The reputation of Confucius was now so widely spread that the king of Loo offered him no longer an inferior magistracy, but the post of ‘governor of the people’ in the capital. Confucius, in this office, testified in a remarkable manner his great abilities, so that even in a few months the change in public morals excited the astonishment of the king. He was now ordered into the royal presence, and invested with the dignity of *Sze-kaon*, which placed him at the head of the magistracy, both civil and criminal, throughout the kingdom, and conferred upon him an authority only second to that of the king himself. In this high office he commenced his career by an act—which indeed he had informed the king, previously to his investiture, was a stern necessity of the time—of surprising vigour and daring, the public execution of one of the chief ministers, whose villanies had been the principal cause of the evils which afflicted the kingdom. This proceeding terrified the king, and astounded even the disciples of the philosopher:

but the event shewed he was right in his calculation—that such a criminal might have adherents while he was in life and in power, but could have no friends to deplore or avenge him. The execution was conducted with all the terrors of the law, and the inexorable magistrate attended in person, and ordered the exposure of the body for three days.

During the administration of Confucius the affairs of the kingdom flourished; and at one time he had the satisfaction of preserving his prince from a snare set for him by a rival king of Tze. The latter, however, at length succeeded in counteracting the effect of the philosopher's counsels, and in a way highly characteristic of such courts. He selected eighty beautiful young ladies, accomplished singers and dancers, and sent this formidable host against the refined court of Loo; where they were not only able to resist the powerful impression of the Confucian precepts, and the general example of the whole kingdom, but to dislodge the philosopher from his stronghold, to overturn the edifice of morality which he had constructed, and to drive him in utter despair from the scene of his most splendid triumph. The most beautiful and accomplished of these females fastened on the king, while the others, in the regular gradation of their charms, attached themselves to the grantees in proportion to their rank. The result was such as we believe never happened in any other country from a sudden importation of ladies—namely, that from an extraordinary austerity of morals the whole nation was at once dissolved in luxury and pleasure; the business of the state stood still; the courtiers occupied themselves only in feasting, dancing, shows, and dissipation; and the shopkeepers consoled themselves for the wickedness of their superiors by cutting off part of their reformed measures, filing down their weights, and making one scale an ounce heavier than the other.

Confucius, who had first protested against admitting into the kingdom the insidious visitors, employed his eloquence for some time after their arrival in endeavouring to persuade the old grantees to have nothing to do with these lovely foreigners; but his harangues, which a few weeks before had been omnipotent against the charms of the women of Loo, were wholly ineffectual against those of the Tzean ladies. Vexed, therefore, as a philosopher naturally would be at such a discovery, he soon resigned in disgust, and went abroad in search of disciples less vacillating than his countrymen of Loo.

He now tried several of the Chinese states, one after another, but in vain. All were satisfied with their anarchy and demoralisation; and the answer of the king of Wei to the more refined nobles, who besought him to give employment to the wandering sage, may be taken as characteristic of the whole. 'We are now quiet,' said he; 'but if the philosopher of Loo once gets a finger in the government, under the plausible pretext of reform, all will be thrown into confusion. I am old: I do not love change: let things go on as usual: my successor can do as he pleases.' Confucius passed on his way, consoling himself with the idea, that 'the wise man is everywhere at home—the whole earth is his.' But each home was as turbulent and as hostile as the last. Sometimes the people received his doctrines with acclamation; but this only drew upon him the persecution of the authorities, and occasionally the meetings of his followers were dis-

persed at the point of the sword. Once he was placed in confinement, and himself and disciples even straitened for food. Confucius was now in his sixty-sixth year; and hearing of the death of his wife, he seems to have regarded it as a warning of his own.

He had the misfortune to live in times when men were ambitious, avaricious, and voluptuous; when rebellions, wars, and tumults everywhere prevailed; and though he was fortunate enough to make a vast number of proselytes among the most eminent persons wherever he went, yet he fell into extreme poverty, and was greatly oppressed and persecuted. At length, finding that a public life to him was beset with dangers and trials, he retired to Loo, and in the company of his chosen disciples, employed himself in composing or compiling those celebrated works which have handed down his reputation to posterity, and become the sacred books of China. When seventy years of age, his favourite disciple died. Confucius being greatly concerned for the continuance and propagation of his doctrines, and having entertained great hopes of this person, was inconsolable for his loss, and wept bitterly, exclaiming: 'Heaven has destroyed—Heaven has destroyed me!' In his seventy-third year, a few days before his death, he moved about, leaning on his staff, and sighed as he exclaimed—

* The mountain is crumbling,
The strong beam is yielding,
The sage is withering like a plant.'

He observed to a disciple that the empire had long been in a state of anarchy, and mentioned a dream of the previous night, which he regarded as the presage of his own departure; and so it came to pass, for, after seven days of lethargy, he expired in the year 479 B.C. The eighteenth day of the second moon is kept sacred by the Chinese as the anniversary of their sage's death.

The eyes of the deceased were closed by two of his disciples, who, after putting three pinches of rice into the mouth, arrayed the body in the robes of a minister of state. It was laid, with all the ceremonies so dear to the philosopher when living, in a piece of ground purchased for the purpose to the north of the city; and, to mark the spot, three mounds of earth were raised, and a tree planted, which is said to exist at this day. The disciple who had acted the part of chief mourner extended his period of mourning to six years, residing constantly near the tomb. Crowds came to the place with their families, and erected habitations, till a village arose, which gradually waxed to a city of the third order, called Kea-foo-heen.

Notwithstanding the general demoralisation of his contemporaries, he was no sooner dead than men of all sorts began to venerate his memory. Upon hearing of the event, the king of Loo burst into tears, exclaiming: 'Heaven is displeased with me, since He has taken from me the most precious treasure of my kingdom.' The same sentiments prevailed through all the surrounding countries; which, from that very moment, say the historians, began to honour him as a saint. In the Han dynasty, long subsequent to his death, he was dignified with the highest title of honour; and he was subsequently styled *The Sovereign Teacher*. The Ming, or Chinese dynasty, which succeeded the Mongols, called him *The*

most holy teacher of ancient times—a title which the present Tartar family has continued.

Though only a single descendant (his grandson) survived Confucius, the succession has continued through sixty-seven or sixty-eight generations to the present day, in the very district where their great ancestor was born. Various honours and privileges have always distinguished the family, and its heads have enjoyed the rank of nobility. In every city, down to those of the third order, there is a temple dedicated to Confucius. 'In the most honourable place of this temple,' says D'Avity, 'is seen his statue, or at least his name, in letters a cubit long. By his side are seen the statues of some of his disciples, whom the Chinese esteem as saints or divinities of a lower rank. All the magistrates of the cities assemble, together with those who are proclaimed bachelors, in each full and new moon in the temple, and offer a kind of adoration to their master with inclinations of the head, and bendings of the knee, and with burning of incense and torches. They also present to him food on his birthday, and at some other periods, thanking him for his doctrines, but neither making a prayer to him nor asking anything from him.' Other writers say that there are no statues to Confucius, but simply tablets with his name. The number of temples dedicated to him in China is stated to be 1560, in which are sacrificed annually 62,000 victims (chiefly pigs and rabbits), besides other offerings. Time has but added to the reputation which he left behind him; and he is now, at the distance of more than two thousand years, held in universal veneration throughout China by all persons, even by those who reject his doctrines.

'Confucius,' says Professor Maurice, 'could not have produced the effect which he has produced upon the empire of China; could not be recognised in the character in which he has been recognised for so many ages, if his mind had not been the very highest type of the Chinese mind; that in which we may read what it was aiming at both before and after he appeared to enlighten it. We may, therefore, acquiesce without difficulty in the opinion, that the Chinese religion was from the first of a much less high and mysterious quality than that of almost any people upon the earth; that the belief of the eternal, as distinct from and opposed to the temporal, existed very dimly and imperfectly in it, and was supplied only by a reverence for the past; that the sense of connection or communion with any invisible powers, though not absent, must have been weak and slightly developed; that the emperor must have been regarded always as the highest utterer of the divine mind; that the priest must have been chiefly valued as a minister of the ceremonial of the court; that rites and ceremonies must have had in this land a substantive value independent of all significance, which they have scarcely ever possessed elsewhere; that there was united with this tendency one which to some may seem incompatible with it—an attachment to whatever is useful and practical; that the Chinese must have entertained a profound respect for family relationships; that the relationship of father and son will, however, have so overshadowed all the rest, that they will have been regarded merely as different forms of it, or as to be sacrificed for the sake of it; that implicit obedience to authority will have been the virtue which every institution existed to enforce, which was to be their only preserver. If we suppose the reverence

for the shades of ancestors, for the person of the emperor, for the dignity of the father, to have been joined with something of a Sabæan worship, with some astrology and speculation about the future, we shall perhaps arrive at a tolerably near conception of China as it may have existed under the old emperors, to whom the sage continually refers with admiration and regret.'

These old institutions and this old creed of his country Confucius had studied most profoundly, and was most earnestly desirous to preserve. No one aspired less to be an innovator: his main object was to remove innovations. 'I teach you nothing,' he often repeated, 'but what you might learn yourselves, if you made a proper use of your faculties. What can be more simple and natural than the principles of that moral code, the maxims of which I inculcate? All I tell you, our ancient sages have practised before us in the remotest times—namely, the observance of the three fundamental laws of relation between sovereign and subject, father and child, husband and wife; and the five capital virtues—namely, universal charity, impartial justice, conformity to ceremonies and established usages, rectitude of heart and mind, and pure sincerity.' 'This,' says Mr Thornton in his laboriously-accurate 'History of China,' to which we have been indebted for various details, 'is a concise summary of the whole moral system of Confucius.' We are told by another writer, that the Confucian theory has preserved its influence because it was precisely adapted to the singularly practical mind of the Chinese: 'To understand Confucius is to understand China. He had no idiosyncrasy. He was an incarnation of the national character, a mouthpiece of the national feelings; and he was only greater than the rest of his countrymen by being imbued with that genius which gives vitality and energy to thoughts that lie dormant, though existing, in the minds of meaner men. He was the mental light which touches, as Dryden expresses it, "the sleeping images of things;" and at his appearance all became visible that before was obscure, all distinct that before was unintelligible, and the tumultuous ideas of a great nation fell gradually into peace, and order, and harmony. He appealed to no general passions, to no principles that are catholic in man. He allured the intellectual by no metaphysical subtleties, the ignorant by no splendour of imagination, the credulous by no supernatural pretensions: in point of fact, his ethical system, with the exception of the golden rule, "Do unto others as you would they should do unto you," reproduced in Christianity five hundred years later, never soars beyond the most obvious commonplace. Confucius, notwithstanding, was hailed as the Messiah of the Chinese; the national mind rested, as it were, upon his writings; and from that day to this it has never advanced a step beyond them.' A summary view of the original works or compilations which have come down from the age of Confucius and his disciples, will best enable us to form some judgment respecting that school of philosophy and literature of which he was the head, and which constitutes at this day the standard of Chinese orthodoxy. These classical or sacred works consist in all of nine—that is to say, the 'Four Books,' and the 'Five Canonical Works.' In the course of a regular education, the former of these are the first studied and committed to memory, being subsequently followed up by the others; and a complete know-

ledge of the whole of them, as well as of the standard notes and criticisms by which they are elucidated, is an indispensable condition towards the attainment of the higher grades of literary and official rank. The original text of these works is comprised within a very moderate compass; but the numerous commentaries which from time to time have been added contribute to swell the whole to a formidable bulk. The art of printing, however, which gives the Chinese such an advantage over other Asiatic nations, together with the extreme cheapness of paper, has contributed to multiply the copies *ad infinitum*, and to bring these and most other books of the country within the reach of almost everybody.

I. The first of the four books is the 'Ta-heo,' or 'Great Study.' This little work consists of a brief text by Confucius, with an explanation by his disciple Theng-tsen. Though very brief (containing less than two thousand words), it may, in one point of view, be regarded as the most precious of all the writings of our philosopher, as it exhibits in the highest degree the employment of a logical method; which shews that its author, although unacquainted with the profound syllogistic proceedings taught and practised by the Greek and Hindoo philosophers, had at least reduced his philosophy to a scientific state, and was not confined to the aphoristic expression of moral ideas. The 'Ta-heo' is intended to shew that in the knowledge and government of *one's self* the economy and government of a family must originate; and going on thence to extend the principle of domestic rule to the administration of a province, it deduces from this last the rules and maxims which should prevail in the ordering of the whole empire. The end and aim of the work is evidently political; and in this instance, as in others, the philosopher and statesman of China commences with *morals* as the foundation of *politics*; with the conduct of an individual father in his family as the prototype of a sovereign's sway over his people.

In the sixth section of this work the 'beauty of virtue' is inculcated somewhat in the manner of the Stoics, and its practice recommended as a species of enjoyment. Much wisdom also is shewn in pointing out the importance and utility of rectifying 'the motives of action.' In the tenth section good advice is given to kings and statesmen, as in these sentences: 'He who gains the hearts of the people secures the throne; and he who loses the people's hearts loses the throne.' 'Let those who produce revenue be many, and those who consume it few; let the producers have every facility, and let the consumers practise economy; thus there will be constantly a sufficiency of revenue'—and he might have added, no national debts.

II. The second sacred book is the 'Chung-yung,' or 'The Invariable in the Mean.' It is an application of the Greek maxim—*ἡ δὲ μέσση ἐν πᾶσιν ασφαλιστέρα*, that 'the middle is in all things the safest course.' This doctrine of the mean, in the opinion of the Chinese, contains the very essence of all philosophy. It has been thus explained by Professor Maurice: 'Each duty involves another. What is the first duty from which all derive their sanction—the performance of which makes the performance of the others possible? It is difficult to find; often we seem to be moving in a circle. But evidently all duties involve a rule. To be right is to be regular. Irregularity must be the common expression for the

violation of all relations. But irregularity is clearly the effect of some bias determining us to one side or another. The law of rectitude, then, must be the law of the mean. All study and discipline must be for the preservation of this.' In continuation of this explanation he quotes the following passage from the *Chung-yung*: 'Before joy, satisfaction, anger, sorrow, have been produced in the soul, the state in which we are found is called the mean. When once they have been produced in the soul, and they have not transgressed certain limits, the state in which we are is called Harmonic. This mean is the great foundation of the world. Harmony is the universal and permanent law of it. When the Mean and the Harmony have been carried to the point of perfection, heaven and earth are in a state of perfect tranquillity, and all beings receive their full development. Confucius said: The man of superior virtue perseveres invariably in the mean; the vulgar or unprincipled man is constantly in opposition to this invariable mean. Few men are there, he cried at another time, who know how to keep long in the right way; I know the reason: cultivated men pass beyond it; ignorant men do not attain it; men of strong virtue go too far; men of feeble virtue stop short.'

'Here,' continues Mr Maurice, 'we have the very marrow of Chinese life, Chinese morals, Chinese politics. Hence we may explain that passion for minute ceremony which seems to western people so ridiculous and intolerable. Hence it arises that the most affectionate disciples of a man really so honest and simple as Confucius was, should spend whole pages in informing us that if he had to salute persons who presented themselves to him either on the right or the left, his robe behind and before always fell straight and well-arranged; that his step was quickened when he introduced guests, and that he held his arms extended like the wings of a bird; that when he entered under the gate of the palace, he bent his body as if the gate had not been sufficiently high to let him pass; that in passing before the throne, his countenance changed all at once, his step being grave and measured, as if he had fetters on, and his words being as embarrassed as his feet; that, taking his robe with his two hands, he ascended into the hall of the palace, his body bent and holding his breath, as if he had not dared to breathe; that his night-dress was always half as long again as his body; that he never ate meat which was not cut in straight lines; that if a meat had not the sauce which belonged to it, he never touched it: with a thousand other particulars, of which these are fair specimens, and which we willingly omit, lest we should diminish our readers' respect for a really remarkable man, when our intention is only to throw light upon the national character, and to shew how entirely the philosophy of Confucius grew out of it, and was determined by it. That philosophy is not a mere collection of dry formalities: it is based upon a large experience; brings out the idea of duty as it was never brought out in the west till Greek philosophy was remoulded by the Latin mind. It suggests very deep thoughts respecting the connection of social and individual life; it may help us as much by that which it fails to recognise as by that which it actually proclaims. But the blanks which are so significant to us have been filled up in China, as they could only be filled up, by new maxims, a more rigid ceremonial, an intense self-conceit and self-satisfaction. The true Confucian clings to his classical books, learns them by

heart, dwells on the rules of equity, the contempt of money, the reverence for antiquity which they enforce; and shews by the contradictions of his acts and life what truth there is in these maxims, and what powerlessness; how faithfully they foretell the decline of a country in which they are not obeyed; and how utterly unable they are to produce obedience.'

The following passages, extracted from the 'Chung-yung,' will give some idea of the political philosophy of Confucius. He thus explains his notions of good government: 'Koong-foo-tse was questioned on the constitutive principles of a good government. The philosopher said: The laws of the ancient kings were consigned to bamboo tablets; if their ministers were living now their laws would be in vigour; their ministers have ceased to be, and their principles of good government are no longer followed. The combined virtues and qualities of the ministers of a prince make the administration of a state good, as the fertile virtue of the earth, uniting the moist and the dry, produces and makes to grow the plants which cover its surface. This good administration resembles the reeds which are on the borders of rivers: it springs up naturally on a soil that is suitable to it. Thus the good administration of a state depends upon the ministers who are set over it. A prince who wishes to imitate the excellent government of the ancient kings must choose his ministers according to his own sentiments, which must always be inspired by the public good. That his sentiments may always have the public good for their moving principle, he must conform himself to the great law of duty; and this great law of duty must be sought for in humanity, that fine virtue of the heart which is the principle of love for all men. This humanity is man himself: regard for relations is its first duty.'

He next describes what is necessary in a prince: 'The prince can never cease to correct himself and bring himself to perfection. With the intention of correcting and perfecting himself, he cannot dispense with rendering to his relations that which is their due. Having the intention to render to his relations their due, he cannot dispense with the acquaintance of wise men, that he may honour them, and that they may instruct him in his duties. Having the intention to become acquainted with wise men, he cannot dispense with the knowledge of Heaven, nor with the law which directs in the practice of prescribed duties.'

The various duties of man are then enumerated. 'The most universal duties for the human race are five in number, and man possesses three natural faculties for practising them. These five duties are—the relations which subsist between the prince and his ministers, the father and his children, the husband and his wife, the elder and younger brothers, and those of friends among themselves. Conscience, which is the light of intelligence to distinguish good and evil; humanity, which is the equity of the heart; moral courage, which is the strength of the soul—these are the three grand and universal moral faculties of man.'

Results he considers to be more important than the method of arriving at them. 'Whether nature is sufficient for the knowledge of these universal duties; whether study is necessary to apprehend them; whether the knowledge is arrived at with great difficulty or not—when one has got the knowledge, the result is the same. Whether we practise these duties naturally and without effort, or whether we practise them for the sake of getting

profit and personal advantage from them—when we have succeeded in accomplishing meritorious works, the result is the same.’

He then goes on to teach that practice leads to knowledge. ‘He who loves study, or the application of his intelligence to the search of the law of duty, is very near the acquirement of moral science. He who devotes all his efforts to practise his moral duties, is near that devotion to the happiness of men which is called humanity. He who knows how to blush for his weakness in the practice of his duties, is very near acquiring the force of mind necessary to their accomplishment.’

Rulers are next informed how they may make the condition of an empire blessed and enviable. ‘So soon as the prince shall have well regulated and improved himself, straightway the universal duties will be accomplished towards him. So soon as he shall have learned to revere wise men, straightway he will no longer have any doubt about the principles of truth and falsehood, of good and evil. So soon as his parents shall be the objects of the affection which is due to them, straightway there will be no more dissensions between his uncles, his elder brother, and his younger brothers. So soon as he shall treat with fitting respect all public functionaries and secondary magistrates, the doctors and literary men will zealously acquit themselves of their duties in the ceremonies. So soon as he shall love and treat the people as his son, the people will be drawn to imitate their superior. So soon as he shall have collected about him all the learned men and artists, his wealth will be advantageously spent. So soon as he shall entertain agreeable persons who come from a distance, straightway will men from the four ends of the empire flock in crowds to his state, to share in the benefits he bestows. So soon as he shall treat his great vassals with kindness, straightway he will be respected throughout the whole empire.’

We must not separate these political axioms from the following, which are more purely moral. Resolutions, he says, is the greatest element of action: ‘All virtuous deeds, all duties which have been resolved on beforehand, are thereby accomplished; if they are not resolved on, they are thereby in a state of infraction. If we have determined beforehand the words which we must speak, we shall experience no hesitation. If we have predetermined our affairs and occupations in the world, they will thereby be easily accomplished. If we have predetermined on moral conduct in life, we shall feel no anguish of soul. If we resolve beforehand to obey the law of duty, it will never fail us.’

He thus distinguishes between the saint and the sage. ‘The perfect, the true, disengaged from all mixture, is the law of Heaven. The process of perfection, which consists in using all one’s efforts to discover the celestial law, the true principle of the mandate of Heaven, is the law of man. The perfect man attains this law without help from without; he has no need of meditation or long reflection to obtain it; he arrives at it with calmness and tranquillity. This is the holy man. He who is continually tending towards perfection; who chooses the good and attaches himself strongly to it for fear of losing it, is the sage. He must study much to learn all that is good; he must inquire with discernment, to seek information about all that is good; he must watch carefully over all that is good, for fear of losing it, and meditate upon it in his soul; he must continually strive to become acquainted with all that is good, and take great care to distinguish it

from all that is evil; and then he must firmly and constantly practise this good.'

We conclude our notice of this book with the following testimony to perseverance:—'He who shall truly follow the rule of perseverance, however ignorant he may be, he will necessarily become enlightened; however feeble he may be, he will necessarily become strong.'

III. The third of the Chinese classical books is the '*Lun-yu*,' or '*Philosophical Dialogues*.' We have here the recorded sayings of Confucius, which bear far more internal evidence of genuineness than those which are commonly attributed to the founders of the Greek schools. We have also the testimonies of affectionate disciples respecting him, which, if they are not wholly to be trusted, at least give us different impressions of his character, out of which we may form one for ourselves. Sir J. F. Davis calls the *Lun-yu* 'a complete Chinese Boswell;' M. Panthier, who has recently translated it into French, compares its dialogues to those in which Socrates is the hero. It is, in truth, in these Philosophical Dialogues that we become best acquainted with the lofty mind of Confucius—his passion for virtue, his ardent love of humanity, and desire for the happiness of all men. No sentiment of vanity or pride, of menace or fear, tarnishes the purity and authority of his words. 'I was not born endowed with knowledge,' he says; 'I am a man who loved the ancients, and made all exertions to acquire their information.' His disciples said of him: 'He was a man exempt from four faults: self-love, prejudice, egotism, and obstinacy. He was mild, yet firm; majestic, though not harsh; grave, yet agreeable.'

Study—that is, the search after the good, the true, and the virtuous—was, in his view, the surest means of attaining perfection. 'I have passed,' he said, 'whole days without food, and entire nights without sleep, that I might give myself up to meditation, but it was no use: study is far preferable.' He soon added: 'The superior cares only about the right way, and does not think about eating and drinking. If you cultivate the earth, hunger often presents itself in your midst; if you study, felicity is your constant companion. The superior man is anxious only to keep in the right way; he does not trouble himself about poverty.' With what admiration he speaks of one of his disciples, who, in the midst of the greatest privations, devoted himself to the study of wisdom with unabated perseverance! 'Oh! how wise was Hoi! he had a dish of bamboo to eat from, and a common cup to drink from, and he lived in a humble hovel in a narrow and deserted street; any other man but himself would have sunk under his privations and sufferings. But nothing could affect the serenity of Hoi; oh! what a wise man was Hoi!' But if he could thus honour poverty, he was no less energetic in denouncing a material, idle, and useless life. 'Those,' he said, 'who do nothing but eat and drink during the whole day, without employing their intellects in some worthy occupation, excite my pity. Is there not the trade of bargemen? Let them practise it; then they will be sages in comparison with what they are now.'

It is a well-known fact that many of the ancient Greek philosophers had two doctrines—one public and the other secret; one for the vulgar, the other for the initiated. Such was not the case with Confucius; he plainly declared that he had no esoterical doctrine. 'Do you fancy, my disciples, that I have any doctrines that I conceal from you? I have none: I have

done nothing that I have not communicated to you, oh my disciples !' He appears, indeed, according to Mr Thornton, to have been particularly anxious not to appear anything higher than he really was. 'Amongst the anecdotes related respecting Confucius at this period, there is one which evinces his desire to disclaim supernatural knowledge. In one of their walks he advised his disciples to provide themselves with umbrellas, since, although the sky was perfectly fair, there would soon be rain. The event, contrary to their expectation, corresponded with his prediction, and one of them inquired what spirit had revealed to him this secret. "There is no spirit in the matter," said Confucius ingenuously; "a verse in the *She-king* says, that 'when the moon rises in the constellation *pe*, great rain may be expected.' Last night I saw the moon in that constellation. This is the whole secret."

That our readers may not be unacquainted with the form, such as it is, of this Chinese book, through our desire to cull choice sentences that fell from the lips of Confucius, we will give the substance of one or two of the chapters which seem best to explain his character and manner of thinking, putting headings of our own to each paragraph for convenience of reference.

1. *Pleasures of Study*.—'The philosopher said: He who devotes himself to the study of the true and the good, with perseverance and without relaxation, derives therefrom great satisfaction.'

2. *External Appearances*.—'Khoong-tseu said: Ornate and flowery expressions, an exterior that is carefully got up and full of affectation, are rarely allied with sincere virtue.'

3. *Thorough Knowledge*.—'The philosopher said: Make yourself completely master of what you have learned, and be always learning something new; you may then become an instructor of men.'

4. *A superior Man*.—'Tseu-Koong asked who was a superior man; the philosopher said: He is a man who first puts his words into practice, and then speaks conformably to his actions. The superior man is one who entertains an equal feeling of benevolence towards all men, and has no egotism or partiality. The vulgar man is he who has none but sentiments of egotism, without any benevolent disposition towards all men in general.'

5. *Rules of Conduct*.—'Tseu-chang studied with the view of obtaining the functions of a governor. The philosopher said to him: Listen much, so as to diminish your doubts; be attentive to what you say, that you may say nothing superfluous—then you will rarely commit faults. Look much, that you may diminish the dangers into which you might run through not being informed of what is passing. Watch attentively over your actions, and you will rarely have cause to repent. If in your words you seldom commit faults, and if your actions seldom give you cause to repent, you possess already the charge to which you aspire.'

6. *Sincerity and Fidelity*.—'The philosopher said: A man devoid of sincerity and fidelity is an incomprehensible being in my eyes: he is a great chariot without an axle, a little chariot without a pole; how can he guide himself along the road of life?'

7. *Country Life*.—'The philosopher said: Humanity, or sentiments of benevolence towards others, is admirably practised in the country; he who, in selecting a residence, refuses to dwell in the country, cannot be considered wise.'

8. *Honesty*.—The philosopher said: Riches and honour are the objects of human desire; if they cannot be obtained by honest and right means, they must be renounced. Poverty, and a humble or vile condition, are the objects of human hatred and contempt; if you cannot escape therefrom by honest and right means, you must remain in them.'

9. *Preparation for Death*.—'The philosopher said: If in the morning you have heard the voice of celestial reason, in the evening you will be fit to die.'

10. *Consequences of Avarice*.—'The philosopher said: Apply yourself solely to gains and profits, and your actions will make you many enemies.'

11. *Actions and Words*.—'The philosopher said: At the commencement of my relations with men, I listened to their words, and I thought that their actions would be in conformity to them. Now, in my relations with men, I listen to their words, but I look to their actions.'

12. *Love for the Past*.—'The philosopher said: I illustrate and comment upon the old books, but I do not compose new ones. I have faith in the ancients—I love them; I have the highest respect for our Lao-pang' (a sage of the Chang dynasty.)

13. *Ideal of a Great Man*.—'The philosopher said: To meditate in silence, and to recall to one's memory the objects of one's meditations; to devote one's self to study and not to be discouraged; to instruct men and not to suffer one's self to be cast down—how shall I attain to the possession of these virtues?'

14. *Lamentations over the Age*.—'The philosopher said: Virtue is not cultivated—study is not manfully pursued: if the principles of justice and equity are professed, they are not followed; the wicked and the perverse will not amend—that is the cause of my sorrow.'

15. *Self-Education necessary*.—'The philosopher said: If a man makes no efforts to develop his own mind, I shall not develop it for him. If a man does not choose to make use of his faculty of speech (so as to make himself intelligible), I shall not penetrate the sense of his expressions. If, after having enabled him to know one angle of a square, he does not discover the measure of the other three, I do not repeat the demonstration.'

16. *Mere Courage no Virtue*.—'Tseu-lou said: If you were leading three bodies of troops of 12,500 men each, which of us would you take for a lieutenant? The philosopher answered: The man who with his own hands would engage us in a combat with a tiger; who without any motive would wish us to ford a river; who would throw away his life without reason or remorse—I certainly would not take for my lieutenant. I should want a man who would maintain a steady vigilance in the direction of affairs; who was capable of forming plans and of executing them.'

17. *Riches better than Respectability*.—'The philosopher said: To get riches in a fair way, I would certainly engage in a low occupation, if it were necessary; but if the means were not honest, I would prefer to apply myself to that which I love.'

18. *Love of Music*.—'The philosopher being in the kingdom of Tsi, heard the music which is called Tchao, and was so much affected by it that for three months he did not know the taste of his food. He said: I do not fancy that, since the composition of that music, so high a point of perfection has ever been attained.'

19. *Independence of the Wise Man.*—‘The philosopher said: To feed upon a little rice, to drink water, to have nothing but one’s bent arm to lean upon, is a state which has its own satisfaction. To get riches and honours by unfair means seems to me like a cloud driven along by the wind.’

20. *Study of Books.*—‘The philosopher said: If it were granted to me to add a number of years to my life, I would ask fifty to study the Y-King, that I might free myself from great faults.’

21. *Confucius’s Account of Himself.*—‘Ye-Kong questioned Tseu-loo about Koong-foo-tse. Tseu-loo did not answer him. The philosopher said: Why have you not answered him? Koong is a man who in his eagerness to acquire knowledge often forgets to take nourishment; who in the joy which he feels at having acquired it, forgets the pains which it has cost him; and who is not disquieted at the approach of old age. Now you know about him.’

22. *All Men are Teachers.*—‘The philosopher said: If three of us were journeying together, I should necessarily find two instructors (in my travelling companions); I would choose the good man for imitation, and the bad man for correction.’

23. *Virtue is Strength.*—‘The philosopher said: Heaven has planted virtue in me; what, then, can Hoan-loui do to me?’

24. *Hypocrisy Difficult.*—‘The philosopher said: To want everything, and to act as if one had abundance of possessions; to be empty, and shew one’s self full; to be small, and shew one’s self great—is a part very difficult to support steadily.’

25. *Action must follow Reflection.*—‘The philosopher said: How is it that there are men who act without knowing what they do? I should not wish to behave myself so. We must hear the advice of many people; choose what is good in their counsels, and follow it; see much, and reflect maturely upon what we have seen: this is the second step in knowledge.’

26. *Exclusiveness reproved.*—‘The inhabitants of a city were hard to teach; one of their young men came to visit the disciples of the philosopher, and they deliberated whether or not they should receive him amongst them. The philosopher said: I have admitted him into the number of my disciples; I have not admitted him to go away. Whence comes this opposition on your part? This man has purified and renewed himself in order to enter my school. Praise him for having done this; I cannot answer for his past or future actions.’

27. *Humility of Confucius.*—‘The philosopher said: In literature I am not the equal of other men. If I think of a man who unites holiness to the virtue of humanity, how could I dare to compare myself to him? All I know is, that I force myself to practise these virtues, and to teach them to others, without being disheartened.’

28. *Devotion of Confucius.*—‘The philosopher being very ill, Tseu-loo begged him to allow his disciples to address prayers for him to the spirits and genii. The philosopher said: Is it right to do so? Tseu-loo answered respectfully: It is right; it is said in the book called Loui, “Address your prayers to the spirits and genii above and below.” The philosopher answered: The prayer of Koong-foo-tse is constant.’

29. *Disobedience.*—‘The philosopher said: If a man is prodigal and

addicted to luxury, he is not submissive. If he is too parsimonious, he is vile and abject. Baseness is, however, far better than disobedience.'

30. *Sovereign Virtue*.—'The philosopher said: Tai-pe might be called sovereignly virtuous! I know not how anything could be added to his virtue: thrice he refused the empire, and the people saw nothing admirable in his conduct.'

31. *How Virtues become Mischievous*.—'The philosopher said: If deference and respect towards others are not regulated by the rites or by education, they are mere gratifications of our own fancy. If vigilance and carefulness are not regulated by education, they are only other names for extravagant cowardice. If manly courage is not regulated by education, it means only insubordination. If rectitude is not regulated by education, it entails the greatest confusion.'

32. *Limits of Power*.—'The philosopher said: We may force the people to follow the principles of justice and reason, but we cannot force them to comprehend them.'

33. *How to be Virtuous*.—'The philosopher said: He who has an unalterable faith in truth, and who is passionately fond of study, preserves to his death the principles of virtue, which are the consequences of this faith and love.'

34. *Causes of Shame*.—'The philosopher said: If a state is governed by the principles of reason, poverty and misery are a cause of shame. If a state is not governed by the principles of reason, riches and honours are then the subjects of shame.'

35. *Qualities of a Great Man*.—'The philosopher said: I see no defect in Yu; he was sober in eating and drinking, and devoutly pious towards the spirits and genii. His ordinary clothing was poor and mean; but how beautiful and glorious his robes were at the ceremonies! He inhabited a humble dwelling; but he directed all his energies to the making of trenches and cutting canals for the conveyance of water.'

36. *Good Ministers*.—'The philosopher said: Those whom I call great ministers are men who serve their prince according to the principles of reason and justice, and not according to the wishes of the prince: if they cannot do so, they retire.'

37. *Anti-Capital Punishments*.—'Ki-kang-tseu questioned Koong-foo-tse with regard to the method of governing, and said: If I put to death those who respect no law to favour those who observe the laws, what will be the result? Koong replied with deference: What need have you, who are at the head of public affairs, to employ punishments? Love virtue, and the people will be virtuous. The virtues of a superior man are like the wind, and those of a vulgar man, like the grass; when the wind passes over the grass, the latter bends before it.'

38. *How to Govern*.—'Tseu-loo put a question regarding the method of governing rightly. The philosopher said: Be the first to give the people an example of virtue in your own person; be the first to give the people an example of industry in your own person.'

39. *Use of Speech*.—'The philosopher said: If the state is governed by the principles of reason and justice, speak boldly and worthily, act nobly and honourably. If the state is not governed by justice and reason, still act nobly and honourably, but speak moderately and with precaution.'

40. *Difficulties of Poverty*.—‘The philosopher said: It is difficult to be poor, and to feel no resentments; it is easy in comparison to be rich, and not to be proud.’

41. *Modesty*.—‘The philosopher said: The superior man blushes with fear lest his words should exceed his actions.’

42. *Good People are Scarce*.—‘The philosopher said: Yeou, those who are acquainted with virtue are very rare!’

43. *Love of Beauty*.—‘The philosopher said: Alas! hitherto I have seen no one who preferred virtue to personal beauty.’

44. *The Way to Please*.—‘The philosopher said: Be severe in your judgment of yourselves, and indulgent towards others; thus you will avoid ill-will.’

45. *Education should be General*.—‘The philosopher said: Provide instruction for all, without distinction of class or rank.’

46. *Friends*.—‘Koong-foo-tse said: There are three sorts of friends who are useful, and three sorts who are hurtful. Straightforward and truth-telling friends, faithful and virtuous friends, educated and intelligent friends, are useful; friends who outwardly affect a gravity which they do not possess, friends who are lavish of praises and hollow flatteries, friends who are loquacious without being intelligent, are hurtful.’

47. *Sources of Pleasure*.—‘Koong-foo-tse said: There are three sorts of joys or satisfactions which are useful, and three sorts which are hurtful. The satisfaction of becoming thoroughly acquainted with the rites and with music, the satisfaction of instructing men in the principles of virtue, the satisfaction of possessing the friendship of a large number of wise men—these are useful. The satisfaction derived from vanity or pride, the satisfaction imparted by laziness and sloth, the satisfaction caused by good cheer and pleasures—these are injurious.’

48. *Useless Lives*.—‘Tseu-chang said: Those who embrace virtue without giving it any development; who have acquired a knowledge of the principles of justice and reason without putting them into practice; what difference would it have made to the world if these men had never existed?’

49. *Self-Examination*.—‘Thseng-tseu said: I examine myself daily on three principal points: Have I attended to the business of others with as much zeal and integrity as to my own? Have I been sincere in my relations with my friends and fellow-disciples? Have I carefully preserved and practised the doctrines imparted to me by my instructors?’

50. *A Retrospect*.—‘The philosopher said: At the age of fifteen, my mind was continually occupied with study; at thirty, my principles were solid and unchangeable; at forty, I felt no more doubts or hesitation; at fifty, I was acquainted with the law of Heaven (that is, the constitutional law conferred by Heaven on each being of nature for the regular accomplishment of its destiny); at sixty, I easily discerned the causes of events; at seventy, I satisfied the desires of my heart, without, however, exceeding moderation.’

We conclude these maxims with some observations by Professor Maurice upon a very remarkable one, but which Mr Thornton refers to the *Chung-yung*:—‘There is a passage,’ says the professor, ‘in which one of the disciples of Confucius declares that the doctrine of his master consists

simply in having rectitude of heart, and in loving our neighbour as our selves. M. Pauthier apologises for giving this form to his translation, but says he could find no other so accurate. Till some greater scholar contradicts him, we are bound to accept his statement. If he supposes that those who believe that these words proceeded from higher lips will be scandalised by it, we think he mistakes the matter altogether. Those who attach the most awful significance to the utterances of these lips, and to the person from whom they fell, will be the least disposed to look upon him as the propounder of great maxims, and not rather as the giver of a new life; will be the least likely to grudge a Chinese teacher any glimpses which may have been vouchsafed to him of that which the true regenerator of humanity should effect for it.' In Mr Thornton's work the passage is given in the original Chinese; then a Latin translation, which retains a very close resemblance; and then the meaning in English in the following words:—'He who is conscientious, and who feels towards others the same sentiments he has for himself, is not far from the *taou*: what he does not wish should be done to him, let him not himself do to others.'

IV. We should do great injustice to China if we said nothing of the fourth of the classical books, which bears another name than that of the great teacher and reformer; of a man, however, who was a teacher and reformer, who considered Confucius the great legislator of the world, and laboured in a society which had become again degenerated to restore his precepts and his practice. Mang-tze, or Mencius, was born between the years B.C. 374 and 372. His birth was, as usual, said to have been attended with prodigies; but the less fabulous part of the legend attributes his virtues and learning to the excellent precepts and example which he received from his mother. Such was her care of the boy, that she thrice changed her residence on account of some fault in the neighbourhood. Satisfied at length on this point, she sent her son to school, while she, a poor widow, remained at home to spin and weave for a subsistence. Not pleased with his progress, she learned, on inquiry, that he was wayward and idle; upon which she rent the web which she was weaving asunder, partly from vexation, and partly as a figurative expression of what she wished him to remember; for when the affrighted boy asked the reason of her conduct, she made him understand that, without diligence and effort, his attending school would be as useless to his progress in learning as her beginning a web, and destroying it when half done, would be to the procuring of food and clothing. He took the hint, applied himself to study with unwearied perseverance, and eventually became a sage, second only to Confucius himself. One anecdote of the mother of Mencius deserves notice. The boy, on seeing some animals killed, asked her what was going to be done with them. She in jest said: 'They are killed to feed you;' but on recollecting herself, she repented of this, because it might teach him to lie: so she bought some of the meat, and gave it to him, that the fact might agree with what she had uttered. The Chinese hold her up as the pattern of mothers.

The life of Mencius was spent in travelling about with his disciples, teaching all ranks and conditions of men, speaking as freely in the palace of the king as in the hut of the peasant. 'There was a greater boldness and

decision in the character of Mang-tze than in that of Confucius, qualities which are visible in his writings. In a parallel between these two personages, drawn by Chang-tze, it is said: "Confucius, through prudence or modesty, often dissimulated: he did not always say what he might have said. Mang-tze, on the contrary, was incapable of constraining himself: he spoke what he thought, and without the least fear or reserve. He resembles ice of the purest water, through which we can see distinctly all its defects as well as its beauties: Confucius, on the other hand, is like a precious gem, which, though not so pellucid as ice, has more strength and solidity." He died at the age of eighty-four, and his memory remained without any particular marks of honour, until an emperor of the Sung dynasty, about A.D. 1005, reared a temple to him in Shan-tung province, where his remains had been interred. He then obtained a niche in the temple of Confucius, to whom, however, in the opinion of the Chinese, he was far inferior. Inferior he probably was—inferior in quietness and self-control, and in perfect adaptation to the habits of the people with whom he conversed. We can quite imagine that he never would have been a great legislator, or have left any deep impression upon the mind of his country, if Confucius had not led the way. But in place of the solemnity and general dryness of his master, there appears to have been in Mencius real humour, a very earnest dislike of oppression, a courage in telling disagreeable truths to the highest personages, and a power of perceiving the practical application of sound maxims to the details of government, which cannot be contemplated without admiration and profit.

The contents of the book of Mencius exceed the aggregate of the other three, and the main object of the work is to inculcate that great principle of Confucius—philanthropic government. To our taste it is by far the best of the whole; and while it must be confessed to contain a great deal that is obscure and perhaps worthless, there are passages in it which would not disgrace the productions of more modern and enlightened times. It opens with a conversation between Mencius and the prince of the town of Seang. The latter had invited the worthies and philosophers of the day to his court, and Mencius went among the rest. On his entering, the king accosted him, saying: 'Venerable sage, I suppose you come to increase the gains of my country?' To which he replied: 'King, what need is there to speak of gain? Benevolence and justice are all in all.' And he illustrated this by shewing that if a spirit of selfish avarice went abroad among all ranks, from the prince downwards, mutual strife and anarchy must be the result: upon which the king, as if convinced, repeated his words, saying: 'Benevolence and justice are all in all.'

We commend the following conversation to the notice of disputants respecting the game-laws:—'Siouan-wang, king of Tze, interrogated Mang-tze in these terms: I have been told that the park of the king Wen-wang was seven leagues in circumference; was that the case?—Mang-tze answered respectfully: History tells us so. The king said: If so, was not its extent excessive?—Mang-tze said: The people considered it too small. The king continued: My insignificance has a park only four leagues in circumference, and the people consider it too large; whence this difference?—Mang-tze answered: The park of Wen-wang was seven leagues in circuit, but thither resorted all those who wanted to cut grass or wood: thither went

all who wanted to catch pheasants or hares. As the king had his park in common with the people, the people thought it small, though it was seven leagues round; was not that natural? I, your servant, when I was about to cross the frontier, took care to inform myself of what was especially forbidden in your kingdom before I dared to venture further. Your servant learned that there was within your line of customs a park four leagues round, and that the man who killed a stag there was punished with death, as if he had murdered a human being. So that there is an actual pit of death, of four leagues in circumference, opened in the very midst of your kingdom. Are not the people right in thinking that park too large?’

From a very long conversation with the same prince, all of which well deserves to be extracted, we take a passage which is not so illustrative of the talent of Mencius as many others, but it will at least prove that his philosophy is not obsolete, as it explains how the crimes of the poor are connected with their poverty. ‘To want things necessary for life, and yet to preserve an equal and virtuous mind, is only possible for men whose cultivated intellect raises them above the multitude. As for the common people, when they want the necessaries of life, they want also an equal and virtuous mind. Then follow violation of justice, depravity of heart, licentiousness of vice, excess of debauchery; indeed there is nothing which they are not capable of doing. If they go so far as to violate the law, you prosecute them, and they suffer punishments; so you catch the people in a net. If a man truly endowed with the virtue of humanity occupied the throne, could he commit this criminal action of thus catching the people in a snare?’

He then draws the following picture of the condition of China at that time:—‘At present, the constitution of the private property of the people is such, that the children have not wherewithal to minister to their fathers and mothers, and the fathers have not wherewithal to supply their wives and children. In years of abundance, the people suffer to the end of life pain and misery; in years of calamity, they are not preserved from famine and death. In such extremities the people think only of escaping from death. What time can they have to study moral doctrines, that they may learn therefrom how to conduct themselves according to the principles of equity and justice?’ He concludes by suggesting various remedies—such as improved cultivation of the land, plantation of trees, rearing of animals, the manufacture of silk, and above all, education.

One of his great maxims is, that the monarch should always share his pleasures with his people. ‘If a prince rejoices in the joy of his people, the people also rejoice in his joy. If a prince sorrows at the sorrows of his people, the people also grieve at his grief. Let a prince rejoice with everybody and sorrow with everybody; in so doing, it is impossible for him to find any difficulty in reigning.’

Mencius one day quoted the following passage from the Book of Verses:—We may be rich and powerful, but we should have compassion on unhappy widowers, widows, and orphans. ‘King Siouan-wang said: How admirable are the words which I have just heard.—Mang-tze replied: O king! if you find them so admirable, why do you not practise them? The king answered: My insignificance has a defect; my insignificance loves riches.—Meng-tseu answered respectfully: Formerly Kong-Sieou loved

riches, but he shared them with his people. O king! if you love riches, use them as he did; what difficulty will you then find in reigning? The king said: My insignificance has another defect—my insignificance loves pleasure. Meng-tseu answered respectfully: Formerly Tai-wang loved pleasure—he cherished his wife; so he contrived that in his whole kingdom there should be no celibates. O king! if you love pleasure, love it as Tai-wang did: render it common to the whole population.'

The following is still more pointed; it is a conversation with the same patient prince:—'Suppose a servant of the king has sufficient confidence in a friend to intrust to his care his wife and children, just as he is about to set out for a journey; if on his return he finds that his wife and children have suffered cold and hunger, what must he do?—The king said: He must break with his friend entirely. Mang-tze added: If the chief judge cannot govern the magistrates who are subordinate to him, what course must be pursued respecting him?—The king said: He must be deposed. Mang-tze went on: If the provinces situated at the extreme limits of the kingdom are not well governed, what must be done?—The king, feigning not to understand him, looked to the right and left, and turned the conversation.'

Speaking of the ambition of the wise man, Mencius said: 'The great man has three satisfactions: to have his father and mother still living without any cause of dissatisfaction or dissension between the elder and the younger brother is the first; to have nothing to blush for in the face of Heaven or of man is the second; to meet wise and virtuous men among those of his generation is the third. These are the three causes of satisfaction to a wise man. To rule an empire is not included among them.'

Mencius considered a hearty love of good a compensation for the want of intellectual gifts in a minister. 'When the Prince of Loo desired that Lo-ching-tze, a disciple of Mang-tze, should undertake the whole administration of his kingdom, Mang-tze said: Since I have heard that news, I cannot sleep for joy. Kung-sun-cheou said: What! has he a great deal of energy?—Mang-tze answered: Not at all. Has he prudence, and a mind capable of forming great designs?—Not at all. Has he studied much, and does he possess very extensive knowledge?—No. If this is the case, why do you lie awake for joy at his promotion?—Because he is a man who loves what is good. Is that enough?—Yes, to love what is good is more than enough to govern the whole empire, much more to govern the kingdom of Loo! If a man who is intrusted with the administration of a state loves that which is good, then the good men who dwell within the four seas (that is, in China) will think it a slight task to travel a hundred leagues to come and give him good advice. But if he does not love that which is good, these men will say to themselves: "He is a self-satisfied man who answers, 'I knew that a long while ago,' whenever you give him any counsel." Such a tone and air will drive good counsellors a hundred leagues away from him. If they go, then calumniators, flatterers, people whose countenances assent to all he says, will arrive in crowds. In such company, if he wishes to govern well, how can he?'

The following is in a yet higher strain:—'Chun came to the empire from the midst of the fields; Fou-youé, originally a mason, was raised to

the rank of a minister of state; Kiao-he was taken from his fishmonger's stall to become a councillor of King Wen-wang; Kouan-i-ou became a minister from a jailor; Sun-cho-ngao rose from obscurity to a high dignity in the empire; and Pe-li-hi left a workshop to become a councillor of state. Thus when Heaven wishes to confer a great office or an important mission upon its chosen men, it begins always by proving their souls and intellects in the bitterness of days of hardship; their nerves and their bones are worn out by hard toil; their flesh is tormented with hunger; their persons are reduced to all the privations of misery and want; their actions produce results contrary to those which they wish to obtain. Thus their souls are stimulated, their natures hardened, their strength augmented by an energy without which they would have been unable to accomplish their high destiny. Men always begin by committing faults before they are able to correct themselves. They first experience anguish of heart, they are hindered in their projects, till at last they come forth. It is universally true that life comes through pains and trials, death through pleasures and repose.'

'The hearts of the people' are stated to be the only legitimate foundations of empire or of permanent rule. 'He who subdues men by force,' says Mencius, 'is a tyrant; he who subdues them by philanthropy is a king. Those who subdue by force do not subdue the heart; but those who subdue men by virtue gain the hearts of the subdued, and their submission is sincere.' He at the same time explains very well the necessity for governments, as well as for the inequalities in the conditions of different orders of society. It may be questioned whether the argument could be better put than he has put it in the fifth chapter of his book, where the illustration he makes use of demonstrates at the same time the advantages resulting from the division of labour. Let it be remembered that this was all written more than two thousand years ago. In reply to the objection, that one portion of the community is obliged to produce food for the other, Mencius inquired: 'Does the farmer weave the cloth, or make the woollen cap which he wears?—By no means: he gives grain in exchange for them. Why does he not manufacture them for himself?—Because it would interfere with his farming operations, and probably ruin him. Does he make his own cooking-vessels and agricultural implements?—No; he gives grain in barter for them: it would never do for him to unite the labour of the artisan with that of the husbandman. So, then, the government of an empire is, in your opinion, the only occupation which can advantageously be united with the business of the farmer?—There are employments proper to men of superior station as well as to those in inferior conditions. Hence it has been observed, some labour with their minds, and some with their hands. Those who labour with their minds govern men; those who work with their hands are governed by men. Those who are governed supply men with food; those who govern are supplied with food. This is the universal law of the world.' The dictum of the Chinese philosopher corresponds exactly with Pope's line:

'And those who think still govern those who toil.'

V. After the Four Books come the five canonical works called 'King,'

of each of which Confucius was either the author or compiler. 1. The 'She-king,' or Book of 'Sacred Songs,' is a collection of about three hundred short poems, selected by Confucius himself. Every well-educated Chinese has the most celebrated of these pieces by heart, and constant allusion is made to them in the works of modern writers. They all have a character of the most primitive simplicity, and many of them would be utterly unintelligible but for the minute commentary by which they are accompanied. But although without value on the score of poetical merit, they are eminently interesting as having all been composed at least twenty-three centuries before our time. 2. The 'Shoo-king' is a history of the deliberations between the Emperors Yaou and Shun, and other personages who are called by Confucius the *ancient kings*, and for whose maxims and actions he had the highest veneration. Their notions of good government, as here explained, are founded on excellent principles, 'which, being observed, there is order; if abandoned, there is anarchy.' 'It is vain to expect,' they add, 'that good government can proceed from vicious minds;' and when the people rise against the tyranny of their ruler, they are justified by the maxim, that 'the people's hearts and Heaven's decree are the same;' which is nothing else, in fact, than *vox populi vox Dei*. 3. The 'Le-king,' or 'Book of Rites,' which is the next in order, may be considered as the foundation of the present state of Chinese manners, and one of the causes of their uniform unchangeableness. The ceremonial usages of the country are commonly estimated at three thousand, as prescribed in the ritual; and one of the six tribunals at Peking, called Ly-poo, is especially charged with the guardianship and interpretation of these important matters, which really form a portion of the religion of the Chinese. 4. The 'Chun-tsieu' is a history, by Confucius, of his own times, and of the times which immediately preceded them. It possesses very little intrinsic interest, and was apparently intended to afford warnings and examples to the rulers of the country, reproving their misgovernment, and inculcating the maxims of the ancient kings for their guidance. 5. The last of the canonical works is the 'Ye-king;' a mystical exposition of what some consider to be a very ancient theory of creation, and of the changes that are perpetually occurring in nature. This theory may be styled a sexual system of the universe; indeed this notion pervades every department of knowledge in China. Some of its developments are curious enough; for instance, even numbers have their genders—odd numbers being male, and even numbers female; but on this topic we cannot dwell.

We have now sketched, though briefly, the life of Confucius, and given a rapid summary of his writings. It remains for us to speak of his views on religion, morals, and politics, and the effect they have produced upon his countrymen.

On the first point, his religious feelings, we cannot do better than quote the remarks of Professor Maurice. Alluding to some remarks of Confucius respecting sacrifices, he says: 'There appeared to him a mystery in the sacrifice which he could not penetrate; he was far from wishing to deny it; he would not for the world abolish the expression of it; but what it meant he did not know, or probably seek to know. He valued the sacrifice not for its own sake, not for any benefit which he expected from it, but as part of an august and awful ceremonial. He worshipped the spirits and

the genii because it was the ancient law, the established custom; therein consisted their sacredness in his eyes; but he did not speak of them, he had nothing to tell respecting them. It must not be concluded from this statement that he pretended to a faith, for the sake of the vulgar, which he secretly disowned, or that he looked upon the worship as a mere invention to maintain the government. There are evidences of sincerity in his own conduct which negative the first supposition; his demand for sincerity in ministers and emperors disproves the second. The main principle of this eminent teacher seems to be this: ceremonies, formalities, etiquette—in one word, social customs—embody the principle of reason, the very secret of order among men. This principle of reason is the divinest thing he knows of: traditional habits and forms are the most accurate expressions of it. These are the great restraints upon mere self-will; adherence to them is the sign of the ruler who desires to be in sympathy with his people. The perception of what they signify is the great privilege and endowment of the wise man—that which he is to communicate, so far as he can at least without any intentional reserve, to his disciples; that which it is the great business of education to impress upon the minds both of rulers and subjects. But after all, this wisdom cannot be expressed very much better than in the forms themselves: it must be attained by observation, practice, habitual discipline; it must come out in conduct, in gestures, in looks as much as in words; it must be uttered, so far as it is capable of utterance, in short maxims and somewhat enigmatical poetry—which will interpret themselves slowly to the person who combines an honest purpose, diligence, and political experience.

'The philosopher, it is said, spoke rarely of destiny or of the *command of Heaven*. Perhaps the philosopher did not know precisely what he meant by heaven; but he did know that he meant something which was real and not imaginary. It is consistent with the character which we have attributed to the original Chinese worship, and with the character of his own mind, that he should have been profoundly impressed with the order of the heavenly bodies—with the evenness, calmness, steadfastness which the succession of day and night reveals to us. Such an order he desired and sought for in the transactions of human society. Such an order he believed that the imperial dignity was intended to represent and uphold. It was executing the mandate of Heaven when it actually presented the image of this order; disobeying the mandate of Heaven when it forgot this principle, and promoted or permitted derangement or confusion.' Mr Thornton is not exactly of this opinion as regards sacrifices, and in the following sentences we believe he gives the true sentiments of Confucius:—That Confucius believed, or professed to believe, in the existence of super-mundane beings, subordinate to the Deity, is most true; and so do all Christians. But the broad distinction between the Confucian and the Taou sects is, that the latter regard the *shin* and the *kwei* as superior, the former as subordinate agents. In sacrificing to them, he merely complied with a practice prescribed by the ancients, apparently considering this appendage to the worship of the Shang-te as harmless in itself, and that an attempt to disturb the established faith, or to impair the veneration paid to ancient maxims, might lead to injurious consequences. Thus we are told that, when his disciple, Tsze-kung, objected to certain sacrifices called *yung*, on the return of the

year, Confucius replied that the abolition of an ancient rite might bring religion into disrepute.'

The *Shang-te* is the Creator, with the attributes of omnipotence, justice, providence, wisdom, and goodness; and the *T'een* is the visible heavens, the emblem of the deity. These two are sometimes confounded, as in the following passage; but Confucius states very clearly that the object of all worship is ultimately the Almighty. "The *T'een*," said he, "is the universal principle and prolific source of all things. Our ancestors, who sprung from this source, are themselves the source of succeeding generations. The first duty of mankind is gratitude to Heaven; the second, gratitude to those from whom we sprung. It was to inculcate, at the same time, this double obligation, that Füh-he established the rites in honour of Heaven and of ancestors, requiring that, immediately after sacrificing to the *Shang-te*, homage should be rendered to our progenitors. But as neither the one nor the other was visible by the bodily organs, he sought emblems of them in the material heavens. The *Shang-te* is represented under the general emblem of the visible firmament, as well as under the particular symbols of the sun, the moon, and the earth, because by their means we enjoy the gifts of the *Shang-te*. The sun is the source of life and light; the moon illuminates the world by night. By observing the course of these luminaries, mankind are enabled to distinguish times and seasons. The ancients, with the view of connecting the act with its object, when they established the practice of sacrificing to the *Shang-te*, fixed the day of the winter solstice, because the sun, after having passed through the twelve palaces assigned apparently by the *Shang-te* as its annual residence, began its career anew, to distribute blessings throughout the earth. After evincing, in some measure, their obligations to the *Shang-te*, to whom, as the universal principle of existence, they owed life and all that sustains it, the hearts of the sacrificers turned with a natural impulse towards those by whom the life they enjoyed had been successively transmitted to them; and they founded a ceremonial of respect to their honour, as the complement of the solemn worship due to the *Shang-te*. The Chow princes have added another rite—a sacrifice to the *Shang-te* in the spring season, to render thanks to him for the fruits of the earth, and to implore him to preserve them." After describing various existing forms of sacrifice, he continued: "Thus, under whatever denomination our worship is paid, whatever be the apparent object, and of what kind soever be its external forms, it is invariably the *Shang-te* to whom it is addressed: the *Shang-te* is the direct and chief object of our veneration."

We pass from his religion to his moral philosophy. This has been invested by most writers on the subject with an imaginary purity manifestly borrowed from Christianity itself. But although many striking moral verities were enunciated and taught by the Chinese philosopher, his ethics are characterised by a generally utilitarian and selfish tone. In some respects Confucius would sustain a most advantageous comparison with any other moralist whose speculations have been independent of Christianity. As to most of the virtues essential to the constitution of domestic and social life, his standard is exceedingly high. But his system (equally with others which hold with it concurrent jurisdiction) entirely lacks the heroic element. It admits no motive that addresses the higher nature; it

ignores disinterestedness, generosity, and self-sacrifice. It recognises only those forms of goodness which have their reward visibly and at once, and derives none of its sanctions from aught within, above, or beyond the external condition and relations of the individual. The case has been far otherwise with extra-Christian systems in general. Whatever their defects or vices, they have seldom been merely material in their philosophy. They have appealed to the spiritual nature of man, and to the whole range of unobjective sentiments and affections. They have presented posthumous fame, the consciousness of right, or the favour of the immortals, as motives for deeds which could bring no immediate recompense, and might be attended with danger or sacrifice. They have often elevated mere enterprise or hardihood above the less obtrusive but essential virtues of common life. And Christianity, while it gives the place of honour to such virtues as may be exercised by all men, and under every posture of circumstances, yet cherishes, in all who are endowed beyond mediocrity, the disposition to make themselves felt, to leave their mark on society, to enlarge their sphere of effort, to sow for posterity, and trust to the distant gratitude of the reapers. Now moral enterprise and heroism, more or less free from base admixtures, create the movements and propagate the impulses that result in the progress of society. To be sure the earnest, disinterested spirits are few compared with the selfish and inert; but the mere willingness to confer unrecompensed benefits, of itself creates power, and enables individuals, 'unpropped by ancestry' or office, to mould masses and rule multitudes; so that every stage in the advancement of civilised man has been but a new verification of the Scriptural maxim: 'If any man will be great among you, let him be your servant.' Once let a man cast himself upon God, on conscience, or on posterity, for whatever of personal revenue is to accrue to him from invention, discovery, toil, or sacrifice, and he has planted his lever where he can move the world. Now we can find in no form or phasis of Chinese theology or ethics any element that can create or inspire these file-leaders in the 'march of mind.' We doubt whether there is a nation upon earth (we exclude not the most savage) where self-seeking is so universal. It is on this principle solely that Chinese society is organised; and the only reason why order and mutual subordination are so sacredly observed is, that the intensity of each individual selfishness keeps every other in check.

But in order to form a true conception of Confucius we must regard him as a politician. He began his career as a man of business—a Chinese official. The affairs of the empire were his study all his life through, and he trained his disciples to take part in them. To ascertain the ends of government, and the means of accomplishing those ends, was the one function of the sage, and to this all was subordinated. He was a strenuous advocate of general education; but all education was to be for the sake of government, as in his view the one was essential to the other. Our quotations from the 'Lun-yu' shew that he was enthusiastically fond of music; but he considered it important only as an instrument of education and government; and this is the only point in which he bears a resemblance to Plato. Morals he considered as the foundation of politics; the conduct of an individual father in his family as the prototype of a sovereign's sway over his people. The following noble principles seem to form the basis of

his political system :—1. That the sovereign should be considered as the father of his people ; 2. That all offices should be given to merit alone ; 3. That the military power should be entirely subject to the civil ; and 4. That the state should not interfere with the religious opinions of the individual. The application of these principles to practice would have produced an admirable system of civil polity in the hands of men of deep knowledge and practical experience, but this could not reasonably have been expected from the natives of a semi-barbarous state ; and the result has been, that the first two of the principles above stated resolved themselves into pure despotism, the third into absolute cowardice, and the last into a total absence of real religious feeling. Such at least is the present state of China.

It may be interesting to illustrate these remarks by the observations of a recent traveller in the country :—‘A short inspection,’ says Mr Williams, ‘will shew that the great leading principles by which the present Chinese government preserves its power over the people consist in a system of *strict surveillance* and mutual responsibility among all classes. These are aided in their efficiency by the geographical isolation of the country, by a difficult language, and a general system of political education and official examinations. They are enforced by such a minute gradation of rank and subordination of officers as to give the government more of a military character than at first appears ; and the whole system is such as to make it one of the most unmixed despotisms now existing. It is like a network extending over the whole face of society, each individual being isolated in his own mesh, and responsibly connected with all around him. The man who knows that it is almost impossible, except by entire seclusion, to escape from the company of secret or acknowledged emissaries of government, will be cautious of offending the laws of the country, knowing, as he must, that though he should himself escape, yet his family, his kindred, or his neighbours, will suffer for his offence ; that if unable to recompense the sufferers, it will probably be dangerous for him to return home ; or if he does, it will be most likely to find his property in the possession of neighbours or officers of the government, who feel conscious of security in plundering one whose offences have for ever placed him under the ban of the implacable law.

‘The effect of these two causes upon the mass of the people is to imbue them with a great *fear* of the government, both of its officers and its operations ; each man considers that safety is to be found alone in absolute withdrawal. This mutual surveillance and responsibility, though only partially extended throughout the people, necessarily undermines every principle of confidence, and infuses universal distrust ; and this object of *complete isolation*, though at the expense of justice, truth, honesty, and natural affection, is what the government strives to accomplish, and actually does to a wonderful degree. The idea of government in the minds of the people is like the sword of Damocles ; and so far has this undefined fear of some untoward result, when connected with it, counteracted the real vigour of the Chinese, that much of their indifference to improvement, contentment with what is already known and possessed, and submission to petty spoliation of individuals, may be referred to it.

‘Men are deterred, too, by distrust of each other, as much as by fear of

the police, from combining in an intelligent manner to resist governmental exactions because opposed to principles of equity, or joining with their rulers to uphold good order; no such men, and no such instances as John Hampden going to prison for refusing to contribute to a loan, or Ezekiel Williams and his companions throwing the tea overboard in Boston Harbour, ever occurred in China or any other Asiatic country. They dread illegal societies quite as much from the cruelties this same principle induces the leaders to exercise over recreant or suspected members, as from apprehension of arrest and punishment by the regular authorities. Thus with a state of society sometimes upon the verge of insurrection, this mass of people is kept in check by the threefold cord of responsibility, fear, and isolation, each of them strengthening the others, and all of them depending upon the character of the people for much of their efficiency. Since all the officers of government received their intellectual training, when plebeians, under these influences, it is easy to understand why the supreme powers are so averse to improvement and to foreign intercourse; from both which causes, in truth, the state has the greatest reason to dread lest the charm of its power be broken and its sceptre pass away.'

These are results painful to contemplate; but although we must admit that the value of every political and social system is to be tested by the effects it produces, yet in this case the fault is not to be laid to the charge of Confucius. He did but lay a foundation; it was for other men to complete the edifice. His part of the construction was nobly planned and executed; the failure was on the part of his successors. We feel no hesitation, therefore, in assigning to the Chinese philosopher the high niche in the temple of fame allotted him by Pope in his well-known lines—

'Superior and alone Confucius stood,
Who taught that noble science—to be good.'



FICHTE: A BIOGRAPHY.

IN the middle of the eighteenth century, at the village of Rammenau, near Pulsnitz, in Upper Lusatia, there lived and worked among his contemporaries a certain manufacturer of ribbons, named Christian Fichte. He, recently married, and reputably established in trade there, paying rates and taxes, and other like dues and imposts, cheerfully fronted the world, and took thankfully from fortune whatever benefits she sent him.

Among the most memorable of these was a first-born son, who struggled into existence on the 19th of May 1762. This is he who, being subsequently baptised according to orthodox prescription, was thereafter called by the name of Johann Gottlieb Fichte—a name since considerably well known, and not indifferently respected, by all persons who are anywise acquainted with German Transcendentalism.

As the boy grew up he shewed signs of extraordinary capacity, and waxed steadily in favour with all who were interested in his welfare. Long before he was old enough to be sent to school his father had taught him to read; taught him also a number of pious songs and proverbs, and initiated him somewhat into the higher mysteries of Bible-history and the Catechism. Often, by way of entertaining his curiosity, the father would relate to him the story of his personal wanderings in Saxony and Franconia, whither, in conformity with a well-known German usage, he had gone in former years for improvement in his calling. To these recitals young Gottlieb listened with exceeding interest, and was thereby awakened into some vague sympathy with the existing outward world. The wonder and manifold train of feelings thus excited fostered in the boy a fondness for solitary rambles, and often impelled him forth into the lonely and quiet fields, where for many hours he would hold a still communion with his thoughts. A quiet, pensive child, he was already receiving influences and forming habits which were afterwards to grow to great results.

Among the persons whose attention young Fichte very soon attracted was the clergyman of the village, who, perceiving his talents, often assisted him with instruction. Happening one day to ask him how much he thought he could remember of the last Sunday's sermon, the boy astonished the good pastor by giving a very correct account of the course of argument pursued in the discourse, and also of the several texts of Scripture quoted in illustration. This circumstance was subsequently mentioned incidentally to a nobleman residing in the village; and when, a short time afterwards,

a certain Baron von Miltitz, who was on a visit at the castle, chanced to express his regret at having arrived too late for sermon on the Sunday morning, he was half-jestingly apprised that it was of very little consequence, as there was a boy in the neighbourhood who was capable of repeating it from memory, and might easily be sent for, if desired, to reproduce it for the baron's edification. A messenger was presently despatched for little Gottlieb, who very soon appeared, dressed in a clean smock-frock, and bearing in his hand a most enormous nosegay, as a token of respect from his mother to the mistress of the castle. He answered all questions put to him with a quiet and natural simplicity; and on being requested to repeat as much as he could recollect of the morning's sermon, he proceeded to deliver a long and eloquent discourse, which, from its grave and impressive tendency, threatened rather to discompose the gaiety of the company. Desiring to escape this consummation, the count thought it necessary to interrupt him, signifying doubtless that, of an admirable memory and good natural powers of elocution, a sufficient proof had been exhibited. The young preacher, however, interested his auditory greatly, and more especially the baron, who, after making some inquiries of the clergyman, which were favourably answered, determined to undertake the charge of the boy's education. The consent of the parents having been with difficulty obtained, young Fichte was shortly consigned to the care of his new patron, and departed with him, as it seemed, for foreign parts.

His destination was the castle of Siebeneichen, a country seat of the baron, situated on the Elbe, near Meissen. Here the heart of the poor boy sank within him, as he daily contemplated the gloomy grandeur of the baronial hall, and the mountains and dark forests by which it was surrounded. His first sorrow, his earliest trial, had come to him in the shape of what a misjudging world might regard as a singular piece of good fortune; and so deep a dejection fell on him, as seriously endangered his health. His kind fosterfather, entering into the feelings of the child, prudently removed him from the lordly mansion to the residence of a country clergyman in the neighbourhood, who, though himself without family, was greatly attached to children. Under the care of this worthy pastor and his wife, Fichte passed some of the happiest years of his life, and ever afterwards looked back upon them with tenderness and gratitude. Here he received his first instruction in the ancient languages, in which, however, he was left pretty much to his own efforts, seldom receiving what might be called a regular lesson from his teacher. This plan, though it might invigorate and sharpen his faculties, left him imperfectly acquainted with grammatical principles, and retarded to some extent his subsequent progress. He, nevertheless, made rapid advances; and his preceptor soon perceived the insufficiency of his own attainments for furthering the studies of a pupil so promising, and therefore urged upon his patron the desirability of sending him to some public school. He was accordingly sent, first to the town school of Meissen, and afterwards to a higher seminary at Pforta, near Raumburg.

This latter establishment retained many traces of a monkish origin: the teachers and pupils lived in cells, and the boys were permitted to leave the interior only once a week, and then under inspection, to visit a particular play-ground in the neighbourhood. The stiffest formality pervaded the

whole economy of the place ; the living spirit of knowledge was unrecognised in its antiquated routine, and the generous desire of excellence excluded by the petty artifices of jealousy. The system of fagging existed in full force, and with it the usual consequences—tyranny on the one side, and cunning and dissimulation on the other. Fichte's native strength of character guarded him somewhat from the evil influences around him, yet he confessed that his life at Pforta was anything but favourable to his integrity. He found himself gradually reconciled to the constraint of ruling his conduct by the opinion of his companions, and compelled to practise occasionally the same artifices as others.

Fichte was scarcely thirteen years of age when he entered this seminary. Most painful was the transition to its gloomy monastic buildings from the joyous freedom of fields and woods, where he had been accustomed to wander at will ; but still more painful were the solitude and aridity of the moral desert into which he was introduced. His sadness and tears exposed him to the derision of his schoolfellows ; and he, shy and retiring, shrunk within himself, restrained his tears, or suffered them to flow only in secret. Here, however, he learned the useful lesson of self-reliance—so well, though so bitterly taught, by the absence of sympathy in those around us ; and from this time to the close of his life it was never forgotten. The wretchedness of his situation, meanwhile, led him to contemplate escape. He had met with a copy of ' Robinson Crusoe,' and his imagination was so fascinated by the wild solitary life therein depicted, that he conceived the project of seeking out some similar seclusion. On some far-off island of the ocean, beyond the reach of men and pedagogues, and of the sneering students that mocked at his distress, he would fix his solitary dwelling-place, and live golden days of happiness and freedom ! The manner in which he attempted to carry his notion into execution favourably illustrates the bent of his character. Nothing could have been easier for him than to have departed unperceived on one of the days when the scholars went out to the playground ; but he scorned to steal away in secret ; he wished to make it evident that his departure was occasioned by necessity, and was taken with deliberate determination. He therefore made a formal declaration to his superior, a lad who had made a cruel and oppressive use of the brief authority intrusted to him, that he would no longer endure the treatment he received, and that if not amended, he would leave the school on the first opportunity. This announcement, as may be supposed, was received with laughter and contempt, and Fichte thenceforth considered himself in honour free to fulfil his resolution.

Accordingly, one morning he departs, having previously studied his intended route upon the map. He is off on the highway to Raumburg : the world is all before him, and the desert island in the distance. But now, as he walks along, he remembers a saying of his dear old friend the pastor, that one should never begin an important undertaking without a prayer for Divine assistance. He turns, therefore, and kneeling down on a hillock by the side of the road, in the innocent sincerity of his heart he implores the blessing of Heaven on his wanderings. As he prayed it occurred to him that his disappearance must occasion great grief to his parents : ' never, perhaps, might he see them again !' This terrible thought overcame him ; the joy which he had felt in his emancipation was changed into

contrition; and he resolved to return, and meet all the punishments that might be in reserve for him, so that he should be able to 'look once more on the face of his mother.' On his way back he met those who had been sent in pursuit of him; for as soon as he had been missed, the conversation between him and his superior had been reported to the authorities. When taken before the rector, Fichte immediately admitted that it had been his intention to run away, but at the same time related the whole story of his persecutions, and of the motives which had influenced him in taking the step, with such straightforward simplicity and openness, that the rector became interested in his behalf, and not only remitted his punishment, but selected for him, from among the elder scholars, another senior, who treated him with the greatest kindness, and to whom he became warmly attached, the two being subsequently friends at the same university.

From this time Fichte's residence at Pforta was rendered gradually more tolerable to him. He entered zealously upon his studies, and by continued industry supplied the defects of his previous education. In 1780, at the age of eighteen, he entered the university of Jena. He attached himself to the theological faculty, his inclinations at this time being towards the calling of a clergyman. Subsequently he removed to Leipsic, and there attended a course of dogmatic lectures, though, as it afterwards appeared, with little satisfaction. In attempting to obtain a clear comprehension of the theological doctrine of the Divine attributes, the creation, freedom of the will, and other like questions, he encountered unexpected difficulties, which led him into a wider circle of inquiry, and finally resulted in his abandoning theology for philosophy. Some hints of the early direction of his philosophical studies may be gathered from his letters written at this period. The question which chiefly engaged his attention appears to have been the very common one of Liberty and Necessity; in regard to which he seems to have rejected the doctrine of free-will, considered as absolute indifferent self-determination, and to have adopted the view which, to distinguish it from Fatalism, has been named *Determinism*. According to this, every complete and consistent philosophy exhibits a deterministic side; the idea of an ultimate and all-directing Unity being the beginning and end of metaphysical investigation. Thus while Fatalism sees in this highest unity only an unconscious and mechanical necessity, Determinism recognises it as the highest disposing reason—the infinite originative influence to which the determination of each living being is not only to be referred, but in which it is fundamentally subsistent.

On communicating his opinions to a Saxon preacher who had considerable reputation for his philosophical attainments, Fichte was told that he had adopted Spinozism. Up to this time he was unacquainted with Spinoza's writings, and his first knowledge of them was subsequently derived through Wolff's refutation. His attention being turned in this direction, he applied himself to the study of Spinoza's Ethics, which made a powerful impression upon his mind, and confirmed him for a time in the opinions he had adopted. In afteryears, however, the deterministic theory left him dissatisfied; the indestructible feeling of independence and freedom of which he was inwardly conscious, and which was also powerfully confirmed by the energy of his own character, not being explainable on exclusively deterministic principles, he was constrained to abandon that

point of view, and accept the doctrine of free self-determination as the only true and intelligible basis of being. This is the ground-principle of his philosophic creed, which so far stands opposed to the doctrine of Spinoza, although a general harmony of details is observable in the two systems; both, nevertheless, shewing marks of individual character, and each being properly the 'scientific expression of the spiritual life of its originator.'

Whilst engaged in these lofty speculations, Fichte received intelligence of the death of his benefactor, and found himself thrown upon his own resources. These, unhappily, were of the most unpromising description. Nevertheless he adjusted himself to his fortunes, and for four years earned a precarious livelihood as an occasional tutor in various houses in Saxony. His studies were desultory, and subject to continual interruption; he had no means for procuring books, no opportunities of intercourse with persons of cultivated and matured mind: his life was daily little better than a sacrifice to the mere necessity of living. He had, however, a very sufficient fund of courage, an iron resolution, and a hopeful elasticity of disposition, that would not readily yield to disappointment. He learned to regard the privilege of existence apart from its contingencies, and manfully determined to live obediently to the high and imperative law of his conscience, and abide by the result. 'It is our business,' said he, 'to be true to ourselves; the consequence is altogether in the hands of Providence.' Diligent in business, fervent in spirit, he went on his way doing what came to hand; thankful for the day of small things, and trustful for the future.

His favourite plan of life at this period, and for some time afterwards, was to become a village clergyman in Saxony, and amid the leisure which such an occupation would afford him, to prosecute without disturbance his own intellectual culture. But this scheme could not be carried into practice, inasmuch as he had not completed his theological studies, and was without the means required for continuing them. With a view to supply his deficiencies in this respect, he, in 1787, addressed a letter to the president of the Consistory of Leipsic, requesting to be allowed a share of the support often granted to poor students at the Saxon universities, until the following Easter, at which time he promised to present himself before the Consistory for examination. 'Without this,' said he, 'my residence at Leipsic is of no avail to me, for I am compelled to give all my time to extraneous pursuits, in order to obtain a livelihood.' No notice, however, was taken of his request: that blissful Saxon parsonage, with its abundant leisure for cultivating literature, so pleasant to contemplate, remained, unhappily, or perhaps happily, incapable of being realised.

Put not your trust in princes, nor in any president of Consistory, for, as thou perceivest, dear Fichte, there is no help in them! That selfsame 'poverty' of thine, which thou sayest can be so 'clearly proved,' is, as matters go, no recommendation to preferment. For the present thou must continue to make that thin resource of private teaching serve thee, and crush into annihilation all thy prouder aspirations. Fichte contrives to make it serve him for a time; but alas! that also, like every feeble soil that is much wrought in, runs more and more into barrenness. The 'precarious subsistence' which he had for some time gained in this way

went on gradually diminishing, and ultimately failed altogether. 'In May 1788 every prospect had closed around him, and every honourable means of advancement seemed to be exhausted. The present was utterly barren, and there was no hope in the future.'

It is the eve of his birthday, in this same month of May. The pensive fancy figures him walking disconsolately about the environs of Leipsic, the balmy evening air blowing fresh upon his cheek; birds of various note warbling softly their May-night vespers, or nestling with placid murmurings in the fields. He walks, as we said, disconsolately; pondering with unavailing anxiety all the projects which it has entered into his mind to devise, and finds them all alike hopeless. The world has cast him out—his country has refused him bread; this approaching birthday, for aught he can tell, may prove to be his last. Doubtless people *have* died of starvation—why not he? Full of bitter thoughts, he returns, as it appears likely for the last time, to his solitary and uncheerful lodging.

Can this be really a *letter* lying on the table? Yes, Fichte, even so; or say rather, a hastily-written note—a note from friend Weisse, the tax-collector, requesting thee to step over to his house without delay. What can so peremptory a summons signify? It turns out that friend Weisse is authorised to make him the offer of a tutorship in a private family at Zurich. Here is fortune returning to shake hands with us after having resentfully bidden adieu: or call it, if you will, a friendly rope thrown to us by an unknown Providence, at the very moment when we were in the extremity of sinking. The sad, disconsolate face brightens up into a joyous smile; the bitterness of despondency is past; warm-hearted thanks ensue, and confidential explanations. The offer is straightway accepted—the worthy tax-collector undertaking to advance the needful for the journey.

How Fichte lived in the interval does not appear; but behold him now in August setting out for Switzerland. His scanty finances compel him to travel on foot; but his heart is as light as his purse, and fresh youthful hopes, mingling with the harvest sunbeams, shine brightly on his path. Disappointment and privation seem left behind him, morose companions of his foregone pilgrimage; for yonder in Liberty's own mountain fastnesses, which Tell has consecrated by the light of bravery and of genius for evermore, he is now to find a welcome and a home. So feels and muses our incipient philosopher, journeying on foot to that private tutorship at Zurich.

Thither he arrived on the 1st of September, and was immediately installed into his office. His duties occupying him the greater part of the day, his philosophical studies were necessarily laid aside, but he nevertheless found time for some minor literary pursuits. He preached occasionally in Zurich, and at several places in the neighbourhood, as it is said, with very distinguished acceptance and success. During his residence here he became acquainted with Lavater and several other literary men; through some of whom he was introduced to a local notability named Rahn, whose house is said to have been 'in a manner the centre of the society of Zurich.' This Rahn had married a sister of Klopstock, who, however, was at this time dead, having left behind her, among other representatives, a rather interesting eldest daughter.

Fichte has already tolerable skill in languages; but now, for his behoof

he is about to learn another. He gets to understand the alphabet of bright eyes, and is shortly qualified to construe the fine Delectus of a woman's love. His teacher in this case, as the reader is probably prepared to hear, was this same 'interesting eldest daughter' of collateral-poetical relationship—Johanna Maria Rahn. She seeing him, and hearing him speak oftentimes manfully at her father's table, cast kind glances on him, as one worthy of a maiden's blessing. Her generous pure-mindedness gave her assurance here of the presence of a man such as in moments of maidenly meditation she might perchance have fancied she could rather love than otherwise. He, truly, is but a poor tutor, and somewhat proud withal, with a dash of blunt honesty and impetuosity; very unlike the 'nice young men' of ordinary tea-parties, whom, it would seem, the good Johanna persisted in keeping at a distance; for we are authentically informed that she, in her time, had refused a moderate number of 'very excellent offers.' Fichte, however, belongs to quite another category. Accordingly, from glances it gets to smiles and signs of welcome recognition, and so onwards to a more perfect understanding. We suspect that Father Rahn did not at first perceive the turn things were taking in his household; nevertheless, we are prepared to justify Fichte and his fair beloved before any manner of tribunal, if needs be, for the decided fashion in which they set about loving each other (being thereto inwardly necessitated) without leave asked of any one. If our Othello had gone, cap in hand, to the old burgher, and respectfully explained his intentions in the beginning—Fichte being, as we know, a poor, unprovided tutor, and his Desdemona the daughter of a Zurich notability with expectations—it is highly probable that he would have been refused, and he must thereby have lost a very admirable wife; as, on the other hand, the lady herself would have also lost an extremely desirable husband; which, according to our notions, would have been a great misfortune for both parties. As it was, however, the affair went on agreeably, and ultimately prospered. There seems to have been a good deal of correspondence between them, even while Fichte remained in Zurich; which circumstance leads us to suppose that opportunities for private interview were far from being frequent. As love-letters, distinguished by genuine common sense, warmth of feeling, and the absence of absurdity, are held to be extremely rare, and might with certain persons be matters of curiosity, we regret that lack of space prevents us from inserting here some few select passages from these epistles of Fichte to Johanna. Let readers of sentiment be nevertheless assured that here, in old Zurich, went on and unfolded itself, in pleasing sequence and variety, an actual and beautiful romance; which romance also was destined to be chequered by a few unwelcome shades of anxiety and disappointment.

For now, at the end of two years, Fichte's engagement reaches its termination. There is consequently a painful, regretful parting, sorrowful professions of heart-anguish, earnest and solemn interchange of vows, an unspeakable immutable attachment on both sides passionately declared; and so they are separated for a time. For the rest, Fichte's tutorship, besides being distinguished by his zealous performance of its duties, had also been remarkable for a rigorous moral supervision extending to all parties concerned in it. The parents of his pupils, although neither per-

fectly comprehending his plans, nor approving of that part which they did comprehend, were nevertheless such admirers of his character, and stood in such respectful awe of him, that they were induced to submit their own conduct towards their children to his judgment. In furtherance of his object, Fichte kept a journal, which he laid before them every week, and in which he had noted the faults of conduct whereof he conceived them to have been guilty. Of course such a domestic censorship could not last long; and that it should have lasted so long as it did, has been justly considered sufficient evidence of the respect in which his character was held. In less than two years, however, it had become irksome, insupportable, and ended at length in mutual dissatisfaction. Rahn, to whom the attachment between Fichte and his daughter had been in due time communicated, endeavoured to obtain for him a superior situation through certain of his connections in Denmark, but appears to have been unsuccessful in the attempt: Fichte was therefore thrown once more upon the world, his outward prospects as uncertain as when he first entered Switzerland.

Towards the close of March 1790 he left Zurich on his return to his own country, bearing with him some letters of introduction to persons of influence at the courts of Weimar and Wirtemberg. As formerly, he performed the greater part of his journey on foot. He reached Stuttgard in the beginning of April; but not finding his recommendations to the Wirtemberg court of much advantage, he shook off the dust from his feet, and trudged on to Saxony. Visiting Weimar, he expected to see Herder, Goethe, and Schiller, but here again was disappointed; Herder was ill, Goethe in Italy, and Schiller too much engaged with his historical professorship at Jena to receive visitors. About the middle of May he is once more in Leipzig, his small stock of money exhausted by the expenses of his journey. Friend Weisse receives him kindly, but for the rest he meets with little welcome. The old practice of private teaching is resorted to—unhappily with small success. Meanwhile the natural cravings and unspeakable necessity for bread and cheese get rather pressing. What is there that an honest incipient philosopher can turn his brains to and live thereby?

Fichte has long had a secret turn for authorship, and has by him even now certain miscellaneous essays, which the kind Johanna, with characteristic simplicity, had desired him to publish while at Zurich, and thereby create a sensation. He, with profounder judgment, had answered that such a publication could not have the wonderful effect which she expected—that same capacity for producing a ‘sensation’ being neither in him nor his compositions. But now the need of provender growing paramount, he seriously applies himself to literature, that being, as all the world knows, a universal refuge for the destitute. He conceived the plan of a monthly literary journal, ‘the principal objects of which should be to expose the dangerous tendencies of the prevalent literature of the day; to shew the mutual influence of correct taste and pure morality, and to direct its readers to the best authors, both of past and present times.’ This projected undertaking was considered excellent by all to whom it was communicated, and even admitted to be a decided requirement of the times, but was nevertheless held to be liable to one grave objection—he would never find a publisher. The thing was too much opposed to the interests

of the booksellers to meet with any countenance from them. 'I have therefore,' said Fichte, 'out of sorrow, communicated my plan to no bookseller, and I must now write—not pernicious writings, that I will never do, but something that is neither good nor bad, in order to earn a little money. I am at present engaged upon a tragedy, a business which, of all possible occupations, least belongs to me, and of which I shall certainly make nothing; and upon novels, small romantic stories, a kind of reading which is good for nothing but to kill time; this, however, it seems, is what the booksellers will accept and pay for.'

Fancy Isaac Newton, with the confused elements of a 'Principia' circulating in his brain, constrained to write installation odes or opera criticisms for the 'Morning Post,' or fancy, if you will, some impetuous rhinoceros set to draw water from the well at Carisbrook Castle, in the place of the celebrated donkey so long accustomed to it; and you will have some notion of Fichte's tragical labour of writing tragedies and short romantic stories, adaptable for purposes of temporicide. It was sufficiently intolerable while it lasted, and utterly fruitless in results. Moreover, the difficulty of obtaining regular employment at it put him upon the necessity of trying other schemes; his life was one of continual shifts and expedients, whereby, with his utmost efforts, he could scarcely realise the scantiest subsistence. Once he writes: 'In regard to authorship, I have been able to do little or nothing, for I am so distracted and tossed about by constant schemes and undertakings, that I have had few quiet days.' Finally, by way of abandonment of the whole despicable business, he determines that if ever he becomes an author, it shall be on his own account. 'Authorship, as a trade,' says he, 'is unfit for me. It is incredible how much labour it costs me to accomplish something with which, after all, I am but half satisfied. The more I write, the more difficult does it become. I perceive that I want the living fire.'

With regard to his other schemes and occupations, we can gather no very clear account. At one time he gives 'a lesson in Greek to a young man between eleven and twelve o'clock,' and spends the remainder of the day 'in study and starvation.' A lady at Weimar had a plan for obtaining him 'a good situation;' but speaking of this, Fichte said: 'It must certainly have failed, for I have not heard from her for the last two months.' Of other prospects which he had reckoned on as 'almost certain,' he thinks it at length the best course to 'be silent.' Contemplating his affairs in the month of August, he says: 'Providence either has something else in store for me, and hence will give me nothing to do here, as indeed *has* been the case; or intends by these troubles to exercise and invigorate me still farther. I have lost almost everything except my courage.' Then we hear of a distant prospect of going to Vienna, to prosecute some new literary plans, and thus being nearer to Zurich, and even visiting it on his way. Subsequently he writes: 'This week seems to be a critical time with me; every one of my prospects, even the last, has vanished.' In respect to a project for engaging him in the ministry, he expresses himself in terms of strong disgust at the 'cringing' and 'dissembling' which would be required to get him forward, and declares at last, 'I will be no preacher in Saxony.'

Thus Fichte, like Gulliver among the Lilliputians, is painfully entangled

with a complexity of mean embarrassments, and can make no progress. A strong man, in most ignoble captivity, whose every struggle towards free volition brings down upon him sharp puny arrows, vexing and irritating him at every pore. His case is by no means an uncommon one, but his spirit and deportment under it are far beyond the average manifestations of that kind. In the midst of destitution, anxiety, and neglect, he approves himself a man, nowise debasing the faculty within him, sinking neither into sycophancy, pusillanimity, nor stormful indignation against fate. The brave Fichte! how like a colossal statue he stands uprightly, with his bosom bared to the weather, majestic and unflinching, with a proud insensibility to cold and rain, and, when the sun shines out again, looking refreshed and brighter for the showers. Misery and want press hard upon him, but engender no envy in his heart; he entertains no hatred, cherishes no resentment, complains of no neglect. He braves his misfortunes as he can, soliciting neither pity nor admiration, sustaining himself by the strength of his own integrity. A right healthful self-sufficient man; patient under evil, trustful in the good; in faithful endeavouring and endurance manfully holding on his way.

But now, in the winter of 1790, his private teaching operations appear to have become a trifle more successful; whereby his outward circumstances were in some degree improved, and his mind left at greater ease and liberty for engaging in intellectual pursuits. The critical philosophy of Kant was at this time the subject of much discussion in Germany, and to it Fichte's attention was now accidentally directed. The system of deterministic necessity before alluded to was never in much harmony with his personal character; and if we are at liberty to regard certain passages of his work on the 'Destination of Man' as the expression of his own earlier state of mind, it would appear that the theory which had satisfied his understanding had long stood in opposition to his feelings. His introduction to the writings of Kant produced a complete revolution in his opinions. Many of his former doubts vanished, and the purpose of man's life, his faculties and endowments, acquired a new and nobler significance in his belief. This event was probably more important, and exercised a greater influence upon him than any other that occurred in connection with his spiritual culture. The terms in which he speaks of it sufficiently testify the high estimation in which it was regarded by himself. Writing to Johanna, he says:—

'My scheming spirit has now found rest, and I thank Providence that shortly before all my hopes were frustrated, I was placed in a position which enabled me to bear the disappointment with cheerfulness. A circumstance, which seemed dependent on mere chance, led me to give myself up to the study of the Kantian philosophy—a philosophy that restrains the imagination (which in my case was always too powerful), gives reason the dominion, and raises the soul to an elevation above earthly concerns. I have accepted a new and nobler morality; and instead of occupying myself with outward things, I am employed more exclusively with my own being. This has given me a peace such as I have never before experienced; for amid uncertain worldly prospects I have spent my happiest days. I propose to devote some years of my life to this philosophy; and all that I write, at least for some time to come, shall have reference to it. It is

difficult beyond conception, and stands greatly in need of simplification. . . . The principles indeed are hard speculations, having no direct bearing on human life, but their consequences are extremely important to an age whose morality is corrupted at the very fountain; and to set these consequences before the world in a clear light would, I believe, be doing it good service. . . . I am now thoroughly convinced that the human will is free, and that to be happy is not the purpose of our being, but rather to deserve happiness.'

Under the influence of this new inspiration, Fichte addressed himself once more to literary composition. He commenced an explanatory abridgment of Kant's 'Critical Inquiry into the Faculty of Judgment,' designed to further and facilitate the study of the new philosophy, and obviating somewhat the repulsive terminology in which it was involved. This undertaking, however, he did not complete, and the portion which he wrote was never published, owing chiefly to the pre-appearance of other similar publications, which, as he anticipated, had been rapidly vamped up to profit by the excitement which the new doctrines had occasioned. In regard to German literature in general, he believed that its golden age was at hand, discerning intimations of a promise in Goethe, Schiller, and others, which has now in good part been fulfilled. In the wondrous revolutions of the new school, the critical philosophy operated with considerable effect; and in this department, first by way of exposition, and subsequently in further development and new investigation, Fichte was destined to be distinguished.

As yet, however, he is biding his time, and has a variety of fortunes to undergo in the interim. Early in the year 1791, without any perceptible improvement in his circumstances, preparations are in progress for his marriage. The generous Johanna, bethinking her that she was 'a person with expectations,' and duly or unduly considering the applicability of these to the ordinary requirements of domestic economy, and discerning, as she believed, no difficulty which faith and a good purpose might not overcome, resolved within herself that, Fichte being willing, they two should, without further dalliance or delay, try the unspeakable possibilities of wedlock, and commit the consequences to the gracious concern and kindly interpretation of the Higher Powers. By this arrangement Fichte would be enabled to pursue his own literary projects peacefully, free from the immediate necessity of wasting his time and energies in the distressing struggle for a scanty subsistence from day to day, and with the ultimate prospect of acquiring some settled provision through his unimpeded activity in the provinces of philosophy and letters. Whatever scruples he might entertain respecting the propriety of marrying without having first secured an independence for himself, appear to have been overruled. Father Rahn had consented to the alliance; Fichte was of course eagerly inclined to it; and thus, all obstacles being seemingly removed, he awaited the event with pleasurable anticipation.

And so at length, as he believes, all his brightest dreams are to be fulfilled; his cup is brimming with delight; the draught of unutterable joy is sparkling at his lips. Alas for the stability of human expectations! Here is the hand that is to dash his anticipated pleasures to the ground. The day of his departure was already fixed, when the bankruptcy of a mercantile

house, to which Rahn had intrusted his property, threw his affairs into disorder, threatening even to reduce him to indigence. There was an end to all plans founded in reference to his prosperity. The shock brought upon the old man a lingering illness, whereby his life was for some time endangered; but by the unremitting attention and tenderness of his daughter, he was finally restored to his accustomed state of health. She, with that noble devotion which bears suffering without a murmur, and merges every element of self in the generous offices of affection, ministered to the good old father's helplessness, cheering and consoling him under the visitations of calamity, and crushing meanwhile the withered blossoms of her own hopes into the silent places of her memory.

As for Fichte, he must out again upon the bleak wilderness of life, and adjust himself to such weather as shall befall. The world, with its difficulties and obstructions, is again before him; but his is the indomitable spirit which shall rise superior to them all. For the present, he obtained a private tutorship in the house of a Polish nobleman at Warsaw; and having announced the circumstance to Johanna, bidding her at the same time to be of courage, and assuring her of his continued faithfulness, he resumed his staff, and quitted Leipzig. In the course of the journey he halted at Rammenau, to pay a visit to his parents. 'The good, honest, kind father!' said Fichte, 'his look, his tone, his reasoning, how much good they always do me! Take away all my learning, and make me such a worthy, true, and faithful *man*, how much should I gain by the exchange!'

On the 7th of June he arrived at Warsaw, and immediately waited upon his employer, a certain Count Von P——, a good easy man, though suffering immoderately from henpeck. Here, it seems, the gray mare is the better horse: in other words, the countess leads the orchestra; nay, as it turns out, is the sole fiddler in the establishment. Fichte finds her music unpleasantly discordant, and herself, withal, 'a vain, haughty, and whimsical woman.' The elect tutor perceives himself regarded as a mere appendage to the supreme petticoats; no respect is paid to the dignity of his profession; his pronunciation of the French language proves unsatisfactory; and his German bluntness of demeanour tells not the less to his disadvantage. What shall the proud Fichte do but resign his office without having entered upon its duties; constrain the countess, with some difficulty, to grant him a slight compensation of travel-money, sufficient for his maintenance for the two succeeding months; and with this limited supply once more journey homewards?

First, however, he resolves to visit Königsberg: there lives the much renowned Immanuel Kant, the master of the new philosophy; him would Fichte see visibly in the flesh, and reverently take counsel of. With that intent he departs from Warsaw on the 25th of June.

On his arrival at Königsberg, he, with all the ardour of a pilgrim of knowledge, straightway presents himself to Kant; finds the critical philosopher less enthusiastic than he had supposed; meets with only a formal reception; and retires deeply disappointed. Unwilling, however, to abandon his purpose, he reflects a little how he may obtain 'a more free and earnest interview;' but for some time does not perceive in what way it can be effected. At last he determines to write a 'Critique of all Revelation,' with which, as a battering-ram, he will storm the philosophic citadel, and

gain, if possible, some inspection of its wonders. The work is finished by the 18th of August, and submitted to the transcendentalist for judgment. The philosopher unbends a little, even praises the performance; but neither by it does Fichte attain his object, which, it seems, was the establishment between himself and Kant of a 'free scientific confidence.' In regard to his many philosophic doubts, he receives little in the way of answer—for solution of these Kant merely refers him to the 'Critique of Pure Reason:' is it not all written *there*, so that whosoever runs, and has a touch of philosophic capacity, may read to satisfaction?

Fichte now meditates publication; but on revising his production, thinks it does not fitly express his profoundest thoughts on the subject, and therefore he undertakes to remodel it, and give it some further graces of composition. But here once more arises a grave difficulty. He, like here and there a Chancellor of Exchequer, as well as many a private person, is in a dilemma of ways and means. Counting his meagre stock of money, and distributing it prospectively over such a space of time as with utmost attenuation it is capable of covering, he finds that it will not last him beyond a fortnight. Whereupon come no small perplexity and serious questionings as to what is to be done. He strives to obtain some employment through certain of Kant's friends to whom he had been introduced; but the friends are wanting either in influence or zeal: nothing can Fichte get to do. Alone, and in a strange country, what shall he resolve upon? It occurs to him that the great transcendentalist is doubtless a man of kindly and enlarged sympathies; for does not greatness of intellect always imply abundant generosity? He writes a manly, noble letter to Kant, highly characteristic of himself, and therein reveals to him the nakedness of his circumstances, discloses somewhat of his personal history, and, with delicate frankness, requests the loan of a small sum of money to defray the expenses of his journey to the humble roof yet open to him in Fatherland. For security and guarantee of subsequent repayment, Fichte offers all he has to give in such a case—his honour and integrity as a man. He feels the singularity of the pledge, and admits its inadmissibility as an ordinary bond. 'I know no one,' says he, 'except yourself, to whom I could offer this security without fear of being laughed at to my face.' However, he proceeds: 'It is my maxim never to ask anything from another without having first of all examined whether I myself, were the circumstances inverted, would do the same thing for some one else. In the present case I have found that, supposing I had it in my power, I would do this for any person whom I believed to be animated by the principles by which I know that I myself am now governed.' It is not without a sense of humiliation, that the proud noble heart of the man is thus reduced to mortgage its sincerity. 'I am so convinced,' he continues, 'of a certain sacrifice of honour in thus placing it in pledge, that the very necessity of giving you this assurance seems to deprive me of a part of it myself. . . . So far, however, I can rely upon my principles, that were I capable of forfeiting my word pledged to you, I should despise myself for ever afterwards, and could never again venture to cast a glance into my own soul—principles which constantly reminded me of you, and of my own dishonour, must need be cast aside altogether, in order to free me from this most painful self-reproach.' For the tone of mental independence and manly self-

respect which predominates in the letter, Fichte solicits no pardon: he even declares that he cannot ask it, alleging that 'it is one of the distinctions of sages, that he who speaks to them speaks as a man to men.' The letter being written and transmitted, he awaits the issue with composure. This memorable day was the 2d of September 1791.

Next morning there comes from Kant an invitation to dinner. He receives his needy visitor with his usual cordiality. A magnanimous reader anticipates that now, of a surety, Fichte's pressing necessities will be suitably provided for. Alas, no! A critical philosopher is in no condition to lend money; for indeed, however celebrated, transcendentalism brings but little grist to the household mill. Philosophy is profitable for much, but for want of its long-sought, and as yet undiscoverable stone, cannot coin dollars. The intangible *idea* of dollars is all that philosophy can take note of; and as Kant said on another occasion, and in reference to quite another question, 'there is considerable difference between *thinking* we possess a hundred dollars, and really *possessing* them!' Hegel's declaration, that 'philosophy does not concern itself with such things as a hundred dollars,' though no sufficient answer to Kant's remark, is nevertheless, in an *untranscendental* sense, very obviously true. Kant, as we said, cannot lend money, at least he is in no possibility of doing so for the next fortnight—then *perhaps* he may. Meanwhile Fichte shall be welcome to occasional pot-luck.

In his own hired attic, however, things are getting daily more cheerless; the image of grim Scarcity sits before him in his lonely room all day long; the autumn evenings are growing chill, and on his hearth are only the ashes of extinguished fires. The spirit of despondency overshadows him, and his brave heart is sick from hope so long deferred. Visions of the parental fireside, and its cheerful evening faces, far away in nativeland, visit him at intervals, making him to feel, by contrast, more keenly the hardships of his lot. Neither is the image of his fair Johanna Rahn ever absent from him long; but as a serene angel of consolation shines beckoning in the distance, and does at least partially illuminate his melancholy thoughts. Nevertheless the present time is pressing; Fichte has fallen into painful extremity. But why not sell the manuscript of that 'Critique of all Revelation?' Kant says it is admirably written, and does not need to be reconstructed. Truly, nothing shall hinder, provided one can get a publisher. Kant recommends him to offer it to Hartung, a Königsberg bookseller of some distinction; but unhappily the worthy Hartung is from home. With him, therefore, at present, there is no dealing. Fichte tries to dispose of the work elsewhere, but utterly without success; no publisher to whom he applies is disposed to undertake any article of that description. On the 12th of September Fichte writes down this passage in his journal:—'I wanted to work to-day, but could do nothing. How will this end? What will become of me a week hence? Then all my money will be gone.'

The darkness is gathering thick around Fichte's prospects—no star is visible in the whole heaven of his observation. Fichte, however, is not to die of destitution. Fortune has tried him hardly; and now, if no star, she reveals at least a comfortable show of candlelight. An invitation reaches him, through court-preacher Schulz, to repair into the neighbourhood of

Dantzic; there, in the family of the Count of Krokow, a tutorship awaits him. Tutorships are Fichte's abomination, and his views were now directed to a life of literary exertion; nevertheless, as necessity consults no man's convenience, he accepts the proposal. Whence he obtained money for the journey does not appear; but at anyrate the journey is performed. Fichte meets with the most friendly reception; and entering on his new employment, experiences the kindest attentions therein. *This* countess proves herself from the first a woman of 'amiable character and excellent abilities,' and she renders Fichte's residence in her family 'not only happy, but interesting and instructive.' The kindly Countess Krokow! blessings on her fair, noble head, though, alas! that is long since laid at rest!

This fortunate appointment was the beginning of many years of uninterrupted prosperity. Very shortly, through the agency of his friends at Königsberg, Fichte is enabled to make arrangements with Hartung for publishing the 'Critique of all Revelation.' The terms are settled, and the process of type-setting is going on. But who is this solemn incarnation of pomposity, stopping the printing-presses at Halle, and vociferously announcing the discovery of a cloven foot? This is the dean of the Theological Faculty, who refuses his sanction to the publication, on account of certain principles contained in the book, which he, in his straitlacedness, conceives to be unorthodox. Fichte has to urge that his book is not theological, but philosophical, and therefore does not properly come under the cognisance of the Theological Faculty; but this plea is held to be irrelevant. Friends advise him to withdraw the obnoxious passages; but Fichte is inflexible: having written nothing which he does not solemnly believe, and can give some show of reason for, he is determined that the book shall be printed entire, or printed not at all. Kant is consulted on the subject, as a man whose judgment is of the highest authority in such matters; and Kant confirms the soundness of the principles in dispute. Abiding by his position, Fichte has to wait awhile and see what may become of it. As it chances, he has not to wait long; the difficulty is happily got rid of by a change in the censorship. The new dean, not partaking in the scruples of his predecessor, gave his consent to the publication, and the work accordingly appeared in the spring of 1792.

A new era now opens upon Fichte. All journals devoted to the critical philosophy are loud in their praises of his work. Would a curious reading public know *wherefore*, let them take note of this one circumstance: Certain editors of ability have got an impression that this is a new book by Kant, which he, for reasons of his own, chooses to publish anonymously. What, therefore, is so becoming for all able editors and indiscriminating sucklings of the Critical Philosophy, as to chant a stave, according to ability, in honour of the great master? The book was not of a nature to force itself immediately into notice, and it probably owes not a little of its first success to this mistake respecting its paternity. Kant, however, publicly disclaims the authorship, and discloses the name of the writer. Fichte, as it turns out, can bear to stand on his own basis; and the sounder heads among his countrymen soon fail not to welcome him as one of the profoundest of German thinkers.

Any analysis or adequate description of this remarkable book cannot be

attempted here. Such an account of it as we could render by a brief allusion to its principles would almost certainly create a false impression of its purpose. Whoever would know it as Fichte designed it to be known, let him bring with him a clear head, a mind open to conviction, and a resolution strong enough to abide by the truth when he has learned it. Let us take, however, one sentence from the preface, and mark in what spirit Fichte approaches the inquiry: 'To truth,' says he, 'I solemnly devote myself, at my first entrance into public life. Without respect of party or of reputation, I shall always *acknowledge* that to be truth which I recognise as such, come whence it may; and never acknowledge that which I do not believe. It may be of little importance to the world to receive this assurance, but it is of importance to me to call upon it to bear witness to this my solemn vow.' A noble vow, nobly fulfilled, and one which the humblest of the sons of Adam might enjoin upon himself, and abide by to advantage.

Glancing back a little, we now perceive with satisfaction that the prospective father-in-law's affairs have got somewhat righted. Fichte is already a rising man; so the time has come when he may safely wed. Accordingly, in March 1793, he writes to the fair Johanna that he shall be with her in June, or at latest in July, with a view to that agreeable consummation. He contemplates the event with deepest pleasure, but also with much solemnity of feeling. An overflowing thankfulness fills his heart; the magnitude of the happiness which awaits him seems too great for his unworthiness. The strong, stern soul of the thinker, with its rock-like stability and earnestness, touched by affection's gentle rod, gushes out in streams of tenderness. Then there are kindly leave-takings, half-sorrowful, with his worthy friends at Dantzic, 'who are unwilling to let him go;' plans and preparations for the future; above all, a visit to his well-beloved parents, and his 'seven sisters,' who have heard somewhat of his honours in authorship, and now give him their blessing and approval of the course on which he is about to enter. Fichte, doubtless, tells them something of his wanderings and endurances, and how a benignant Providence had helped him in his extremity; nor, amidst his many wondrous relations, can that grand interview with Kant fail to be spoken of. There, in the old Lusatian home, they are gathered, speaking and listening by turns, happy as this world can make them; and as they speak and listen, the proud old father's eyes are glistening with tears. The patient mother, too, feels well rewarded for all her care and many anxieties for this noble son; and the assiduous sisters are bountiful of all kindly ministrations. Far into the night they sit, parting at length with sad, yet happy faces, and silent prayers for mutual welfare.

Early in the month of June he takes his leave of them, and journeys to the bride-home in the land of mountains. On the 16th he is drawing nigh to the very spot. Pleasantly glance the rays of the summer sun about the old walls of Zurich; there, in her father's house, is the long-beloved, waiting with expectation to become his wife. The echo of his footsteps through the rather silent summer streets is unheard by him, for before him is the bride-father's house; and his entrance there is one of pleasant greetings.

But what means this new vexation coming upon us unexpectedly, and

positively putting off the marriage? It arises simply out of certain 'laws of the state affecting foreigners,' which happily will only occasion a few months' delay. On the 22d of October the marriage takes place, and Fichte is away with the bride to enjoy a short 'tour in Switzerland.' Returning home, he takes up his residence in the good father-in-law's house : here in friendly Zurich, with the distant mountains frowning down on him with a grand benignity, he will rest for a time, and gain a livelihood by his pen. For several months he enjoyed 'a life of undisturbed repose,' sweetened by the society of her whose love had been his stay in times of adversity, and now gave a holier living purpose to the prosperous hour.

In the peaceful Swiss canton all is yet happiness and security ; but the rest of Europe is shaken with a new-born terror ; and tidings are abroad of that grand convulsion called the French Revolution. Old Feudal Europe, with its obsolete usages, and establishments of ancient power grown intolerable, has fallen into distraction and decadence. Folly and oppression have ruled it long, but now has come the dawn of a world's deliverance. France has spoken forth a word of terrific prophecy, which the assembled nations have quailed to hear, though all have long been struggling to utter it ; everywhere is promise and expectancy ; the new-born giant of democracy is chanting loud his daring hymns to freedom ; the genius of humanity, so long discomfited and trodden down, has mounted a pinnacle of unheard-of glory, whence, as from a throne, she shall dispense the bounties of a golden age. Alas ! these prospects are all delusive, and the struggle proves no deliverance, but only a bewildered agony and madness—a convulsive irregular tumult of unconsecrated indignation ; like the mournful catastrophe of a blind Samson's strength, when he threw down the pavilion of the Philistines, and buried himself and his oppressors in the ruins.

Yet, doubt it not, the French Revolution had a *meaning* in it of great significance, which is going on even now unto fulfilment. Read it truly, it is, as one has said, a reproclamation, as amidst 'infernal splendours,' of the everlasting majesty of Justice, whose divine right of government had been foully overthrown. Whosoever will look may perceive that the old feudal incarnation of humanity is abolished and dead, and men are now burying its remains ; the new development towards which we are progressing is the dominion and supremacy of Industry, which, however, is not likely to be founded without difficulty. Nevertheless, courage to brave hearts ! What is dead need not be lamented ; in the conflict of principles and institutions the new spirit proves ever triumphant ; for humanity is as a phoenix, from the ashes of whose despair springs a nobler birth of hope.

Fichte, looking on at this revolutionary procedure from his Swiss retirement, conceived that there was much misunderstanding respecting it, and accordingly wrote and published his 'Contributions to the Correction of Public Opinion' thereupon. Instead of execrating or eulogising the Revolution, Fichte adopts a far preferable course, and endeavours to understand it, which, indeed, was strictly his business as a philosopher. And this is the leading principle of his work :—'That there is, and can be, no absolutely unchangeable political constitution, because none absolutely perfect can be realised ; the relatively best constitution must therefore carry within itself the principle of change and improvement. And if it be asked from

whom this improvement should proceed, it is replied that all parties to the political contract ought equally to possess this right. And by this political contract is to be understood, not any actual and recorded agreement—for both the old and the new opponents of this view think they can destroy it at once by the easy remark, that we have no historical proof of the existence of such a contract—but the 'abstract idea of a state, which, as the peculiar foundation of all rights, should lie at the bottom of every political fabric.' This book subjected Fichte to the charge of being a democrat, which, however, in the popular English sense of the term, he really never was, as from his work on the 'Principles of Natural Law' may sufficiently be seen.

These political speculations, however, were not the most important upon which Fichte was engaged during the period of his residence in Zurich. We are told of 'several powerful and searching criticisms' which appeared in a leading philosophical journal, and in which discerning eyes had discovered the hand that wrote the 'Critique of Revelation.' Furthermore, at the instigation of venerable Parson Lavater, he prepared a short course of lectures, a sort of critical philosophy made easy, by means whereof, since the fame of Kant's achievement had reached Switzerland, the worthy pastor proposed to indoctrinate his friends, that they, as well as others, might be enabled to discuss the same whenever thrown into philosophical society. It need not surprise us, that 'this excellent man retained the warmest feelings of friendship towards the philosopher,' inasmuch as Fichte was right worthy of anybody's friendship, be he who he might. For the rest, it seems Fichte lived in close retirement; the manners of the Zurich burghers not pleasing him, he 'seldom went out into society.' His own wife, his father-in-law, the unexceptionable Lavater, and certain indefinite people, described as 'a few others,' made up the circle of his acquaintance. He had considerable correspondence, however, with several distinguished persons, amongst whom prominently appears Reinhold, then professor of philosophy at Jena, and recognised leading Kantist of the day—known also for certain fanciful modifications of the original doctrine, and by him called 'philosophy without nickname.'

But apart from these secondary occupations, Fichte was to some extent engaged in planning the philosophical system upon which his reputation mainly rests. Further meditation has convinced him that even the sage of Königsberg is not infallible; and that indeed much remains to be done before the cycle of philosophy is complete. In this very month of October 1793, whether before marriage or afterwards the present writer knoweth not, he writes to a friend thus significantly:—My conviction is that Kant has only *indicated* the truth, but neither unfolded nor proved it.' Subsequently he announces: 'I have discovered a new principle, from which all philosophy can be easily deduced;' and he even has the audacity to prophesy that 'in a couple of years we shall have a system distinguished by all the clearness of geometrical evidence.' Fichte of course is to produce it, and is even now devoting all the energies of his intellect to that end. His intellect is of the subtlest, and he works in his vocation with the zealous energy of one who loves the truth with undivided earnestness; but alas for the promised philosophy with the clearness of geometric evidence—that, we

believe, is still waited for, and perhaps need scarcely be expected before doomsday—rather late in the evening!

However, Fichte for the present believes otherwise, and, so believing, will intrepidly pursue his speculations, and see what may become of them. He is invited to undertake the education of the Prince of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, a tutorship with good appointments and prospects of court patronage, all of which Fichte firmly and modestly declines. 'I desire nothing,' says he, 'but leisure to execute my plan—then fortune may do with me what it will.' Here is a man, evidently, who will not compromise philosophy for pudding. Nevertheless his studies are interrupted. Without solicitation of his, he is appointed Professor Supernumerarius of Philosophy at the university of Jena, in room of friend Reinhold, who, it seems, has removed to Kiel, there to edify a new set of students by that fanciful 'philosophy without nickname.' Court tutorships may be declined without compunction, but not a professorship of philosophy; Fichte accordingly accepts it, on condition that he shall be allowed to devote the greater portion of the first year to study.

The university of Jena was at this time the most distinguished university in Germany. Its contiguity to the court at Weimar connected it with the highest literary names of the age. The Grand Duke Charles Augustus, having an eye and reverence for talent, had adorned his little Saxon court by the presence of such men as Wieland, Herder, Goethe, and Schiller, and, as one might reasonably suppose, found them very tolerable company. Indeed the intellectual brilliancy of the Weimar circle seems to have had in modern times no parallel elsewhere; so that it might stand in quite envious comparison with the courts of many a larger state, some of which can boast of nothing higher than an occasional 'apothesis of a Beau Brummel.' To this brilliant and busy scene was Fichte translated from his Swiss retirement—to the society of the greatest living men—to the office of instructor to a thronging crowd of students 'from all surrounding nations.'

Mark, however, the supremacy of genius, and how a man possessed of that does not fail to acquit himself right nobly. His already considerable reputation, and the bold originality of his philosophic system, as displayed in the published programme of his lectures, had raised the public expectation to the utmost; so that his position was one of no little difficulty, inasmuch as he might possibly prove unequal to what had been expected of him. Arrived at Jena on the 18th of May 1794, he was received with great kindness by his colleagues at the university. On the 23d he delivered his first lecture—to an audience so numerous, that the largest hall in Jena, although crowded to the roof, proved insufficient to contain all who had assembled. The impression which he made even exceeded all prior expectation. His singular and commanding address, his fervid, impetuous eloquence, the profoundness and rich profusion of his thoughts, poured forth in the most convincing sequence, and, fashioned with a wondrous precision, astonished and delighted his hearers. The rugged, earnest force of his uncommon character, strengthened by long silence, and perfected by inward struggle, burst forth with the first occasion in a grandeur of originality not to be otherwise attained; resembling that volcanic vehemence which, from the central depths of the earth, darts upwards through barriers of perennial ice, and flames forth aloft an object of asto-

nishment. Fichte's first appearance in his new capacity was quite triumphant: we are told that 'he left the hall the most popular professor of the greatest university of Germany.'

Of that astonishing popularity we do not account much; happily for himself, Fichte also knew what estimate to put upon it. Not for popularity, or breath of vain applause did he live; but that out of the unshaped possibilities of his life, he might build up a pillar of completed duty. What else, indeed, does every true man live for, if not for this? What else, except this, is all men's mission and prescribed destiny in this fluctuating life of time!

Fichte's residence at Jena was nowise distinguished for its peacefulness. German students are proverbially obstreperous. Then, as now, they were united in certain irregular orders or unions, known by the name of *Landsmannschaften*, their proceedings being marked by great turbulence and licence. In Fichte's time, riots of the most violent description were of common occurrence; houses were broken into and robbed, either by way of a pleasant excitement, or for the purpose of obtaining means of sensual indulgence. Legal authority was impotent to restrain these excesses; so bold indeed had the unionists become, that on one occasion, when the house of a professor had been ransacked, five hundred students openly demanded from the duke an amnesty for the offence. It seems to have been considered a highly commendable and interesting achievement to plunder a professor. The academical authorities had made frequent efforts to suppress these societies; but on such occasions the students uniformly broke out into more frightful irregularities. For, indeed, is not 'Liberty for ever' the undeniable right of men and students? Whosoever, therefore, would restrain established Burschen privileges, immemorial rights of 'academical freedom,' let him look out for broken windows, and deem himself happy if he can hide his wine!

But now, cannot an indomitable Fichte, with his manifest strength of character, do something in the way of reforming this unpleasant state of things? Most willingly would he do it; but the question is, how can it be done? Try logic. German students have a certain share of understanding, and perhaps they possess some kind of succedaneum for conscience—who knows? On this flattering hypothesis, Fichte commences a course of public lectures on 'Academical Morality;' in which proceeding he appears to prosper almost beyond his hopes. These lectures, and his own personal influence among the students, are attended with the happiest effects. The three orders then existing at Jena are smitten with penitence; and express their willingness to dissolve their union, on condition that the past should be forgotten. To Fichte they delivered over the books and papers of their society, for the purpose of being destroyed as soon as he can make their peace with the court at Weimar, and receive commission to administer to them the 'oath of renunciation,' which, however, they will receive from no one but himself. Fichte seems to have accomplished, by the sole force of his individual character, what the university authorities, armed with the rigour of the law and implements of punishment, had been unable to effect.

And yet it would seem that every reformation can be only partial. A very Luther, with his strong 'battle-voice,' and defiant, lifelong warfare against principalities and powers, cannot make a whole Europe Protestant.

So too it happens with the reformer Fichte. That expected commission from Weimar is somewhat tardy in arriving. It is even whispered that the university authorities, jealous of the success of an individual professor, who had done by himself what they could not do in their collective capacity, are enviously raising obstacles. Whereupon arise suspicions, stupid rumours of all sorts, and dissatisfaction on account of the delay; and, by way of practical consequence, one of the three orders withdraws from the engagement, turning with great virulence against Fichte, as a man suspected of deceiving them.

The success, as we said, is only partial. Still, two orders gained over is some encouragement. Were it not well, therefore, to put on an extra pressure of logic, with a view to reduce likewise the rebellious third? Fichte accordingly determines to deliver, during the winter session of 1794, another course of lectures, 'calculated to arouse and sustain a spirit of honour and morality among the students.' To accomplish his purpose thoroughly, it was necessary that these lectures should take place at a time not devoted to any other course, so that he might assemble an audience from among all the several classes. But every hour from eight o'clock in the morning till seven in the evening, of every six days in the week, was already occupied by other lectures. No way seemed open to him but to deliver these moral discourses on the Sunday. Before adopting this plan, however, he made diligent inquiry whether any law, either of the state or the university, forbade such a proceeding. Discovering no such prohibition, he examined into the practice of other universities, and found many precedents to justify Sunday lectures. Finally, he asked the opinion of some of the oldest professors, none of whom saw any objection to his proposal, provided he did not encroach upon the time set apart for divine service. 'If plays are permitted on Sundays,' said Schütz, 'why not moral lectures?' Fichte, therefore, fixed upon nine in the morning as the hour, and commenced his course under favourable prospects. A large concourse of students from all the different classes attended, together with several of the professors, who willingly acknowledged that they derived great benefit from the discourses.

Fichte believes himself to be in the way of duty. Nevertheless 'the best-laid schemes of mice and men,' not to say professors, 'gang aft agley;' and Fichte finds that the worthiest intentions, and conduct the most prudent, are no protection against calumny. A political print, of the anonymous slanderous description, 'distinguished by crawling sycophancy towards power,' directs its wondrous sagacity to the consideration of this phenomenon, and traces a very intimate connection between the Sunday lectures and the French Revolution! If a discerning public will believe this anonymous slanderous publication, here is a 'formal attempt to overturn the established religious services of Christianity, and to erect the worship of Reason in their stead!' A stupid, *undiscerning* public to some extent believes it, and the Consistory of Jena conceive it to be their duty to forward a complaint on the subject to the High Consistory at Weimar. Finally, an assembly lodges an accusation before the duke and privy council against Professor Fichte, for 'a deliberate attempt to overthrow the public religious services of the country.' Inquiry is thereupon directed to be made; meantime let Professor Fichte suspend his lectures.

Fichte suspends, but will in the interim take occasion to defend himself. The best way of doing so is to give a 'simple narrative of the real facts,' and to make government acquainted with his projects for the moral improvement of the students. This done, the charge is effectually demolished. The duke forthwith gives judgment, 'dated 25th January 1795,' whereby Fichte 'is freely acquitted of the utterly-groundless suspicion which had been attached to him;' his wisdom and prudence are mentioned with approbation; and he receives assurances of the 'continued good opinion' of the prince. The Sunday lectures, accordingly, are resumed, avoiding, as heretofore, the hours of divine service.

Meanwhile, that outstanding third union, or Belial-fraternity, proves utterly invincible by logic, and its outrageous proceedings are beginning to render Fichte's residence at Jena not only uncomfortable, but even dangerous. The good wife Johanna has been several times insulted on the public streets; his own person is not always safe; and his property has been subjected to repeated outrages. Obviously the town of Jena is in great want of new police. In lack of such desirable force, Fichte is constrained to apply to the senate of the university for protection. The senate declares it can do nothing more than authorise self-defence, in case of necessity; except remind him that he has brought his difficulties upon himself, by bringing the conduct of the orders under the notice of the state, without the senatorial sanction. If more protection than the academy can afford him be desirable, Fichte is at liberty to apply to his friends at court. Such is the position of affairs till towards the close of the winter session. Then we have a crisis. In the middle of the night (date unknown) a party of the Belial-fraternity made an attack upon Fichte's house, perpetrated considerable damage, and caused much alarm, the worthy father-in-law, who it seems was now living with our professor, narrowly escaping with his life. It appears high time for the household to be moving. Accordingly Fichte applied to the duke for permission to leave Jena, which being granted, he took up his residence at Osmanstadt, a village about two miles from Weimar.

About this time, if we mistake not, Fichte completed his speculations which were begun at Zurich, and published them under the title of 'Wissenschaftslehre,' which, being interpreted into our vernacular, signifies 'Doctrine of Science.' This is the scientific development of his philosophical system—the systematic co-ordination of those 'materials for a science,' which he conceived Kant to have discovered but not developed. In this he endeavoured to construct *à priori* the whole system of human knowledge upon the original basis of consciousness; as from the fundamental principles here evolved, he designed to construct a complete system of morals.

It has been said that the peculiarities of Fichte's philosophy are so intimately bound up with the personal character of its author, that both lose something of their completeness when considered apart from the other. So far, at least, as ideal and actual may approximate, the one is the idea whereof the other is the visible realisation. The two mutually illustrate each other. Nevertheless, to attempt any sufficient exposition of the system in this place would be futile. It were easy to bewilder uninitiated readers with the transcendental phraseology—but what profit? The

thing solely essential in the case were to make it understood. But Fichte is not to be understood without much sedulous and patient study. His is nowise what the Germans call a 'parlour-fire philosophy;' but a rugged obstinate element, which one must contend with lustily before it will yield us any result. Whoever has courage and opportunity for such an enterprise will probably find himself ultimately rewarded for the pains bestowed upon it; whatever may be his conclusions as to the value or truth of the opinions he will here encounter, a due consideration of them will of itself be an admirable discipline of his understanding.

Here, however, it is curious to observe how any new system, or important modification of an old one, is uniformly met with outcry and distrust. Let a man, or any number of men, be settled down into any given habitude, either of thought or of mere material arrangement, and how difficult and unpleasant it is to move out of it. It has often occurred to us that our numerous railways must have many times proved marvellous annoyances in this respect. Fancy a retired burgher, who has built for himself a quiet snuggerly, a little way out of town, all precisely accordant with his own notions of a private residence, thinking to dwell there unmolested for the rest of his lifetime. Lo, suddenly, some cosy afternoon, when he is perhaps congratulating himself on the quietude of his retreat, he receives the astounding intimation, that it is proposed to carry the Donner and Blitz Railway slap through his drawing-room! Here is a touch of unexpected electricity for him! What does he do but straightway begin to anathematise the project, and predict all manner of evil concerning it? Just so is it with that whole class of thinkers who have complacently settled all that appertains to man and the universe according to some quiet life-theory of their own. That there should be anything in heaven or earth not 'dreamt of in *their* philosophy' is what they cannot be prevailed upon to admit. Many at this period were the self-satisfied retired thinkers, inhabiting suburban boxes in the vicinity of the capital city of Transcendentalism. How very uncomfortable now to be dispossessed, with no better prospect for some time to come than that of furnished lodgings! Really it is difficult for any retired individual, man of business or philosopher, to reconcile himself to so unpleasant a predicament. Accordingly, one need not wonder greatly at the many attacks which the Wissenschaftslehre sustained from some of the philosophical journals of the day. To these for some time Fichte paid little or no regard; but becoming at length more frequent and importunate, he was in a manner constrained to reply to them. He did this in a very decided fashion. Take, for instance, a glance at the measure dealt out to a certain Herr Schmidt, a very stolid and troublesome antagonist. 'My philosophy,' says Fichte, 'is nothing to Herr Schmidt from incapacity; his is nothing to me from insight. From this time forth I look upon all that Herr Schmidt may say, either directly or indirectly about my philosophy, as something which, so far as I am concerned, has no meaning, and upon Herr Schmidt himself as a philosopher who, in relation to me, is non-existent.' Here at anyrate is no lack of emphasis, whatever one may think about courtesy. A perfectly fair mind might regret the tone of contemptuousness and asperity here and elsewhere observable in Fichte's treatment of his opponents; nevertheless, in judging of it, it were well to consider the specific circumstances under

which it was adopted. He himself was never the assailant, but desired if possible to avoid controversy, and entered into it only when he seemed impelled by persecution and abuse. Besides, he always professed himself to contend, not for distinction, but for truth. 'With him to whom truth is not above all other things'—said he, 'above his own petty personality—the Wissenschaftslehre can have nothing to do.' And again: 'It fills me with scorn which I cannot describe, when I look on the present want of any truthfulness of vision, on the deep darkness, entanglement, and perversion, which now prevail.' He admits that he had not handled Herr Schmidt very tenderly; but says that every just person, knowing many things that were not before the public, would give him credit for the 'mildness of an angel.' Fichte complains of nothing more distinctly than that his system was misapprehended; that his opponents would not take the trouble to understand it, or admit their inability if they could not: above all, that they would not refrain from pronouncing *against* it, even when they *knew* that it was not understood by them. Nothing more natural than that he should consider such conduct foolish and unreasonable, and treat it accordingly. 'It is surely to be expected,' said he, 'from every scholar—not that he should understand everything—but that he should at least know whether he does understand it or not; and of every honest man, that he should not pass judgment on anything before he is conscious of understanding it.'

While, however, the Wissenschaftslehre was indifferently received, and indifferently comprehended by many of his philosophic brethren, it was not without success in other quarters. Men of genius, not so exclusively devoted to metaphysical speculation, accepted it with much avidity and welcome, as considerably the most serviceable philosophy they had met with. Foremost amongst these, as foremost among all German men, was the poet Goethe. Knowing Fichte well, and entertaining a high opinion of his character and ability, he requested that the work might be sent to him, sheet by sheet, as it went through the press; and he afterwards acknowledged that the study of it had been of essential service to his culture.

The disturbances which had driven Fichte out of residence at Jena gradually subsiding, his academical life went on for some time unmolested, and he appears to have devoted himself assiduously to literary exertion. His contributions to the 'Philosophical Journal,' of which he became joint-editor with his friend Niethammer, in 1795, form an important part of his works, and are directed chiefly to the further scientific development of his system. In 1796 appeared his 'Doctrine of Law,' and in 1798 his 'Doctrine of Morals,' wherein the fundamental principles of the Wissenschaftslehre are applied to practical departments of knowledge.

Meanwhile two events had transpired in connection with his domestic relations: the death of the good father-in-law in September 1795, and subsequently the birth of a son, who, we believe, is at this present writing a professor of philosophy in the university of Tübingen. Fichte's household life throughout appears to have been distinguished by peaceful simplicity and general uniformity of happiness, varied only by such solicitudes and trivial infelicities as are understood to chequer the most favourable matrimonial alliances.

Now, however, diligent literary exertion, domestic comfort, academical

reputation, and even the future prospects of his life, are about to be blasted by an unexpected blow. Fichte, who has already suffered much, must adjust himself to a greater calamity than has hitherto befallen him. He may nerve his strong heart, and shield him well in his integrity, for the powers of malice and stupidity are coming down upon him from the high places, to lay waste the little garden of his peace! This man, whose life has been a continual adoration of the Infinite, to whom the immeasurable universe has been but as a vast and solemn temple, wherein his earnest spirit has mused and worshipped; whose heroic sentiments and lofty contemplations tend pre-eminently to inculcate and exalt a faith in the God-like, and to make it manifest in the consciences and visible activities of men—this man of steadfast virtue, and of humble, trustful piety, is now to stand publicly accused of atheism!

This is a charge which has been oftentimes preferred against philosophers, whose speculations, from their novelty and the imperfections of language, have on their first announcement been generally misunderstood. The popular mind in all ages has been apt to misconstrue the discoveries and further developments of truth, which new and greater intellects occasionally reveal, into a profane interference with established opinions. It is ever the lot of the man who outstrips his contemporaries in spiritual discernment, to be first misinterpreted, and then denounced. The catalogue of noble names who have thus suffered would be comparatively endless. Accusations of atheism and infidelity swell everywhere the records of history and of literature; a reader of any compass of comprehension comes gradually to regard them as only sorrowful instances of that mental and moral perversion which inevitably results from imperfect cultivation. For, really, atheism as a faith is manifestly incredible. Who ever knew an atheist from conviction—a man who, using his senses and understanding, yet believed there was no God? It is only the fool that hath said so in his heart, and wished it might be true.

The accusation against Fichte was founded upon an article which he published in the 'Philosophical Journal' for 1798, 'On the Grounds of our Faith in a Divine Government of the World.' In this he examines the true foundations of our belief in regard to a moral government of the universe; not, indeed, for the purpose of establishing faith by demonstration, but to shew the fundamental elements of a faith already subsistent in man, and indestructibly rooted in his nature. The absurd charge of atheism must have originated from an utter misapprehension of the writer's purpose; which, so far from controverting the existence and superintendency of a moral ruler, was solely directed to inculcate clearer and more comprehensive conceptions respecting his attributes and supremacy. Into further particulars of the calumny we have here no space to enter, and can only mention that the matter was brought before the court at Weimar for investigation, and that the proceedings terminated with a decision sufficiently exonerating Fichte from the charge preferred against him, though a strong disapprobation was expressed in regard to the 'imprudence' whereof he was considered chargeable in giving publicity to his doctrines in terms offensive to the popular understanding. Dissatisfied with the qualified character of the decision, Fichte resigned his professorship at the university, and indignantly quitted Jena.

In the summer of 1799 we find him in Berlin, writing his book on the *'Destiny of Man.'* In the progress of this work he took a deeper glance into religion than he had ever done before. In allusion to it he says: 'In me the emotions of the heart proceed only from perfect intellectual clearness; it cannot be but that the clearness I have now attained on this subject shall also take possession of my heart. To this disposition is to be ascribed in a great measure my steadfast cheerfulness, and the mildness with which I look upon the injustice of my opponents. I do not believe that without this dispute, and its evil consequences, I should ever have come to this clear insight and this disposition of heart which I now enjoy; and so the violence we have experienced has had a result which neither you nor I can reasonably regret.' So writes he to the good frau Johanna, still left behind at Jena. Fichte seems to have understood what Shakspeare meant when he said: 'There is a soul of goodness in things evil, would men observingly distil it out.'

His economical circumstances, meanwhile, were none of the brightest. Towards the end of the year, however, he succeeded in removing his family to Berlin, in which place he thenceforth continued to reside. Here, surrounded by a 'small circle of friends worthy of his attachment and esteem,' he appears to have lived for some time privately and happily, 'cultivating literature upon a little oatmeal'—like the illustrious projectors of the *'Edinburgh Review.'* Uninterrupted by public duties, he applied himself diligently to the perfecting of his philosophy. At the close of 1799 he published his *'Destiny of Man;'* and during the two following years he was occupied with certain preliminary treatises, designed to prepare the public mind for the complete reception of his doctrines, by shewing their application to subjects of general interest. These introductory writings he intended to follow up with a more strict and complete exposition of his scientific method, designed solely for the philosophic reader. This purpose, however, was for a time postponed, owing partly, it would seem, to the doubts which he entertained respecting the best mode of communicating with the public, and partly, it is said, to his personal dissatisfaction with the reception which his works had hitherto received. For one reason or another, he refrained from publishing anything for the space of six years, with the exception of one or two minor works of a controversial character which appeared in 1801.

Fichte, nevertheless, could not remain altogether inactive, nor restrict himself wholly to a contemplative life. Shut out, as he conceived, from the reading public, he sought to collect around him a listening one, to whom he might verbally impart such message as he had. This, indeed, is said to have always been his favourite mode of communication; as in the lecture-room he found a freer scope for his peculiar powers than the form of a literary work would admit of. A circle of pupils was gradually gathered about him in Berlin, to whom from time to time he delivered private lectures. Many distinguished scholars and statesmen were also among his auditory, it being soon generally understood that Fichte was a man worth going to hear. There, accordingly, for awhile, in his own hired lecture-room, he addressed fit audiences on some of the toughest subjects that could engage the understanding.

In 1804, through the influence of certain ministerial friends, he was

appointed professor of philosophy at the university of Erlangen, with privilege to return to Berlin during winter to continue his lectures in that city; and in this new appointment he achieved as brilliant a success as he had formerly gained at Jena. Here he addressed, to all the students of the university, his memorable lectures on the 'Nature of the Scholar.' These he subsequently published as an amended edition of a former course on the same subject which he had given to the public, twelve years before, whilst resident at Jena. In these singular disquisitions the characteristics and duties of the scholar are deduced with a rigorous scientific precision, and presented, as Carlyle has said, 'in all their sacredness and grandeur, with an austere brevity more impressive than any rhetoric.'

Fichte's outward history is now for some time undistinguished by anything of general interest: we accordingly pass over a number of minor details, to contemplate his attitude and behaviour under new circumstances of trouble and privation. In 1806, the dominion of Napoleon had become extended over nearly the whole of Germany; and Prussia, which alone maintained its independence, was surrounded on all sides by his armies or auxiliaries. While preparations were in progress to oppose the advances of the enemy, Fichte made an application to the king to be permitted to accompany the troops in the capacity of patriotic orator—thinking he might, by force of eloquence, inspire his fighting countrymen with some additional courage and a resolute invincibility of resistance. The proposal was honourably received, but declined as incompatible with military arrangements. The impending struggle, moreover, was very briefly settled: the invader marching successfully from Auerstadt and Jena, and so onward to a triumphant occupation of Berlin. This event rendered it necessary for all who had identified themselves with the interests of their country to seek refuge in flight or concealment. Fichte resolved not to tender submission to the conqueror, and seeing no especial beauty in remaining to be shot as a rebellious partisan of a vanquished cause, timeously betook himself to cover. Leaving his wife to take charge of his household, he with his friend Hufeland fled beyond the Oder. Awaiting the issue of the war, the two took up their residence at Königsberg, where Fichte was so far fortunate as to get appointed provisional professor of philosophy during his stay. In Königsberg University he accordingly lectures throughout the winter with his usual ability and zeal.

As was natural in the case, the good wife Johanna many times entreats him to return home to Berlin; the French soldiery proving nowise troublesome to quietly-disposed people, but being, on the whole, and especially the officers, rather amiable fellows. Fichte, notwithstanding, cannot be prevailed on to return, but obstinately declares it to be his duty to submit to every privation and discomfort rather than give an indirect sanction to the presence of the enemy by sitting down quietly under their dominion, even could he do so with perfect safety to himself. 'Such a returning,' said he, 'would be directly contradictory of the declarations made in my addresses to the king, out of which my present circumstances have resulted. And if no other keep me to my word, it is just so much the more imperative on me to hold myself to it. It is precisely when other scholars of note in our country are wavering that he who has been hitherto true should stand firmer in his uprightness.'

This was bravely spoken. But now, on the 8th of February 1807, the battle of Eylau rendered Königsberg no longer safe as a residence: were it not, therefore, well to quit quarters there, and repair to others somewhat more remote? Fichte thinks so, and accordingly removes to Copenhagen. Thither he arrives on the 9th of July, 'having been detained for several weeks at Memel and at sea by unfavourable winds.' It is ordained, however, that he shall not long remain there; for peace between Fatherland and the enemy is shortly afterwards concluded, Berlin evacuated, the gallantries of French soldiers suddenly cut short, and towards the end of August the philosopher is again stationed under his hired roof-tree, with his family, in the Prussian capital.

With the establishment of peace, the Prussian government sought to repair the loss of political significance by fostering among its citizens the desire of intellectual distinction and a spirit of freer speculation. It seemed needful to 'rebuild the temple of German independence' on altogether new foundations. The liberty which had been swept away must be succeeded by a fresh manifestation proceeding from a deeper principle, and nurtured by a nobler means of culture. One of the first modes which suggested itself for the attainment of this end was the establishment at Berlin of 'a new school of higher education, free from the imperfections of the old universities, from whence, as from the spiritual heart of the community, a current of life and energy might be poured through all its members.' Fichte was chosen as the man best fitted for the work, and unlimited power was given him to frame for the proposed university a constitution. No employment could have been more congenial to Fichte's inclinations. Here, indeed, had arrived at last the long-desired opportunity of developing a systematic plan of instruction founded on the spiritual elements of humanity. He entered with ardour upon the undertaking; and by the end of 1807 his plan, well digested and arranged, was ready for adoption: though the university was not actually established until 1810. Then, however, Fichte was elected rector; and it is said that during the two years in which he held the office, he laid for the institution the foundation of the character which it still maintains—that of being the best regulated, as well as one of the most efficient schools in Germany.

The course of events brings us down to the year of 1812, when the commotions and contentions of the European continent are working out a series of new and significant results. Napoleon the Grand, hitherto conceived to be invincible, has become at length Napoleon overthrown: Russian snows and Moscow conflagrations contributing to that unanticipated consummation. Now, it seems, the time has come when, by the blessing of Providence, and a seasonable use of gunpowder, the Germans may recover their lamented independence. Wise in his generation, the king of Prussia enters into an alliance with the Russian emperor, and straightway from Breslau sends forth a proclamation, calling upon the young and active men of the country to arm themselves for the restoration of its liberty. The Germans aforetime have suffered much defeat, in spite of skilful and experienced commanders; nevertheless they do not hesitate to answer to the summons, but with grim consent march forwards to fight for freedom, or in default thereof, to get themselves patriotically shot!

An earnest Fichte shall now assuredly have a chance of exhibiting his mettle. He renews his application to be appointed military orator, that so he might share the dangers and animate the courage of the 'army of liberation.' But there are difficulties of the insuperable sort which exclude him from any such appointment. It seems that of all that warlike oratory with which he is inwardly and so intensely burning, he cannot get himself satisfactorily delivered. In which exigency it appears best to remain stationary in Berlin, and there lecture 'On the Idea of a True War.' Meantime he and other patriot professors can organise an army of reserve of the volunteer description, and announce its readiness to contribute personally, when called for, to the defence of Fatherland. Professors and literati also institute, on novel principles, a sort of impromptu life-assurance society, whereby the widows and children of such as may fall in battle shall be provided for by the amenities of survivors.

But who is this stealing upon us in the solemn night-time with moody, sinister aspect, and air of affrightened courage, like one who had recently killed a brother sinner in a duel, and needed absolution? Him we discern, after due scrutiny, to be a veritable Captain Swing, or untimely resurrection of Guy Faux—student of philosophy notwithstanding—who, taking counsel of the powers of darkness, has conceived a plan for firing the magazine of the enemy by stealth, and thus blowing them compendiously out of the planet. Fichte, to whom the scheme is revealed, will be no partner in such atrocity. With cool alacrity he is off by break of day to the superintendent of police, and has the whole abominable business timeously prevented. If the powers on high are indifferent to interfere in the defence of right, the devil shall in no case be invited to condescend with his assistance! The sacred cause of freedom shall not be sullied by that kind of partnership.

Captain Swing retires with his tinder-box to the subterranean shades of an ignominious obscurity, and Fichte meantime continues lecturing on the perils and disasters of the times. 'With a clearness and energy of thought which seemed to increase with the difficulties and danger of his country,' he keeps alive in the people an unquenchable animosity to the compromise of liberty, or to any terms or conditions of peace which did not recognise the unlimited independence of the German kingdoms. Austria, it is true, meditates, and persuades to compromise, whereby ensues only a *nominal* independence; but a 'brave and earnest people,' seeking for 'true freedom,' express unanimous dissatisfaction with the counterfeit, and are obviously inclined towards violation of the amnesty. Hostilities are accordingly recommenced, and go on through the autumn and winter months of 1813.

It was at the commencement of this campaign that the multitudinous students of Berlin were one day assembled to hear Professor Fichte lecture on the imposing topic of 'Duty.' There is breathless waiting and expectation; whispered prurient criticisms on the great master, whom all are nevertheless met reverently to hear; interchange of college gossip, reminiscences of Burschen jollity, small talk and scandal, wrath and effervescence of independency, rapid jests and commonplace solemnities, with a marvellous redolence of stale tobacco; here and there a flash of native wit of characteristic brilliancy, but oftener only an involuntary parody of some loftier speculation, stated in a phraseology so vague as to make the speaker seem

profound, and like one who would probably understand his subject but for the impediment of stupidity. Such, as near as we can guess, is the scene and the occasion. Behold, however, Fichte has arrived, calm and modest as a lion, standing in unconscious lordliness under the shade of forest-trees. There is hush of miscellaneous tongues, and a simultaneous preparation for listening—as when the sun shines forth upon the hemisphere, provident householders disperse their candle-lights. He lectures with his usual dignity and calmness, rising at intervals into fiery bursts of eloquence, but governed always by a wondrous tact of logic, such as few men could equal. From the topic of Duty in the abstract he leads his audience to the present state of national affairs. On them he glows and expands with animation; the rolling of drums without meanwhile frequently drowning his voice, but inspiring him with fresh spirit to proceed. He paints the desolation of his country—the withering hideousness of usurpation—the boundless ravages and ambition of the foe; he swells with a sublime hatred and indignation against oppressors; and passionately enforces it as the duty of every one before him to consecrate his individual strength and faculty to the rescue of his native land. ‘Gentlemen,’ he exclaims finally, ‘this course of lectures will be suspended till the end of the campaign. We will resume them in a free country, or die in the attempt to recover her liberties!’ The hall reverberates with loud responsive shoutings; the rolling of the outward drums is answered by the clapping of innumerable hands, and the stampings of a thousand feet; every German heart there present is moved to resolution, and pants for conquest or for martyrdom. The orator, like the fabled Orpheus, by the impassioned melody of his words has achieved the miracle of moving stones—stones reputed to have been quarried out of Harzgebirge rock, and shaped by supreme powers into Saxon men. Fichte descends from his place, passes through the crowd, and places himself in the ranks of a corps of volunteers then departing for the army.

The war went on in the neighbourhood of Berlin. The victories of Grossbeer and Dennewiz secured the capital from danger; but from its nearness to the scene of action it became a general hospital for the sick and wounded. The public institutions for their reception were speedily crowded, and soon entirely unequal to the demands made upon their means of relief. The authorities, therefore, called upon the inhabitants to come to their assistance with extraordinary contributions, and solicited the women to take charge of the sick. Foremost among those that devoted themselves to this amiable ministry was the wife of Fichte, who, as a patient nurse and dispensing angel of gruel and consolation, exerted herself sedulously for the space of five months. In the distribution of clothes, and food, and medicine—in the exercise of pious offices around the beds of the dying and unknown, by generous and womanly solicitude in many ways—she day by day contributed to the alleviation of no inconsiderable suffering and sorrow.

As a consequence of her long uninterrupted exertions in the hospitals, she began at length to feel alarming symptoms of illness. In January 1814 she was attacked by a violent nervous fever, which had been prevalent among the wounded. It shortly became so dangerous as to leave hardly a hope of her recovery. On the very day when she was in greatest peril, Fichte, who had been engaged in close and assiduous attendance

upon her from the commencement of her illness, was compelled to leave her, to deliver the first of a course of lectures which he had previously announced. With wondrous self-command he spoke for two hours on the most abstract subjects, scarcely hoping to find, on his return, his beloved companion still alive. This, as it happened, was the crisis of her disorder. With transports of gratitude and joy he hailed the indications of recovery; those who witnessed the excess of his delight were alone able to estimate the almost superhuman power of control which he had exercised while engaged in his academical vocation.

Beautiful are the tremblings of affection, and the graceful tenderness of those who, after danger or anxiety, look thankfully in each other's faces on delivery from fear. Beautiful the new-born flowerage of love that springs from past calamity. Yet often does it happen, in our world of vicissitude and care, that at the very time when we have been graciously relieved from apprehension, then does some new and terrible distress befall us. Even so it was fated to be now. As his wife was being restored to him with health, Fichte himself caught the infection. Its first symptom was a nervous sleeplessness, which resisted the effect of baths and the ordinary remedies applied for its relief. Then he was attacked by a wild delirium, in which the memories of past activity mingled confusedly with the phantasma of present pain. The valiant soul in its bewilderment held conflict with imaginary enemies, and struggled with deadly passion against the invisible furies of a distempered fancy. At times he conceived that only will and resolution were required to conquer the disease, and would strive desperately to resist the insidious agonies which were vanquishing his strength. In one of his lucid intervals, which were brief and seldom, he was told of Blücher's passage of the Rhine, and the final expulsion of the French from Germany. Then rose before him resplendent visions of future blessedness for Fatherland, and he imagined himself to be contending in the fray for the restoration of its liberties. All this feverish excitement and restlessness wore away his life. Once when his son was approaching him with medicine, he said, with a look of much affection, 'Leave it alone; I need no more of that: I feel that I am well.' He passed some hours in profound and unbroken sleep; nevertheless, on the eleventh day of his illness, during the night of the 27th of January 1814, he died. He died in his fifty-second year, while his bodily and mental faculties were as yet unimpaired by age; his fine black hair unshaded by any signs of gray; his step still firm, and his whole appearance vigorous and well sustained. 'So robust an intellect—a soul so calm, so lofty, massive, and commanding,' the world shall not see again for many days.

And so, reader, we have come abruptly to the strong man's end. We have followed him—not without a sympathising admiration—through the changes and chances of his life; and now we must pause in reverence over the untimely grave of his mortality. His life has been 'a battle and a march' against the principalities of evil and temptation—a conflict with error and insincerity, in others and in himself; and now the valiant soul has attained to its rest, the strong courageous fighter goes home with victory. The doctrine which he taught, and practically asserted by his life, is a justification of that higher hope which dawns in all times upon

earnest and enthusiastic souls—that lofty and commanding faith in the integrity of the moral principle in man, which seeks to transform the world into the image of the ideal. If it be true, as has been said, that the whole value of history and biography is to increase our self-trust, by demonstrating what is possible to man, then shall the life of this man be an encouragement and indication to them who would strive to fashion their own in accordance with the eternal realities of things. In severe rectitude, in endurance that would not shrink, in energy, and perseverance, and resolution, in incorruptible integrity and devout heroism of character, he is admirable for ever: ‘as a man approved by action and suffering, in his life and in his death, he ranks with a class of men who were common only in better ages than ours,’ but who were needed in no age more imperatively than now. The grand moral of his life, did any one still need to ask it, is to shew the possibilities of worth and virtue which are yet open to other men. Farewell, thou brave Fichte! and may the love of good men everywhere embalm thee in their memory!*

* The facts related in this Paper are principally derived from a *Life of Fichte* by his son. The writer has been partly aided in shaping them to the present result by an English ‘*Memoir*’ by William Smith; whose excellent translations of several of Fichte’s writings he takes the opportunity of recommending to the attention of studious and intelligent readers.



HEYNE: A BIOGRAPHY.

THE struggle of genius with adversity, though oftentimes represented, never ceases to be interesting. Every variation of this story has its own graces, and conveys its separate and peculiar lesson. Whoso passes worthily through the straits and perils of difficult and painful circumstances is thereby recommended to the sympathy and admiration of mankind. Men love to trace the paths by which he journeyed—to contemplate, as from a quiet and retired distance, the obstacles and dangers he survived and overcame—to witness, with a wondering and pensive interest, the whole intricate drama of his baffled and renewed endeavours—and are not without a disposition to rejoice in the result, when it is seen that a manly and consistent purpose has been followed by success. The biographies of diligent and able persons are, accordingly, among the most attractive and encouraging studies which can engage the attention of hopeful and aspiring natures; being at once mementoes of triumphant energy and pledges of the possibilities which are open to further and corresponding enterprises. He that can succeed in delineating the outward and inward being and history of a man—especially of a man esteemed eminent and worthy in his generation—will not alone impart a rational and exalted pleasure to those who may attentively consider the delineation, but will likewise contribute something to illustrate and promote that intellectual and spiritual advancement whereof all men are more or less capable, and are morally enjoined to aim after. With some such intent, though on a small and very imperfect scale, it is here proposed to portray the life and experiences of Professor Heyne—a scholar whose reputation has now been long established among the learned, not only in Germany, his native country, but likewise in France and England, and indeed throughout Europe generally. By common acknowledgment of all competent and enlightened scholars, he was a man of solid and excellent attainments, and of a character in nearly all respects remarkable: upright, persevering, steadfast-minded; in what he did and what he suffered a notable example of high intelligence, of quiet and sedulous endeavour, personal energy and helpfulness; and also of a pure, modest, and unpretending probity. Any relation which shall represent, however faintly, the attempts, labours, and performances of such a man, cannot fail to be acceptable to many readers, and to some may possibly prove more instructive, and perhaps no less entertaining, than more voluminous and ambitious publications.

Christian Gottlob Heyne was born at Chemnitz, in Upper Saxony, in the month of September 1729. His father, George Heyne, was a weaver in humble, and even impoverished circumstances. The manufactures of Saxony were in his day visibly declining; and consequently the miseries of his class were almost daily accumulating, and their prospects becoming constantly more and more hopeless. Scarcely could the workman, with his utmost diligence, earn a sufficiency for his own support, still less was he capable of adequately providing for his family. Heyne was accordingly nurtured and brought up in the most extreme and bitter poverty. 'The earliest companion of my childhood,' says he, 'was want; and my first impressions came from the tears of my mother, who had not bread to give her children.' He was also the first-born of the family, and had therefore the completest opportunities for witnessing the various phases of destitution which the household from time to time presented. Many a piteous and distressing spectacle appears to have been exhibited in that poor weaver's cottage, where the father often worked through long weary days—from early morning until late at night—and then perhaps could not find a purchaser for the product of his labour. Scenes of memorable sadness, hunger-pangs, the still despair of stricken industry, were things familiar to the boy from earliest infancy; and with the strange bewildered sympathy of a child, he often looked upward to his mother's face, and wept to see her sorrowful. His was a childhood of that unhappy sort which Charles Lamb has so touchingly depicted—a childhood which has 'no childishness in its dwellings,' no toys, no pastimes, no pleasant or sweet remembrances—nothing but the keen experiences of a premature worldliness, Saturday-night anxieties, the dull oppression and the bondage of despondency. How painful a thing is it that a child should have any curiosity about the price of bread, or be so conditioned as to entertain a fear of being sent away as creditless from a baker's shop! Whoever has *seen* a child in such extremity—not yet hardened or rendered callous by long familiarity with wretchedness—will not readily forget the deplorable dejection of its countenance.

Young Christian Heyne suffered many such rebuffs; suffered them until his young heart grew vindictive and rebellious. It is little known how much unnatural exasperation is kindled in even tender minds by harassing and straitened circumstances. To this poor boy, as he began to apprehend some little of the discrepancies of society, it appeared that people were everywhere combined, as in hostile conspiracy, to render him and those who were dear to him unhappy. The distress occasioned to his parents by the haughty bearing of 'purse-proud' traders—forestallers, who bought up the linen made by the poorer people at the lowest, and often unjust prices, to sell in other districts at the highest—aroused and fostered in him a burning indignation. Often, on Saturday nights, had he seen his mother 'wringing her hands and weeping,' when it happened that she had come back with the web of the father's weaving—the product of a week's hard toil, and not unfrequently of sleepless nights—having been unable to find any one to buy it. On such occasions the boy or his sister would sometimes be sent out with the same piece of cloth, to try if *they* could get rid of it, at any of the places where the mother's application had been unsuccessful. Necessity, as Heyne has related, often constrained the poorer sort to sell

the sweat of their brows for anything the forestallers thought well to offer, and to make up the deficiency between the price and value in starvation. The imperiousness and petty tyranny of these unjust dealers so powerfully and painfully laid hold upon his mind, that when afterwards, at school, he first heard of 'tyrannicide,' he says he conceived the project of acting the part of a Brutus on all those 'oppressors of the poor' who had so often cast his father and mother into straits, deeming that it would be a noble deed to rid the earth of them for ever. 'And here,' adds he, 'I had the first instance or illustration of a truth which I have since frequently had occasion to observe—that if the man who is armed with a feeling of his wrongs, and possessed of any considerable strength of soul, does not risk the worst, and become an open criminal, it is solely owing to the beneficent effect of the circumstances wherein Providence has placed him, which, by fettering his activity, guard him from attempting the destructive enterprises his excited passions may suggest. That the oppressing portion of mankind should be secured against the oppressed is apparently regarded, in the scheme of the inscrutable Wisdom, as a most important element of the present system of things.'

Heyne's parents, though thus miserably situated, did what they could to procure him some little education. At an early age he was sent to one of the humbler sort of schools, where he soon obtained the praise of taking delight in learning, and of making more than ordinary progress. Before he was ten years old he even began to assist in raising the money for his school fees, by giving lessons to a neighbour's child in reading and in penmanship. When the common school course had carried him as far as he could be advanced by it, he became desirous, as he says, of 'proceeding into Latin.' Unluckily, it was beyond his parents' means to provide the money for such a purpose. This was a great grief to the boy, and he bore it about with him for many days, perceiving little likelihood of ever being delivered from it. However, one day when he was greatly distressed, even to sobs and tears, by pondering on his cheerless prospects, he happened to be sent to fetch a loaf from the shop of a baker, who was his godfather, and a near relation of his mother; and as it chanced, was questioned by the worthy man concerning his discomposure, which, after a stream of tears, the boy succeeded in revealing, and presently had good reason to be comforted. The godfather was in easy circumstances, and as Heyne records, he magnanimously offered to pay out of his own pocket the weekly sum required for the desired teaching, imposing in return only one condition upon the pupil—namely, that he should come to him every Sunday, and repeat such part of the Gospel as he had learned by heart: an arrangement which Heyne considered had one very good effect upon him, inasmuch as it exercised his memory, and taught him to *recite* without bashfulness or hesitation.

Overjoyed by his unexpected fortune, the boy started off homewards to proclaim the grand intelligence, triumphantly tossing up his loaf into the air, and capering with barefooted adroitness to catch it as it descended. His almost delirious excitement was naturally detrimental to the successful management of sleights-of-hand, and after a few surprising hits, the loaf fell into a puddle: an unfortunate circumstance, which brought the elated experimenter a little more to his senses. However, the child-

ings which he anticipated turned out nowise serious, as his mother was also heartily delighted by the news which he communicated. The father, it seems, was less content, thinking possibly that the boy was smitten with an ambition beyond his circumstances, and that all this eagerness for learning, in one so unfavourably conditioned, could prove ultimately little other than the root of manifold vexations, if not of lifelong disappointments. Nevertheless, the boy remained at school, making as much progress as he could under many great impediments, the respectable godfather continuing all along to pay the fees with commendable regularity. At the end of two years the schoolmaster discovered that the pupil had pretty well exhausted his own scholarship: a discovery which Heyne declares he himself had made before, but had entertained an uncomfortable delicacy about announcing it.

It now seemed likely that Heyne's education was to be considered as completed. As in straitened households every accession of help, however small, is of consequence, it was naturally enough the desire of his parents that he should, as soon as possible, quit his school-books, and try his hand at weaving. To this the boy evinced an inveterate repugnance, and in opposition to the wishes of his father, entertained a 'longing to get into the grammar-school of the town,' where he hoped to prosecute with more effect the studies he had begun. Often with a sad and wistful look did he linger by the walls of the school-house as he passed, and sighed as he reflected on the hardship of being excluded from participating in the advantages enjoyed there by many who had probably far less reverence for knowledge. What bliss would it have been to have exchanged places with some miserable truant, whose slow brains were so jaded with immeasurable taskwork as to be in danger of being crushed by the burthens laid on them, and to whom the very *name* of 'school' was grown an abomination, suggesting only an everlasting weariness, like that of Sisyphus in the dreary shades, rolling his huge stone up to the mountain-top, to return for ever on his head!

However, the Fates are sometimes generous, and even that which we most despair of shall now and then, by some rare and unexpected accident, turn out an actual event. An eccentric clergyman, who was Heyne's second godfather, came by chance to hear of the boy's unusual anxiety after learning, and had the curiosity to send for him, for the purpose of testing both his knowledge and capability by an examination. The result was satisfactory, and the good parson promised that he 'should go to the town school,' and that he himself would pay the charges. What a sudden turn of happiness for Heyne! He declares it to be impossible to express the joy which ravished him on that occasion. Away, then, is he despatched to the 'first teacher,' is examined in customary form, and 'placed with approbation in the second class.' The second class, however, having conceited notions of its respectability, almost declines to tolerate the poor boy's presence. 'Weakly from infancy,' says he, 'pressed down with want and sorrow, having never had any cheerful enjoyment of childhood or of youth, I was still but small in stature, and my class-fellows, judging by appearances, had a very slight opinion of me.' Nevertheless, 'various proofs of diligence,' and praises from the master, gradually convince the fellows that he is worthy of his place. His diligence,

indeed, was not a little hampered by want of books. Sebastian Seydel, the eccentric clergyman, appears to have kept his promise somewhat too closely to the letter: he paid the quarterly fees, provided the pupil with the requisite blue-cloak—rather a *coarse* one, says Heyne, but perhaps not on that account the worse for use—and gave him a multitude of useless volumes that were lying on his shelves; but to supply him with appropriate and sufficient school-books was not in the bond. The truth is, the eccentric Sebastian was often short of cash, and had need at all times to exercise a rather rigid thrift. A man of magnificent liberality of intention, but of insufficient means, he appears to have been as charitable as he could well afford to be; and his memory is worthy of respect among poor students everywhere, as one who really *helped* a brother scholar in extremity, when richer, and probably more highly ‘respectable’ persons, turned indifferently away, and, like the Levite of the parable, ‘passed by on the other side.’

To meet the inequalities of his situation, Heyne had every day to borrow the books of some of his class-fellows, and to copy out such parts as were assigned for the lesson; a practice which, though it kept him in a manner always more or less dependent, was not unserviceable so far as his progress in study was concerned. On the other hand, the honest Seydel would exercise a rigorous supervision of his proceedings, and gave him from time to time certain hours of instruction in the Latin tongue. Sebastian in his youth had learned to make Latin verses, and it seemed to him that the grandest accomplishment of a classical education was even that of making Latin verses. Accordingly Heyne had to adjust himself to this Egyptian taskwork of brick-making without straw. ‘Scarcely,’ says he, ‘was “Erasmus de Civilitate Morum” got over, when I, too, must take to verse-making, and all this before I had read any authors, or could possibly possess a suitable store of words.’ There is every evidence that the good Sebastian was a *pedant*—a meagre, contracted man, whose *meaning* might be well enough, but whose insight cannot be honestly commended. He was also, says Heyne, ‘passionate and rigorous—in every point repulsive;’ a stiff-necked, self-willed, desperate ‘old bachelor,’ and vain to absurdity of his ridiculous gift of Latinity. ‘These qualities of his,’ continues Heyne, ‘all contributed to overload my youth, and nip away in the bud every enjoyment of its pleasures.’

While thus burthened and depressed by the Sebastian task-labours, he was likewise impeded and held down by almost every sort of want, vexation, and discouragement. ‘The school-course was bad: nothing but the old routine—vocables, translations, exercises; all without spirit or any proper purpose.’ Still, so far as the virtue of such matters went, he appears to have made a very excellent proficiency. In the course of time he became competent to write both Latin and Greek verses, and could even render in that shape the ‘discourses which he heard at church.’ Some ‘ray of hope’ thereupon began to shine within his mind. A certain small degree of self-respect and self-confidence was also now awakened in him by his success in a school examination, conducted in the presence of the superintendent or chief inspector of schools, who happened to call in his vocation at the Chemnitz Grammar-school. Dr Theodor Krüger, as Heyne informs us, was ‘a theologian of some learning for his time;’ and

while at his visit the rector was teaching *ex cathedra*, the doctor suddenly interrupted him, and put the question, Who among the scholars could tell him what might be made by way of anagram from the word *Austria*? It seems that this whim had entered the inspector's head from the circumstance that the 'first Silesian war' was just begun, and some such anagram, reckoned extremely happy, had recently appeared in a certain newspaper. None of the boys knew what an anagram really was: the very rector looked blank and considerably perplexed. As none answered, however, he began to give 'a description of anagrams in general.' Heyne instantly set himself to work, and sprung forth with his discovery—*Vastari*! This differed somewhat from the newspaper one, and of course was all the better. 'So much greater was the superintendent's admiration; and the more, as the successful aspirant was a little boy on the lowest bench of the *secunda*.' Dr Theodor growled applause; but in so doing he set the entire school about the ears of Heyne, 'as he stoutly upbraided them with being beaten by an *infimus*.'

It was this 'pedantic adventure,' as Heyne calls it, which first gave an impulse to the development of his powers. He began to take some little credit for himself, and in spite of all the oppression and contempt in which he languished, resolved on struggling forward. Still, he says, this first struggle was sadly ineffectual—was soon, indeed, regarded as a piece of mere conceit, and brought on him 'a thousand humiliations and disquietudes.' The perverse way, too, in which the old parson treated him—the discontent of his parents, and especially of his father, who thought that, had the boy stuck by weaving, the household might have been to some extent improved in circumstances—the pressure of want, and the almost grudging entertainment he received at home—the feeling of backwardness and degradation which accompanied him continually—all this would allow of 'no cheerful thought, no sentiment of worth,' to spring up within him for the adornment or elevation of his nature. 'A timorous, bashful, awkward carriage shut me out still farther from all exterior attractions. Where could I learn good manners, elegance, a right way of thought? Where could I attain any culture for heart and spirit?' Upwards, however, he still strove with resolution. 'A feeling of honour, a wish for something better, an effort to work myself out of this abasement, incessantly attended me; but being without direction, it led me for the most part into clownishness, sullenness, and misanthropy.' At length, by a favourable turn of circumstance, a place was opened for him where some training in these respects became obtainable. There was a young gentleman, lately introduced into society, at the 'west end' of Chemnitz, for whom his friends desired a little private instruction in the languages. He was too select a personage to be sent to school, and not old enough for college; therefore it came to pass that Heyne, being heard of and recommended, was chosen for his temporary tutor. 'As these private lessons brought me in a *gulden* monthly (that is to say, about two-and-sixpence sterling), I now began to defend myself a little against the grumbling of my parents. Hitherto I had been in the habit of doing work occasionally, that I might not be told I contributed nothing to the earning of my bread; clothes and oil for my lamp I had earned by teaching in the house; these things I could now relinquish; and thus my condition was in some degree

improved. On the other hand, I had the opportunity of seeing persons of better education. I gained the good-will of the family; so that, besides the lesson hours, I generally lived there. Such society afforded me some culture, extended my conceptions and opinions, and also polished a little the rudeness of my exterior.'

In this new situation Heyne appears to have had at least some partial enjoyment of existence. Indeed he fell privately in love with his pupil's sister, made and destroyed innumerable Greek and Latin verses in celebration of her charms, and had the audacity to 'dream of sometime rising high enough to be worthy of her.' This, however, was but a flattering delusion, though he did succeed in acquiring the friendship both of herself and of her mother. The grand concern which meanwhile occupied his thoughts was, how he should be able to get to the university at Leipzig. Old Sebastian, with his munificent 'liberality of intention,' had promised to stand good on this occasion; and it is thought he would have done so with the greatest pleasure, had it cost him nothing: as it was, he merely gave extremely liberal promises, but could not by any device be brought to produce a fraction of hard cash; and elsewhere for Heyne there was no resource. At length, wearied, it is surmised, by the youth's impotency, he determined to bestir himself; and accordingly he directed his assistant, who was then going to Leipzig, to conduct Heyne thither—the latter doubting not but that at the end of the journey something pleasant would turn up. The two arrived in safety; but when the anxious student made inquiries respecting the arrangements which he supposed his patron had made for him at college, he found none whatever had been made, and moreover, that there was not a *groschen* of money provided to meet any of his necessities. This information the assistant gave him, and then left him at a lodging-house, declaring that anything further was not in his commission.

Heyne had in his pocket exactly two *gulden*, and not the slightest prospect of obtaining any more when these should be expended. Starvation stood visibly before him at not many days' distance. A youth without connections, in a strange place, shabbily attired, and destitute of books, with simply five shillings in his purse, he found himself set down at the threshold of Leipzig University, 'to study all learning,' and build his fortunes out of chaos. No wonder that sheer despondency at first overmastered him. He speedily fell sick; and, as he says, recovered only 'to fall into conditions of life wherein he became the prey of desperation.' All the miseries which, from ages immemorial, the 'poor scholar' has been heir to, were now, for long years, to be his only portion. How he contrived to live, much more how he managed to study, it is utterly impossible to make out. The hapless Sebastian Seydel, it appears, did occasionally send some churlish pittance, but never until 'after unspeakable solicitations,' and then 'in quantities that were consumed by inextinguishable debt,' and commonly accompanied by disagreeable admonitions. On one occasion he even addressed a letter externally—'*A. M. Heyne, Etudiant Negligent*:' a veritable and aggravated slander; for, so far from being a 'student negligent,' Heyne was perhaps of all students the most endeavouring and diligent. Witness, for instance, one of his modes of 'pursuing

knowledge under difficulties.' Having no money to pay class-fees, it was only to what are called 'open lectures' he could usually gain admission. There were, however, certain 'ill-guarded class-rooms' into which a needy student might occasionally insinuate himself with little or no fear of being noticed as an intruder. Of such class-rooms Heyne appears to have availed himself according to opportunity, and to have picked up such casual crumbs of knowledge as were thus procurable. It was in this way he studied philosophy under Winkler. Unluckily, the frequency of his attendance excited jealousy among the students, and one day they received him with a violent scraping of the feet—a sort of derisive cheering which was anything but pleasant. Heyne could not venture back; and when the beadle came to him some time afterwards, demanding the fee, he says he had 'many shifts to make before he could raise it.'

For half a year he would be left utterly without help; then, as if smitten with sudden penitence for his sins, the incorrigible Sebastian would promise to come and see him; but often when he came would 'return without leaving him a penny.' Notwithstanding numerous applications, Heyne never could obtain any public assistance: no *free table* or *stipendium* was at any time procurable. Often he had no regular meal, and not even money enough to buy a loaf to satisfy his hunger. Darkness and the gloom of discontent fell in heavy shadows over his spirit. He longed to die and be at rest, knowing that in the grave there is no *want*. Yet there is always mercy in the world, and the kindness of gentle hearts ever gushes, even among the arid places where the most unhappy wander. 'One good heart alone,' but yet one, did Heyne find in that parched and boundless wilderness of indifference in which he lived: one good heart, and that a woman's—beating with sympathy in the sound and honest bosom of the poor servant-girl of the house at which he lodged. She beheld him with compassion, and with a rich benevolence that shames the givings of the wealthy, she brought him of her scanty store—nay, risked almost everything she had, to relieve him in his frightful need. The noble womanly Samaritan! 'Could I but find thee,' said Heyne, when years of better fortune had attended him—'could I but find thee, even now, thou good and pious soul, that I might repay thee what thou then didst for me!'

How he was sustained under so much pressing and protracted misery Heyne declares to be to himself a mystery. 'What carried me forward,' says he, 'was not ambition—any youthful dream of one day taking a place, or aiming to take one, among the learned. It is true the bitter feeling of debasement, of deficiency in education and external polish—the consciousness of awkwardness in social life, incessantly accompanied me. But my chief strength lay in a certain defiance of fate. This gave me courage not to yield—everywhere to try to the uttermost whether I was doomed without remedy never to rise from this degradation.'

Among the Leipzig professors, the only one from whom Heyne appears to have derived any advantage was Ernesti. In some way, which is not very clear to us, he succeeded in gaining admittance to Ernesti's lectures; and here, as his biographer Heeren has remarked, he first learned 'what interpretation of the classics meant.' Another professor, named Crist, a rather singular and fantastic personage, who dwelt considerably on 'taste, elegance of manners, and the like,' was pleased to take some notice of him,

and procured him occasional employment as a private teacher. He also sought to direct him a little in his studies, advising him 'to imitate Scaliger, and read the ancients, so as to begin with the most ancient, and proceed regularly to the latest'—a sage recommendation, reminding one of Goldsmith's pleasantry about the folly of presenting a man with ruffles who was destitute of a shirt. Of all teachers, however, it is clear, as Mr Carlyle observes, that Heyne's best teacher was himself. 'No pressure of distress, no want of books, advisers, or encouragement, not hunger itself, could abate his resolute perseverance. What books he could come at he borrowed; and such was his excess of zeal in reading, that for a whole half year he allowed himself only two nights of sleep in the week, till at last a fever obliged him to be more moderate. His diligence was undirected or ill-directed, but it never rested, never paused, and must at length prevail. Fortune had cast him into a cavern, and he was groping darkly round; but the prisoner was a giant, and would at length burst forth as a giant into the light of day. Heyne, without any clear aim, almost without any hope, had set his heart on obtaining knowledge; a force as of instinct drove him on, and no promise and no threat could turn him back.' In the depth of his destitution he had the almost unparalleled temerity to refuse a tutorship, which promised to be a comfortable appointment, but which he considered it advisable to decline, inasmuch as it would remove him from the university. Crist, aware of the urgency of his circumstances, had sent for him one Sunday, and made him the proposal; 'and thereupon,' says Heyne, 'there arose a violent struggle within me, which agitated me for several days; and to this hour it is incomprehensible to me where I found resolution to determine on renouncing the offer, and to follow out my object in Leipzig.' It was extremely difficult for a man in his extremity to ascertain the wisest course; and doubtless every considerate and 'practical' person, who might have been consulted, would have advised the contrary of what Heyne decided on; but yet there is ever truth in the soul's instincts, and he who accepts their intimations with purity and singleness of purpose, may rely on them with confidence, and esteem them the best guides of his volition.

Heyne remained at the university; and by dint of starving, and the precarious employment of private teaching, managed both to keep the life in him, and prosecute his studies. It is utterly impossible to tell *how*; neither his own narrative, nor the 'Biographical Portraiture' by Professor Heeren, affords us any sufficient information in regard to these particulars. All we can gather is, that he lived 'in a dreary vicissitude of want,' spinning out his existence from day to day, unwarmed by any ray of comfort, except the 'fire that burned or smouldered unquenchably in his own bosom.' It appears that his sole means were the scanty gratuities of Sebastian, and the casual and inconsiderable fees which he earned by private teaching. Sometimes perhaps he might work a little in that capacity which the Germans call 'classical hodmanship'—translating and transcribing passages of Greek and Latin for the use of authors and philosophers who were somewhat 'rusted' in their languages, or who could turn their talents to better account as builders than would be practicable while acting as 'hodmen' for themselves. At one time he had an engagement of this sort under the once famous but now forgotten Crusius, who was then

'first professor of theology' at Leipzig—with what remuneration is not apparent. One thing we can discern with satisfaction, that in such employments as are open to him Heyne does not fail to acquit himself with credit. As a consequence, his talents and endeavours began by degrees to attract notice, and his perverse situation to excite a little sympathy; and 'here and there some well-wisher had his eye on him, and stood ready to do him a service.'

In this way had Heyne struggled up to manhood. Two-and-twenty years had he endured as severe hardship as happened to any man of his generation. Moreover, his difficulties were yet far from being ended. In the latter days of his college life he had betaken himself to the study of the law, though without the slightest prospect of being able to turn it to any immediate practical account. Other branches of learning he continued meanwhile to prosecute, and indeed held himself ready to lay hold of anything that might turn up to his advantage. While thus waiting, as it were, to catch the strings of possibility, a trifling incident occurred, something akin to that 'pedantic adventure' before mentioned, which brought about important changes in his situation. Among the persons in Leipzig who had extended towards him some little measure of favour was a French preacher named Lacoste, who, dying suddenly, was by Heyne somewhat lamented; and he, as it is said, inspired by personal sorrow, composed a long Latin Epicedium on the occasion—a poem nowise intended for the press, but which certain of the deceased's hearers were so extremely pleased with as to cause it to be printed 'in the finest style of typography and decoration.' Now, among the students in Leipzig at that time were the respectable and respected sons of Count Brühl—prime minister and favourite of the Elector of Saxony, and also a person of high repute for his shining patronage of literature. Brühl's sons, it is surmised, sent home to Dresden a copy of Heyne's elegantly-decorated Epicedium; and the count, struck with the decorations, was pleased to express himself well contented with the poem, and to say, moreover, he should like to have the author in his service.

'A prime minister's words,' says one who has written on this matter, 'are not as water spilt upon the ground, which cannot be gathered; but rather as heavenly manna, which is treasured up and eaten, not without a religious sentiment. Heyne was forthwith written to from all quarters that his fortune was made: he had but to show himself in Dresden, said his friends with one voice, and golden showers from the ministerial cornucopia would refresh him almost to saturation; for was not the count taken with him? and who in all Saxony, not excepting serene highness itself, could gainsay the count? Over-persuaded, and against his will, Heyne at length determined on the journey, for which, as an indispensable preliminary, "fifty-one *thalers*" had to be borrowed; and so, following this hopeful quest, he actually arrived at Dresden in April 1752. Count Brühl received him with the most captivating smiles, and even assured him in words that he, Count Brühl, would take care of him. But a prime minister has so much to take care of! Heyne danced attendance all spring and summer, happier than our Johnson, inasmuch as he had not to "blow his fingers in a cold lobby," the weather being warm; and obtained not only promises,

but useful experience of their value at courts. He was to be made a secretary, with five hundred, with four hundred, or even with three hundred thalers of income; only in the meanwhile his old stock of fifty-one had quite run out, and he had nothing to live upon.'

Heyne is convinced at length that he must look about him for something more tangible than Count Brühl's promises. By good-luck he obtained some employment in his old craft of private teaching, which sustained him through the winter; but when this ceased he remained without resources. What to do he could not well conceive. In Dresden, however, there are publishers and booksellers; so Heyne goes to some of them to solicit work in authorship. He is so far fortunate as to get intrusted with a few translations; but, as the writer just quoted says, 'his emoluments would scarcely furnish him with salt, not to speak of victuals.' In a short time he was so far reduced as to be obliged to sell the few books he possessed; and by and by he even finds himself with only the universal canopy for the ceiling of his bedchamber. 'A licentiate in divinity, one Sonntag, took pity on his houselessness, and shared a garret with him; where, as there was no unoccupied bed, Heyne slept on the floor, with a few folios for his pillow. So fared he as to lodging: in regard to board, he gathered empty peascods, and had them boiled: this was not unfrequently his only meal.' The dogs of any Lazarus in any generation have fared better. However, after 'incredible solicitations,' Heyne at length, in the autumn of 1753, obtained—not his promised secretaryship at five or four hundred thalers, but the subordinate post of under-clerk in the Brühl library, with *one* hundred thalers—a salary scarcely enough to preserve him from starvation, but which was doubtless very welcome. In this way was Heyne 'taken care of' by the illustrious Count Brühl. Let young scholars think of it, and as far as mortals are concerned, depend on no one but themselves.

Heyne may be nevertheless considered as having now in some sort got to ground. After struggling long with the rough tempestuous breakers that surge above the shoals of worldly life, he is finally washed ashore—on a barren and uninhabited island—an island also wellnigh uninhabitable, and needing more than Crusoe ingenuity to yield anything worth the gathering. Heyne, however, sets to work, and, out of such available soil as he finds in the Brühl Library, produces his first book. This was a carefully-prepared edition of 'Tibullus,' which was printed at Leipzig in 1755—a work reported to exhibit remarkable talent, inasmuch as 'the rudiments of all those excellences by which Heyne afterwards became distinguished as a commentator on the classics are more or less apparent in it.' To whom should the same be dedicated but to the 'Illustrious Henry Count von Brühl?' So accordingly stands it on the title-page in highly-imposing Latin—*Illustrissimo Domino Henrico Comiti de Brühl inscripta*. But though thus propitiated, the illustrious Brühl paid no regard to it; nor indeed did Germany at large pay much; though in another country it fell into the hands of Rhunken, by whom it was rightly estimated, and with him lay waiting, as appeared thereafter, to be 'the pledge of better fortune for its author.'

The profits of the 'Tibullus' were not enormous, though it appears they served to cancel a few outstanding debts; and thus, with the aid of

the hundred thalers' regular income, the steam of life was languidly kept up. Unhappily for Heyne as well as others, in 1756 the very memorable Seven-Years' War broke out; Frederick of Prussia advanced on Dresden, 'animated with especial fury against Brühl,' whose palaces and high places were accordingly ere long reduced to ashes, and, with other wreck and devastation, there was an end of 'seventy thousand splendid volumes.' Heyne, it seems, had been engaged in studying Epictetus, and publishing an edition of his 'Enchiridion;' from which work his biographer Heeren affirms 'his great soul had acquired much stoical nourishment.' Heyne had evidently need of all the support Epictetus could yield him, for now he was again cast homeless on the world. By translating pamphlets, writing articles for newspapers, and by other such journeywork of authorship as happened to turn up, he contrived, though narrowly, to elude starvation, and save the authorities of Dresden the expense of a parish coffin. At a time when he was desperately 'hard up,' the poet Rubener, with whom he had some slight acquaintance, came to him with the offer of a tutorship, which Heyne, knowing the penalty, dared not at the moment do otherwise than accept. Tutorships he habitually abominated; but Want, like Death, regards no man's scruples or conveniences.

The tutorship did not prove so bad as he expected. Indeed we come now upon a little 'cypress-and-myrtle oasis' of romance—a thing one could scarcely have calculated on in so hard and stony a history as Heyne's. He was engaged to teach the son of a Herr von Schönberg; and on entering the Schönberg house, he says he was 'ushered into a room where sat several ladies engaged, with gay youthful sportiveness, in friendly confidential talk. Frau von Schönberg, but lately married, yet at this time distant from her husband, was preparing for a journey to him at Prague, where his business detained him. On her brow still beamed the pure innocence of youth; in her eyes you saw a glad soft vernal sky; a smiling, loving complaisance accompanied her discourse. This, too, seemed one of those souls clear and uncontaminated as they come from the hands of their Maker. By reason of her brother, in her tender love of him, I must have been to her no unimportant guest. Beside her stood a young lady, dignified in aspect, of fair, slender shape, not regular in feature, yet soul in every glance. Her words, her looks, her every movement, impressed you with respect: another sort of respect than what is paid to rank and birth. Good sense, good feeling disclosed itself in all she did. You forgot that more beauty, more softness might have been demanded; you felt yourself under the influence of something noble, something stately and earnest, something decisive that lay in her look, in her gestures, not less attracted to her than compelled to reverence her.'

This latter lady bore the name of Theresa Weiss; she was the orphan daughter of some musical professor, and was present here as the humble companion, having formerly been the schoolmate, of the Frau von Schönberg, whose young brother the destinies had assigned to Heyne for a pupil. The first sight of Theresa seems only to have inspired him with esteem. 'What I noticed most,' says he, 'were the efforts she made to relieve my embarrassment, the fruit of my down-bent pride, and to keep me, a stranger, entering among familiar acquaintances, in easy conversation. Her good heart reminded her how much the unfortunate requires encouragement,

especially when placed, as I was, among those to whose protection he must look up. Thus was my first kindness for her awakened by that good-heartedness which made her among thousands a beneficent angel.'

In a few days Heyne commenced his duties, and saw the esteemed Theresa no more till the next spring, she having accompanied the Frau von Schönberg in her journey to Prague. With the pleasant breath and goodly verdure of the month of May, he had, however, the pleasure of enjoying some days in her society, in agreeable country quarters at Änsdorf, whither he had been invited to follow the family with his pupil. This is perhaps the most delicious season in the whole of Heyne's life. Though nowise a poetical man, he almost rises into poetry when reproducing it from memory. 'The society of two cultivated women,' says he, 'who were of the noblest of their sex, and the desire to acquire their esteem, contributed to form my own character. Nature and religion were the objects of my daily contemplation; I began to act and live on principles of which till now I had never thought; these, too, formed the subject of our constant conversation. The loveliness of nature and the charms of solitude exalted our feelings to a pious and absorbing ecstasy.'

Heyne informs us further that Theresa discovered, sooner than he, that her friendship for him was growing into a passion. Does he mean to insinuate that Theresa first acknowledged her susceptibility? If she did, there were doubtless reasons for it: Heyne was a slow man, remarkably unexcitable, and needing, like a flint, to be struck before he could exhibit fire. He seems to have been a man of almost preternatural bashfulness. He may have found it difficult to receive the notion that any interesting woman would ever love him. There are some rare examples of men of this description. And what if the amiable Theresa could perceive all this, and with a womanly compassion take it upon her to smoothe the way, and by some very gentle hint, given at the right time, indicate her tender inclinations? Let none condemn Theresa should such turn out to be the fact. But it is hardly likely to be ascertained now whether or not it *was* the fact. It may suffice for us to know that, in one way or another, Heyne and Theresa were led to consider themselves as lovers. Glad hours of a most exquisite communion were for a while their portion, and then fate cast them wide asunder; and the gulf of distance and of difficulty between them was but slenderly bridged over by an enthusiastic and melancholy correspondence.

Heyne accompanied his pupil to the university of Wittenberg, where he remained for about a year, studying meanwhile, for his own behoof, in philosophy and German history; but at the end of that time the Prussian cannon demolished the university, and sent the students to seek accommodation in other places. The young Schönberg went subsequently to Erlangen, and Heyne was left in Dresden without employment. Theresa was living in his neighbourhood, and is supposed to have rendered him several lover's kindnesses. 'Twice,' says he, 'I received letters from an unknown hand containing money, which greatly alleviated my difficulties.' Who sent them, think you, but Theresa? However, as the cannonading became warmer, she was compelled to take to flight, having first confided her little property to Heyne's charge. Resourceless persons must necessarily stand the brunt of popular calamities, and it was accordingly Heyne's

lot to abide the issue of the Prussian siege. On the 18th of July 1760 the bombardment of Dresden began. 'I passed several nights,' says Heyne, 'in company with others, in a tavern, and the days in my room; so that I could hear the balls from the battery, as they flew through the streets, whizzing past my windows. An indifference to danger and to life took such possession of me, that on the last morning of the siege I went early to bed, and amid the frightfullest crashing of bombs and grenades, fell fast asleep of fatigue, and lay sound till mid-day. On awakening, I huddled on my clothes, and ran down stairs, but found the whole house deserted. I had returned to my room, considering what I was to do, whither, at all events, I was to take my chest, when, with a tremendous crash, a bomb came down in the court of the house; did not, indeed, set fire to it, but on all sides shattered everything to pieces. The thought that where one bomb fell more would soon follow gave me wings; I darted down stairs, found the house-door locked, ran to and fro; at last got entrance into one of the under rooms, and sprang through the window into the street.' There was evidently no time to lose if he meant to escape destruction. The next morning he was allowed, with other fugitives, to pass out of the city, and found himself at large in the open country with not a *groshen* of money, or any particle of property except a cloak which he had caught up from a tavern.

The thought soon struck him, Whither bound? It seemed that the best thing he could do was to take the road to Aënsdorf, where Theresa and her friend were then staying. They on his arrival received him warmly. He was not favoured, however, with any pressing invitation to remain; for, as he appeared in the character of an altogether destitute man, the family entertained him coolly. In a few days he took his leave; the excellent Theresa being unspeakably distressed by the shabby treatment he received, in which, we are glad to find it said, the noble lady Frau Schönberg had no participation. Spurning at destiny, and hardening his heart, Heyne now roved reckless about the country, and with the earliest opportunity returned to Dresden. He thought there might be just a possibility that his lodging had been saved. 'With heavy heart I entered the city, hastened to the place where I had lived, and found—a heap of ashes!'

Heyne took up his quarters in the vacant and dilapidated rooms of the Brühl Library. These for a while he had liberty to occupy rent-free, but with the utmost scarcity of rations. For many months his condition was extremely destitute and unsettled—wars and penury tossing him hither and thither like a ball. To increase his troubles, in the course of the winter the good Theresa, who had returned to Dresden, fell violently sick, and was given up by the physicians as beyond recovery; she even received 'extreme unction,' according to the rites of the Romish church (being a member of that community); and for some hours was actually considered to be dead. Dead, however, she was not, but became gradually restored to sense and convalescence. Moreover, with her returning strength, she gave intimations of a desire to renounce the Catholic faith, and to become publicly a Protestant. The difference of their religious views had long been a matter of anxiety between Heyne and herself, and she now thought she could see sufficient reasons for conforming to his creed. All

the representations that were made to her of the conventional disgrace and estrangement of her friends that would ensue were of no avail in diverting her from her purpose; and accordingly, after a public renunciation of her former faith, she was received as a convert to the Church of the Reformation. She had not the slightest expectation at this time of ever being united to Heyne upon earth; but she trusted that a common creed might unite them in a kindred destiny in another world. Indeed Heyne himself had at this time fallen ill, and it was only through her nursing and attention that he escaped narrowly with his life. The circumstances of both were now alike cheerless and distracted. Theresa's change of faith had caused her to be forsaken by most of her acquaintances, and her little property had been destroyed in the late calamitous bombardment. In all the wide world she had no true friend but Heyne. He saw that, with a noble courage, she bore up bravely under the consequences which conscience had commanded her to incur, and that even extremest poverty could not compel her beautiful and gentle head to bend or swerve from its serene steadfastness; and so, moved by the influences of love and duty, he said to her, 'Come to me, thou dear one, and let us link our hopeless fates in unison; and if not otherwise, yet in our united helplessness we will be as one: where I dwell thou shalt dwell, and whatsoever of fortune or mischance may be in store for us, we will meekly share together.' This was a determination which could not but expose him to the universal censure of the 'prudent;' yet under the circumstances, it was unquestionably commendable, and Heyne had never any reason to regret it. They were married at Ænsdorf on the 4th of June 1761. Theresa proved a noble wife to him, and with the ornaments that sprung out of her fine affection, adorned and beautified his destiny.

As to the vulgar necessities of life, they were in some sort realised by Heyne's occasional labours for the booksellers. The clouds and disturbances of war began gradually to clear away, and the hospitalities of friends contributed to eke out the insufficiencies of the still poorly-furnished household. For a while Heyne seems to have been engaged as a sort of factor, or overseer of general affairs, under a certain Herr von Löben, who was a kind friend to him, and left him in possession of his country-house when he himself was driven from it by alarms of war; in which capacity Heyne says he gained some little notion of 'land-economy;' and Heeren records that he had, amongst other concerns, to superintend 'a candle manufactory.' While here, an incident occurred which favourably illustrates the character of Theresa. 'Soon after the departure of the family, there came upon us an irruption of Cossacks—disguised Prussians, as we subsequently learned—who, after drinking to intoxication in the cellars, set about plundering. Pursued by them, I ran up-stairs, and no door being open but that of the room where my wife was with her infant, I rushed into it. She arose courageously, and placed herself, with the child on her arm, at the door against the robbers. This courage saved me, and also the treasure which lay hidden in the chamber.' One almost regrets that Heyne should have condescended to save his life by an undignified retreat behind such frail bastion-works as petticoats; yet it is beautiful to see that even bloody-purposed Cossacks, or 'disguised Prussians,' have a certain inextinguishable reverence for the courageous defencelessness of a woman, standing at

their mercy with her infant at her bosom. Surely human nature, in its lowest and worst forms, is never utterly diabolical!

Shortly after this, there arose for Heyne the dawn of better circumstances. Long and weary are the nights, gloomy and cheerless, too, the days of our protracted northern winter; but yet the spring comes in at last, even though it be sometimes rather late in summer: so to honesty and faithfulness, and a manful endeavouring to 'realise our aspirations,' there commonly succeeds some intelligible success; and that 'tide' which is in the affairs of men being taken at the full, leads on, if not to 'fortune,' to at least some practical satisfaction and contentment. 'On our return to Dresden,' says Heyne, 'I learned that inquiries had been made after me from Hanover.' Now what can such unwonted Hanoverian curiosity signify? Heyne is for some time left to guess, but has no gift for guessing right. Nevertheless, the singular enigma is by and by unriddled. Heyne learns that Professor Gessner, of the university of Göttingen, has lately been translated from this sublunary life; and therefore a successor was required to occupy his vacant chair of 'Eloquence.' The prime minister of Hanover, in whom the patronage was vested, had written to Ernesti for advice; and Ernesti, knowing no proper man in Germany, recommended Rhunken of Leyden as a highly desirable person, could he only be prevailed on to take the post. Rhunken declined to leave his country, but ventured to propose a man whose qualifications he deemed worthy of consideration. 'Why,' said he, 'do you seek out of Germany what Germany itself offers you? Why not, for Gessner's successor, take Christian Gottlob Heyne, that true pupil of Ernesti, and man of excellent talent, who has shown how much he knows of Latin literature by his "*Tibullus*," and of Greek by his "*Epictetus*?" In my opinion, Heyne is the only one that can replace your Gessner. Nor let any one tell me that Heyne's fame is not sufficiently illustrious and extended. Believe me, there is in this man such a richness of genius and learning, that before long all Europe will ring with his praises.' Rhunken knew nothing of Heyne otherwise than by his writings; nevertheless, his generous and boldly-spoken verdict was accepted. Heyne was sought after, and with difficulty discovered; the appointment was conferred on him; and in June 1763 he became finally settled in Göttingen, with an 'official income of eight hundred thalers,' which subsequently, by various additions, was increased to twelve hundred—a sum, indeed, nowise very considerable, but yet quite sufficient for the needs of a modest and unambitious man of learning like our Heyne, who does not appear to have conceived it to be any part of the scholar's object to be rich, or that the glory of his life consists in living sumptuously.

This, then, is the culmination of Heyne's personal history. He has reached the position for which nature seems to have intended him. What greater blessedness can happen to any man in life? Henceforth his existence is as quiet and fertile in activity as it had previously been desolate and distracted. He lived with little interruption for many years, 'in the quiet and still air of delightful studies.' He became an incarnation, or walking library of profound learning. Though several times solicited to accept appointments of higher distinction and importance, he never quitted

Göttingen; but with a steady devotion to the institution which first afforded scope for his diligence and abilities, and furnished him with the comforts of a settled and honourable position, he remained calmly and contentedly connected with it throughout his life. With the punctuality of the sun he arose each day to renewed intellectual exertion, working sedulously in his vocation as a teacher, and continually adding new and important acquisitions to his treasury of personal knowledge. With unresting diligence he reads and examines into all manner of ancient records, difficult manuscripts, ponderous tomes of accumulated lore and rubbish, and with a keen and ready discrimination, draws from them, for his uses, whatever essence of true and serviceable learning they may contain. Thus hiving knowledge with each studious year, he grows gradually and progressively in influence and consideration with his contemporaries; fails not to be honoured with the reverence and esteem of the learned and the studious both at home and in foreign countries; and even eventually attains to that position of eminence and reputation which Rhunken predicted for him, and is recognised as being, in his own peculiar domain of intelligence and research, unsurpassed, and even without an equal, in Europe.

Heyne, moreover, as a stationed and accredited professor, has now become a person of some civic consequence and elevation. He has a fixed and reputable household, respectable comings in, charges and relations of a civil and public character, audiences with the learned, interests and vanities to adjust and regulate, Burschen irregularities to admonish and restrain, and, upon the whole, a very considerable multiplicity of affairs to superintend and keep in order. He seems to correspond with the poles and the equator—writing ‘letters by the hundred to all parts of the world, and on all conceivable subjects;’ he teaches three classes daily in his college; appoints and recommends professors; superintends a multitude of public schools; has under his inspection for a number of years the very *freytische*, or free tables of the university, settling the bills of cooks, and being the authorised purveyor of ‘commons,’ or recognised students’ provider; and is, besides, a kind of general administrator of things in ordinary within the entire collegiate jurisdiction. Yet amid all this diversity of labour he is constantly pursuing some private and independent study; he collates and edits, with elaborate annotations, and publishes in a variety of forms, and in manifold editions, many of the most estimable and illustrious masterpieces of ancient literature; writes endless reviews and learned disquisitions, essays, eulogies, verses, and translations, until at length the works of his single head are almost numerous enough to fill the rooms of a public library. Nor are they mere indigested accumulations of learned lumber, not classical pumicestone or indiscriminate ‘shot rubbish’—cartloads of ashes, with a sprinkling of pearls and diamonds—not even rugged ore, like the uncoined hills of California; but, as one has said, ‘regularly smelted metal, for the most part exhibiting the essence, and only the essence, of very great research, and enlightened by a philosophy which, if it does not always wisely order its results, has looked far and deeply in collecting them.’ Of the most important works to which this estimate applies, some brief account shall by and by be rendered.

In his domestic relations Heyne must be reckoned as being upon the whole favourably circumstanced. The good Theresa, though of a melan-

choly temperament, and of a somewhat irritable susceptibility, was nevertheless an amiable and gentle wife to him. Patient and enduring in adversity, she had also the qualities which failed not to grace and beautify the home of his prosperity. Children, too, spring up about their knees to share their love, and to unite them more intimately in the bonds of life; and though some of them died early, making the house to appear vacant which had formerly been rendered cheerful by their presence, yet none of these bereavements left them utterly disconsolate; but out of the pious sorrow engendered by their loss there sprung up graceful and enduring tendernesses, which reconciled the mourners to their fate. Thus amid light and shadow, and the alternations of gladness and distress, the days of their pilgrimage went on in a calm and not ungenial equanimity.

And so the years spin round, until 1775, when the excellent Theresa was called away—away utterly from this land of change, and from sickness which she had suffered long, to another wondrous state of being, where change and sickness shall be no more. Now shall the eyes that have seldom wept shed tears: now shall the pangs that are ‘beyond the pitch of human feeling’ pierce into the soul which, under all calamities hitherto, has borne itself as with the calmness and indifference of adamant. In deep grief, in speechless agony and anguish, he bends over the form of his beloved with a yearning that is unutterable; and it is as though his desolate affections were driven forth in banishment into boundless loneliness for ever. All life and nature are painfully transfigured by his sorrow; the whole earth seems wrapt in sadness, and the star-lighted heavens look dim and immeasurably remote. And as they bore her away to the ‘still dwelling’ whose doors may never more be opened, it seemed as if the closing of those awful portals had everlastingly extinguished the presence of hope and love from out the world. ‘There,’ said he, ‘reposes what is left of the dearest that Heaven gave me;’ there, in still unconscious slumber, in silent dreamlessness for ever, she sleeps the sleep from which there is no awakening; among the dust and the perishing shapes of her four children, that went before her to that restingplace, she is gathered in the prime and beauty of her days. To him who stands there, beckoning his sorrowing farewells over the chasm that yawns between eternity and time, and in recognition whereof no sign is rendered—to him it now appears, while contemplating that almost perfect love with which the dead had blessed him, that it was indeed ‘the strongest and the truest that ever inspired the heart of woman’—a love which made him many a time the happiest of mortals, though it was withal to him the ‘fountain of a thousand distresses, inquietudes, and cares.’ He remembers that when tears flowed over their cheeks there was sometimes a nameless and yet exquisite delight streaming through his consciousness—a rushing and gracious unison of the currents of joy and sorrow, more sweet, more blessed than any ordinary gladness. And thus it even cheers him to reflect that he shall come one day to rest beside her—‘rest from all the carking care, from all the griefs which so often have embittered to him the enjoyment of his life.’

But apart from these or any kindred consolations, it was not in Heyne's nature to brood long over any sorrow. To persist in lamenting the inevitable is at once contrary to philosophy and religion, and is a hindrance to the right accomplishment of the remaining tasks of life. Accordingly,

Heyne, in conformity with an established plan of his, shortly began to reckon up his several grounds of sorrow, and having fairly written them down on paper, he next wrote over against them his 'grounds of consolation;' and on contrasting them, and striking a balance of the account, he appears to have been satisfied that he had still much to be contented with. 'So,' he piously concludes, 'for all these sorrows too, and these trials, do I thank thee, oh God! And now I will again turn me with undivided purpose to my duty; and thou, my glorified and buried friend, dost even smile on me with approval!' And thus, from the valley of the shadow of death, the scholar and philosopher comes forth again to participate in the light and active interests of the living.

From the sublime to the ridiculous there is often but a step, and here we have the saying once more verified. In less than twelve months after the good Theresa's funeral, Heyne became actually entangled in another courtship! Oh that there were some despotic ukase in operation, to defend elderly and middle-aged gentlemen from making fools of themselves! The match appears to have been brought about in this wise: some time in the summer of 1776, the Hanoverian court physician, Zimmerman, who is popularly known by a meditative work on 'Solitude,' was spending some months in company with one Reich, a Leipzig bookseller, at the Pymont Baths. There also came Brandes, the Hanoverian minister of instruction for the time; and with him he brought a daughter, at present unmarried, but to all appearance highly marriageable. On her did Zimmerman and Reich cast sympathising looks, and putting their sensible heads together, concerted a scheme to provide her with a husband. Heyne was but little known to Zimmerman, yet the latter was impressed with the conceit, that it would be rendering him a service to find another wife for him. The author of 'Solitude' accordingly ventured to consult him, to point out the desirableness of such a mate as was this interesting daughter of the minister, and to offer the aid of himself and other friends to bring matters to a pleasant issue, without giving Heyne any particular trouble in the affair. An agreeable wife, if procurable on such easy terms, Heyne could not find it in him to reject. He, however, comported himself with the most philosophical indifference, transacted the greater portion of his courtship at second-hand, and was indeed in all respects as compliant to the plans and wishes of his friends as might be any respectable and commonplace inheritor of royal blood, whose marriage is an affair of international diplomacy. The damsel, too, was of an extremely accommodating temper, having neither preferences nor dislikes, but being dutifully disposed to be guided in a matter so important by the more experienced sense and practised judgment of her father. The father, on his part, was everything that could be desired by a suitor; and thus it came to pass that Heyne was enabled to take home to him, on the 9th of April 1777, a second and very interesting bride, won for him with less perplexity than many a town or country damsel may have experienced in selecting a bunch of artificial flowers, or a ribbon for her Sunday bonnet.

Here was a fortunate event in Heyne's life brought about very foolishly. The majority of chances was obviously against such a match turning out well; but the odd chance, by lucky accident, was hit, and it turned out

admirably. This second wife is said to have proved herself in all respects a true and worthy one. She was a most cheerful and meet companion for her husband; kept his house in the most admirable order; managed and brought up her children, and those of the deceased Theresa, like a genuine and faithful mother; and loved and assiduously assisted Heyne in many of the concerns which he undertook. Her love was *quieter*, and apparently less romantic, than that of her predecessor, and probably, to such a man as our professor, it was therefore considerably more suitable; for Heyne, throughout his life, was rather a solid than a brilliant man; and his affections, though firm and unwavering as a rock, were little accustomed to display themselves in fanciful exertions. Altogether, as we have said, Heyne may be reasonably considered as having been more than ordinarily fortunate in his personal relations.

In his public capacity also nearly all things went favourably with him. As the years proceed, he rises by degrees to be both in name and office the chief man of his establishment. 'His character stood high with the learned of all countries; and the best fruits of external reputation—increased respect in his own circle—was not denied to him.' Besides his claims to distinction as a teacher and a scholar, Heeren represents him as being an expert negotiator and active man of business—modes of activity for which it seems Heyne himself considered his talents to be peculiarly fitted. In proof and illustration of this notion, the ingenious biographer furnishes considerable details of our professor's procedure in managing the secular concerns of his university—a procedure involving almost infinite *finesse*, and an extremely complicated correspondence with the state-appointed ministers who, from time to time, presided over the educational department. Be all this as it may, it is clearly evident that Heyne everywhere inspired confidence in his capabilities and integrity, everywhere was honoured with the consideration and esteem of his contemporaries. In Göttingen, where he was best known, he was an object of general reverence, and appears to have been regarded by the inhabitants as a sort of incarnation of all learning. He rendered many a good service to the worthy burghers, and on one occasion more especially delighted them by reorganising their respected gymnasium, or town school. A further and even more important benefit Heyne was also privileged to perform for them, in the troublesome and dangerous period when Napoleon was subjugating the continent under his splendid usurpation. Heyne was now in his old age, and nothing was so desirable to him as quiet. He in his time had seen the horrors of sacked cities, and he felt that it now behoved him to do his utmost to divert the possibility of such evils from the worthy people among whom he lived. Accordingly, in the belief perhaps that Napoleon was intrinsically a humane man, Heyne made a modest and deferential application to him, soliciting protection (should it please him) for the Göttingen university and its libraries; and even succeeded in obtaining not only protection for the university, but also immunity from hostile invasion for the whole surrounding district. Thus we may perceive that sometimes an old and prudent man may be the deliverer of a city. It is even said, that as matters actually turned out, Göttingen was rather a gainer than a sufferer by the war, inasmuch as under Jerome of Westphalia all benefices were paid with the greatest punctuality, and even mani-

fold improvements were effected in the university's affairs; among which may be mentioned, as considerably the most important, a new and handsome extension of the buildings of the library, erected at the special cost of government.

The interest of Heyne's life is now pretty well exhausted. For some pages past it has had a tendency to flag. Readers are naturally indifferent about the details of prosperity. It is only with the *struggle* of the hero, and not with his repose or the quiet industry which follows victory, that they care to be concerned. Nobody minded Washington after he took to planting cabbages. When you can sit under your own vine, and eat of your own fig-tree, the interest of mankind is ended in respect to your proceedings. It is the penalty which a man pays for his success, that his history thenceforth dwindles into commonplace. So at least it is with all such men as Heyne. Barren of incident, fruitful only in inward progress, in regular uninterrupted industry, embodied in a long series of literary productions, his life for many years seems to have been little other than a succession of studious and quiet days, any one of which would be a fit and almost perfect representative of the rest.

In personal character and outward bearing Heyne appears to have been a kindly and worthy man. Among his townsmen and fellow-collegians, as we have noted, he was held in the highest veneration. In all his relations he is acknowledged to have been just, generously considerate, friendly, and compassionately disposed. He lived in great simplicity, and delighted in all simple and unostentatious pleasures. Had you been passing through Göttingen any time at the beginning of the present century, you might probably have seen him in his garden, moving about with a pair of scissors, trimming the numerous rose-bushes in which his house was pleasantly embowered. He had a love for roses which almost amounted to a passion, and always in the season he kept a large bouquet of them in water upon his desk. Such a delight in the sight and scent of natural beauty would surely be indicative of a gentle heart. That he was really possessed of one, there are even more decided evidences. Though in external appearance he was the grave and methodical professor—the stiff, almost pedantic seeming commentator, and to an undiscerning eye scarcely anything besides; yet under his cold, learned, rock-like exterior there were wells of native pity, which were really never dry, but, as occasion called, would gush forth in deeds of kindness and sympathy. His own early difficulties and distresses never left his memory. What was better still, when similar distresses were made known to him, he never failed to render something of the encouragement and help which they demanded. Not many authenticated stories of the kind can be positively related, for it is understood that all his charities of this sort were managed according to the divine rule, which recommends that the left hand shall not know what the right hand doeth. It quite contented Heyne to *do* the good—if possible, to do it furtively and with as little semblance of *charity* as was practicable—leaving it quietly behind him when it was done, and going on his way, as the winds pass when they have scattered the seeds which will some day replenish and repair the forest.

Heeren relates that Heyne had great fondness for the charms of natural scenery. He delighted in the fields and skies, and would lie for hours

reading on the grass. His endless communion with books, such as were nowise calculated to entertain the imagination, had not materially impaired in him one of the finest and most ethereal of human feelings. His love of nature, however, is not to be understood as being particularly fastidious or sentimental. There is nothing of the 'view-hunter' in the man: no sickly yearning for the picturesque; but he has the quiet, healthful taste which finds beauty in almost every object—in common hedgerows and pasture-lands, and the humblest flowers that adorn the waysides and the heaths. He cannot affect raptures, nor deliberately indite sonnets to fountains or the moon; but wherever the beautiful shines along his path, he has the sense which can discern, and accept it with satisfaction.

In his intercourse with friends or strangers, of whom many hundreds visited him, Heyne is represented to have been uniformly courteous. In social conversation his urbanity and politeness were perhaps sometimes excessive, though he is reported to have had a habit of 'yawning' when he came in contact with persons who talked largely without saying anything to the purpose. It is therefore evident he was but indifferently qualified to prosper in polite society. He appears, however, to have been well received among the magnates and quality of Göttingen. As evidences of the consideration paid to him, we may mention, that in the latter years of his life the magistracy exempted him, by special act, from all public assessments; and in 1809, when he was eighty years of age, the public boards and learned faculties came together in procession to congratulate him on his birthday; students assembled to do him reverence, and young ladies sent him garlands; and for that day old Göttingen was a place of perfect jubilee, and as far as such things could delight him, the good Heyne had a sufficiency of happiness and honour.

Not the least part of his good fortune must be reckoned the circumstance that he lived to complete all his cherished undertakings. In the month of April 1812, he saw the last volume of his works in print, and is said to have expressed great thankfulness that he had been permitted to perform so much. He was too old now to think of entering upon other projects. What remained to him of life he was content to spend in a quiet and contemplative waiting for the end. And the end came gently, and like a sleep, or as the falling of ripened fruit in the stillness of the autumn. The 11th of July, of this same 1812, was a day of public and popular interest in Göttingen—some anniversary, or other celebration connected with the Royal Society of that city—on which occasion Heyne, as one of the celebrities belonging to it, is reported to have spoken largely, and with more than ordinary vivacity and clearness. The next day, Heeren says he saw him for the last time. It was Sunday evening, and the old man was resting in his chair, very evidently exhausted by the fatigue of yesterday. However, on the Monday morning 'he once more entered his class-room, and held his Seminarium.' Afterwards, 'in the afternoon, he prepared his letters, domestic as well as foreign,' sealed them with all neatness, save one, which was written in Latin, to Professor Thorlacius at Copenhagen, and which Heeren found open, though finished, on the writer's desk. At supper, being alone with his elder daughter, he conversed cheerfully, and at his usual time retired to his bedroom. In the night, the servant-girl, who slept under his apartment, heard him walking up and down—a prac-

tice to which he was much addicted when he could not sleep. Subsequently he went to bed again, and shortly after five in the morning he rose as usual. When the girl inquired how he had been in the night, he replied to her in a strain of jocularly, and seemed in moderately good spirits. She left him to prepare his coffee; and returning with it about a quarter of an hour afterwards, she found him fallen down before his washing-stand. His hands being still wet, it appeared that death had overtaken him while washing. His medical attendant was hastily called in, but Heyne was gone whither no skill could call him back. Thus in the eighty-third year of an honourable old age, he died a painless and peaceful death, like the last of winter nights falling softly into the mild embraces of the spring.

Heyne was buried with appropriate solemnities—with pomps and imposing ceremonials such as were deemed fitting for one of his public and dignified position. Neither was there wanting an emphatic recognition of his merits as a man who had risen from obscurity into notable eminence among the learned. It is written that at Chemnitz, where he was born and nurtured in deep poverty, a grand company of the illustrious and respectable of the land was drawn together and assembled, under the constituted authorities of the place, to celebrate his memory. On this magnificent occasion, the old school album, in which the little starveling boy had inscribed his name, was produced and exhibited for the admiration of the visitors, many hundreds of whom went afterwards to see the poor dilapidated cottage wherein Heyne's father had once weaved, and he himself had cultivated the rudiments of learning in the lowest stages of his fortune. Then there was a wondrous display of oratory; high-flown speeches were delivered and reported; grandiloquent eulogiums lavished without measure; loud plaudits of astonishment and silly wonder; till the whole jubilation was at length ended through sheer exhaustion and debility of the articulative organs. Oh this canting affectation, which is so eager to honour the talent that has been already honoured!—this hollow reverberating applausiveness, which delights in sounding forth its empty gratulations among the tombs and forsaken habitations of them that have been distinguished!—would that it could cease, and leave the memories of modest men at rest! For how many, think you, out of that respectable multitude had penetration enough to have discerned any merit in such a man as Heyne while he slept bedless in Sonntag's garret with folios for his pillow, and dined grimly in the twilight on a dish of peascods without sauce? Perhaps it is difficult to honour a man at all in any popular and public fashion apart from his position; but it is obvious that all such honouring as this is but a conventional and ceremonial triviality. Heyne's proper honour is that which is paid to him by the conscious or unconscious admiration of men of his own class—by the scholars and the students who perceive and can appreciate the services he performed in the way of facilitating the study of ancient literature. This is the only honour which could have any meaning for Heyne, or for any other person of the like acquisitions and endowments.

In looking over the life and performances of Heyne, the first thing which strikes us is the man's amazing diligence. The quantity of work which he performed is almost sufficient to justify Hazlitt's assertion, that human life

is long enough to crowd into it all the arts and sciences. A very brief notice of his most important labours, without any attempt to estimate their individual excellences or deficiencies, is all that can be rendered in the present pages:—

The first editions of his 'Tibullus' and 'Epictetus' have been already mentioned. These were Heyne's achievements while he was still under probation, and, as the reader has seen, were prepared in the midst of circumstances in the highest degree unfavourable for such pursuits. The 'Tibullus' was subsequently republished in two other editions, each time with large extensions and improvements; and the 'Epictetus' also went through a second edition, with similar emendations. Among Heyne's further labours there are not less than six separate editions of 'Virgil,' published in various forms at different times, from 1767 to 1803; next we have two editions of 'Pliny,' one in 1790, and the other in 1811; then there are two editions of 'Appollodorus,' which appeared respectively in 1787 and 1803; three editions of 'Pindar,' published successively in 1774, 1797, and 1798, the last very considerably enlarged; 'Conon and Parthenius' in 1798; and lastly, an elaborate edition of 'Homer,' in eight volumes, 1802; and a second, contracted edition in two volumes, 1804.

In addition to the above, which could have been produced only by means of immense labour and research, we have a countless medley of translations from all languages; amongst which, as being a work of no inconsiderable extent, may be mentioned an improved version of Guthrie and Gray's 'Universal History.' There are, besides, about a dozen goodly volumes of miscellaneous essays, treating of all imaginable subjects; six volumes of which are also known in a separate shape, under the title of 'Opuscula,' and are said to contain some highly valuable writings. Finally, it appears, according to Heeren's computation, that Heyne was the author of between seven and eight thousand reviews of books!—an astonishing feat of authorship, had he even never produced a line in any other department of human literature.

Any one will admit that here surely is an author first-rate in point of *quantity*. Were it possible to think and write, as well as print, by steam-machinery, one could scarcely calculate upon a literary engine, of average practicable power, being brought to the capability of producing more. Indeed Heyne seems to have been in great part a sort of animated classical machine—though we believe it must be admitted that he was a machine invested with a faculty of rational discrimination and discernment. If he works after the manner of a machine, there is nevertheless a human head active enough in directing the wheels. Still, in such a mass of writings as he has left, it is hardly to be expected that elegance or nicety of composition should be a very prevailing feature. Heyne, we believe, is considered by his own countrymen as a very indifferent writer of the German tongue. His object, indeed, had no respect to excellence in this particular. His Latin style, which is his commonest medium of expression in his learned works, is of that sort which is esteemed well enough for a commentator, but is utterly without pretensions to literary grace.

The value of Heyne's writings is altogether apart from style: it lies in his deep research, in his powers as an interpreter, in his keen-eyed skill in exposition and emendation—whereby the real qualities of classical literature

become intelligibly apparent, to an extent not before attainable by its students. In Germany—and indeed now for a long time in Europe generally—Heyne is regarded as the founder of a new epoch in classical investigations. He is esteemed as the first eminent scholar ‘who with any decisiveness attempted to translate fairly beyond the letter of the classics; to read in the writings of the ancients, not their language only, or even their detached records and opinions, but their very spirit and character, their way of life and thought;’ how, in short, the world and human life were represented to the minds of men in the olden foregone ages, and what manner of living and acting persons the Greeks and Romans really were. By his minute inquiries into antiquity, more especially as regards its politics and mythology, Heyne is believed to have opened a shaft into some of the most important mysteries of ancient times. Since his day this has been extended by other diligent labourers into a wide and productive mine, so that now the state of classical learning is advanced far beyond the point at which Heyne left it. Yet as the originator, in great part, of a new method of interpretation, his merits are unquestionable, and even sufficient to justify the exalted praises which have been universally awarded to him on their account.

While, however, his distinction as a commentator is thus considerable, he cannot properly be regarded intellectually as a great, or even perfectly accomplished man. He remains to us little other than a painstaking plodding commentator after all; excellent in this department, but indifferently endowed with the gifts which could entitle him to a loftier reputation. Great perspicuity of exposition, and unwearied diligence in prosecuting his learned investigations to serviceable results, are perhaps to be reckoned as his principal characteristics; to any important clearness or superior polish of thought or of expression, to any philosophical order, or artistic classical adjustment, it is not commonly believed that he has any just pretension. Nay, it is even said that he is not unfrequently involved in ‘tortuous verbosities,’ akin to the defects of the old-school commentators, whom his foremost admirers are apt to boast that he displaced. Writing from long habit in a dead language, he may probably be pardoned for sometimes writing heavily; yet there are judges in these matters who are not scrupulous in asserting that Heyne’s learned harness became at length the most imposing portion of the man, and that, like Don Quixote, he could not go abroad on the most frivolous adventure without the pedantry of encasing himself in this awkward and fantastic armour. There is undoubtedly a possibility that a man may be too ‘learned.’ The growth of all extraneous encasements is apt to be prejudicial to the living power that inhabits them: naturalists and fishermen can tell you that a redundancy of shell is to the detriment of the oyster. Heyne perhaps grew to be a somewhat too exclusive impersonation of the university professor, seems to have been stereotyped into a ‘learned man’ from a comparatively early period of his career, and to have taken his estimate of men and things too generally from the appearances they presented through a pair of college-tinted spectacles.

Under the moral manifestation, Heyne seems likewise to have exhibited something of this pedant-like contractedness. It has been said that there was in his manner a certain hardness, and even apparent insensibility,

verging towards repulsiveness, which was nevertheless no portion of his intrinsic character. The grave professorial habit was so ingrained in him, that he passed for a man of less kindness and less enthusiasm than he really was. Among the warmer sort of religious people he was scarcely considered to be religious; yet we suppose that would nowise be the opinion of any discerning reader who has looked into his autobiography, or seen his deportment under circumstances of calamity. Cold and insensible as he looked, all who have followed us through the several revolutions of his history will not have failed to observe beautiful underlying streams of tenderness and affection which, at the call of strong occasions, would well upwards in fountains of pure and gentle feeling. He has throughout a quiet and steady confidence in the justness and perfect wisdom of the providential oversight, in the everlasting goodness of the divine appointments and conditions. Only in his way of signifying his sense of these he displays an awkwardness and reserve which seem to indicate an insensitive disposition. There is a want of heartiness and earnestness in his demeanour which is calculated to excite suspicion that he is devoid of generous and earnest qualities. But there are indeed no grounds for such suspicion. The imperfection is but a consequence of incomplete development, of the damaging influences of his circumstances and peculiar employments. The thick atmosphere of learned mannerism in which he works and lives, is too dense to admit of the undistorted shining of his modest virtue. The man is a good man enough, but he has no capacity for letting his light shine cheerfully and profitably among other men. He is so encumbered with learned casings, as to be almost in the condition of that singular garment which the 'Tale of the Tub' makes mention of, and which had, in the progress of refinement, become so overladen with extraneous ornament, as to give rise to a controversy respecting the original colour of the cloth.

After all deductions, however, Heyne is well entitled to respect as a highly able and meritorious man. He lived through that which to many would have been death, or moral ruin. His life, upon the whole, is a noble spectacle, an admirable encouragement to steady industry and perseverance. Scarcely is there anywhere upon record an instance of more invincible pertinacity and steadfastness in the pursuit of a worthy object, in following out an aim which involved so much protracted anxiety and distress—such immovable decisiveness in abiding by a purpose which, though nowise clear at first, appears still to have been attended by an intense conviction or presentiment that that was verily the purpose which it behoved him to strive after. His history is highly valuable, independently of his fame as a man of learning. It exhibits a man working under the most unfavourable circumstances, with scarcely any means to start with, and yet, by resolute persistency, surmounting every obstacle, and rising at last into dignity and reputation. It reveals to us something of that partial omnipotence which resides in the human will, and gives us token how a purpose, honestly and intently prosecuted, can scarcely fail to be successful. Heyne's genius was not of the loftiest, nor his object perhaps of the noblest; but still his instinct for the pursuits to which he devoted himself seems deserving of the name of genius, and his object was unquestionably a worthy and important one. It was to help forward the cause of

true intelligence in the world, to clear up some of the errors and difficulties which lay opposed to the perfect understanding of those records of thought and character which the ancients have left us for our study and entertainment; and it cannot be denied that in this remote but yet useful province he wrought with admirable energy and success. By his labours the people of antiquity have been brought more intimately before us, and the spirit and characteristics of their culture more accurately and adequately expounded; so that, upon the whole, our knowledge of them and their proceedings has been enlarged, and their history and achievements have thus been rendered matters of a profounder and more profitable interest. This is a praise which the learned generally appear disposed to award to Heyne, and it is obviously one which assigns to him a position of no inconsiderable distinction.

The interest of Heyne's biography, however, will rest mainly in the unfavourableness of his personal circumstances, and in the spirit of endeavour which enabled him to triumph over them. He is a witness to the truth, that a man is not altogether the product of circumstances, but that he is competent to modify, and even in some degree to subjugate them. Human power has a dominion over fortune. While it is not to be denied that adversity is oftentimes the means of marring and interrupting the fair development of a man's capacities, it is yet true that he may advance to very considerable heights of culture, both morally and intellectually, in spite of the worst external hindrances. Nay, it is matter of experience, that the ablest and greatest men, in nearly all departments of affairs, have been actually benefited and invigorated by the press of temporary difficulties, and have risen to higher elevations through the strength which they had gathered in conflict with misfortune. The man that can walk only in smooth and unobstructed paths, is not likely to proceed very successfully on any important journey. Great, almost incalculable, is the power of persistency. This is the conquering quality, more than any other, which Heyne's career illustrates. He is a personal exemplification of the force of persevering effort, of resolute and unwavering abidance by an approved pursuit, and of final triumph thereby over a most hostile array of circumstances. Thus is his life an encouragement to all aspirants; not especially on account of the material rewards which attended his exertions, but most emphatically in regard to that higher and more permanent success which is realised through the true unfolding and manifestation of a man's predominating talents.*

In contemplating the career of a scholar such as Heyne, one cannot fail to be struck with the wide dissimilarities between the scholar-life of Germany and that of England. Overlooking such obvious differences as exist in the social conditions and habits of English and German students, we are inclined to draw attention to the kinds of encouragement which men of parts are accustomed to receive from the learned institutions of the two countries. Here we have no instance of a man making

* The facts of the preceding narrative are derived from Professor Heeren's *Life of Heyne*; and some of the translated passages have been taken from an article on Heyne in 'Carlyle's *Miscellanies*,' which has also in other respects been serviceable to the writer.

his way to university honours by independent force of scholarship—no example of any one rising into eminence at the seats of learning, who did not first study after an orthodox and prescribed plan, involving a very considerable personal expense, and therefore altogether excluding the poorer sort from any participation in its benefits. There have been instances, it is true, of persons caught up out of the humbler ranks of life, and sent to study in our colleges, where the chances of advancement were undoubtedly as free to them as others—witness, for example, the cases of Kirke White and William Gifford; but the universities are meanwhile utterly inaccessible to all such as are not supported or befriended by the like extraneous patronage. In England, Heyne, working under kindred circumstances to those which encumbered him in Germany, could by no possibility have obtained a classical professorship. No matter what amount of learning he had acquired, or what degree of aptitude he might evince for investigating or enlarging its acquisitions, he would have been entirely debarred by his poverty from ever gaining any important collegiate rank or distinction. And though perhaps this might have been no lasting impediment to the fame and ultimate influence of the man, yet it must have been an unquestionable hindrance to the progress of erudition in his generation, and would certainly have precluded him from occupying that eminent position among his contemporaries which he so well deserved, and was so admirably qualified to fill, and to which, through his most praiseworthy endeavours and exertions, he was enabled to attain among his countrymen.

The impassable bar or obstacle whereof we speak, and which so manifestly prevents the impoverished or unaided sons of genius from gaining access to our universities, and exercising an influence within them, is probably one of the most significant causes of the stagnant condition of learning which is so commonly admitted to prevail in those institutions. The men who succeed in obtaining distinctions and emoluments in them are not generally the most gifted or enlightened, but persons who, by dint of *cramming*, have prepared themselves expressly for the situations which by that process are procurable: they commonly enter with no other object than that of reaping the *rewards* of learning—of rising by means of the literary honours they may obtain into some desirable conventional position—a position which they are apt to regard more for its secular and connective benefits, than for the opportunities it may afford for a patient and disinterested cultivation of truth and knowledge—the very realities which all colleges and universities were originally instituted to preserve and progressively unfold, to the end that human life and the wellbeing of men might be advanced, and their characters permanently perfected and adorned. Where the rewards of knowledge are not especially in request, a university education is sought after as being necessary to a man's condition or rank in life; and in this case it is looked upon as a sort of accredited ornament which, by the demands of society, is needful to be worn. The genuine *lovers and devotees* of learning for its own sake, or for the sake of the advancement of humanity, are accordingly, in our age and country, extremely rare exceptions to the ordinary run of persons who enter upon such pursuits. The high importance attached to the conventional *position* it confers (when prosecuted according to the prescribed

courses), is such as to drive out of all minds, except the purest and most disinterested, that just estimate of the worth and significance of knowledge which should be sedulously and reverently cultivated, and without which knowledge can never be prosecuted with any beneficial success. 'The sciences,' said Jean Paul, 'are my heaven.' In them he could expatiate with an incessant and perpetual joy; whatsoever rewards he might reap from the world in return for his devotion to them, he could thankfully accept, and proceed onwards with an encouraged spirit; but he, and all others such as he, would have deemed it a desecration to have regarded science or literature as only the convenient stepping-stones for their ambition, or to have followed them for any inferior satisfaction than that which they themselves will yield to their faithful cultivators and adherents.

In Germany, it would seem that if a man will prosecute knowledge or learning for its own sake, the institutions of the country, to some extent, further him in doing so, and his poverty will be no final impediment to his attainment of honourable distinction among the learned. He has only to give proofs of a superior intelligence, and the highest posts of learned eminence are open to his acceptance. He needs no further recommendation than the superiority of his qualifications. The consequence is, that men of the highest attainments are always adequately provided for, and rise to the exact position in which they can best and most effectually carry out their undertakings. The painful probation through which many of them have to pass is not entirely an evil, since by proving themselves worthy of encouragement or promotion, they are almost certain to obtain it in due season; for it appears that all over Germany there is a constant inquiry going on respecting the qualifications and merits of men of learning and ability, and a perpetual desire and effort to obtain their services in places of influence and distinction. It is said that the prime minister of every State is always in regular correspondence with some eminent director of the learned institutions: he oversees and takes note of all their proceedings and operations, and knows the character not only of every professor, but of every pupil who gives signs of promise. 'He is continually purchasing books, drawings, models; treating for this or the other help or advantage to the establishment. He has his eye over all Germany; and nowhere does a man of any decided talent show himself, but he strains every nerve to acquire him'—often, indeed, without success, for a similar assiduity seems to actuate every minister of education throughout the country. Many of them are in frequent communication with each other—corresponding, inquiring, negotiating; 'everywhere there seems a canvassing, less for places than for the best men to fill them.'

By way of contrast to such a state of things, it may not be amiss to bring to mind an incident in our own literary history of the last age. A few years before the time when Heyne, after his stern novitiate, was entering upon the comfortable and reputable office which his learning had obtained for him in Göttingen, Samuel Johnson was striving to snatch a livelihood in London, by translating and performing other literary hackwork for the booksellers. It may be remembered that on one occasion the stalwart Samuel subscribed himself in a letter to Sylvanus Urban—'Yours, *impransus*, Sam. Johnson;' that is to say, the man was dinnerless. Harassed and heart-

weary with his irksome and precarious way of life, and willing to turn himself to anything, however humble, which promised him a *certain* income, Johnson sought to get appointed to the mastership of a country school, to which was attached a salary of sixty pounds a year. The trustees were willing to appoint him, being well satisfied with his attainments; but the statutes of the school required that the master should have taken the degree of Master of Arts at one of the universities. Johnson had been at Oxford, but had taken no degree, inasmuch as his circumstances prevented him from continuing a sufficient length of time; though there appears to be every reason for believing that he was far enough advanced in learning to have passed a creditable examination. His scholarship, perhaps, was never of the highest order; but unquestionably degrees were taken by many students whose acquisitions were much inferior. There never was a doubt entertained as to his being amply qualified for the appointment which he sought, and only a degree was needed to enable him to obtain it. Under the circumstances, application was made in his behalf to the university of Oxford, soliciting, by way of favour, that the desired degree might be granted him, with the understanding that he was 'not afraid of the strictest examination.' There can be no question that had he been examined, he would have proved himself worthy of the required honour; but the university was so hampered by forms and practices, as to be obliged to refuse the application, or else the authorities were indisposed to help a deserving man in his extremity. Anyway, the favour asked was deemed too great a favour to be conferred. Johnson was constrained to continue working in his Egyptian task-field in London, and the heads of Oxford university lost the honour which they might have earned by befriending a praiseworthy scholar. They refused him, indeed, the serviceable credentials to which he was intrinsically entitled; and by their indolence and heedlessness they cast an unmerited slight upon the unexceptionable qualifications which he was seeking to turn honestly to account as the means of earning his daily bread.

Now, we are not prepared to say that it was not really better in the end, both for Johnson and the world, that the application here in question proved a failure, since, considering his particular temperament, his natural sluggishness, his frequent indisposition to exertion unless urged by the spur of necessity, some of his ablest writings might perhaps have never been produced; but with regard to the functions of our universities, it is not the less apparent that they offer no help to men of learning under any of the circumstances in which they most require help, but are positive hindrances to such scholars at least as, from insufficiency of means, have been irregularly educated, howsoever complete may be their scholarship; nor do they take the slightest recognition of that single-minded devotedness to intelligence which is to be found mainly among those hard-faring and struggling students who flinch not to strive and suffer out of earnest zeal for its acquisition and advancement. The universities of England superciliously ignore the existence of any scholarship that has not been derived from their own teaching. They claim to be the popes of learning, and assume a pope's infallibility, designating as heresy in letters whatsoever may not agree with their own antiquated and peculiar standards. They have the keys of the kingdom of knowledge, and into the select fellowship of the saints of their

communion they admit none who do not bow in reverence to their perfections and supremacy. Now it appears to us that in respect to real catholic utility, or to the promotion of the best interests of learning, these honoured and wealthy institutions stand in quite unfavourable contrast with the more liberally-constituted universities of Germany. We repeat that in England a man like Heyne, under the same conditions of life, could not have gained a university professorship. Being hindered by his poverty from passing through the prescribed gradations of study, in conformity with collegiate systems, he could not have obtained that authoritative acknowledgment of his attainments which would be needed to qualify him to enter upon any university appointment. He would have been entirely excluded from any place or position of the kind. Yet in Germany Heyne became the foremost classical scholar of his age. There is surely some grave defect in the institutions which, in this country, would have been unable to avail themselves of a capacity so eminent. England would have lost the benefit of such a man's activity. There would have been no place for him, just as there was no degree for Samuel Johnson, unless, perhaps, as in Johnson's case, the university might have condescendingly bestowed some honorary distinction on him at a time when he had made his own way in the world, and had no longer any special need of it. Oxford favoured Johnson with a diploma when he had executed the most useful, and, everything considered, the greatest work of English scholarship that was produced in his own age—his famous English Dictionary; but it was then a greater honour to the university for Johnson to accept such a degree, than it was to Johnson to have it granted him. What he said of Chesterfield's patronage might have been as reasonably said of this university distinction—'Had it been earlier, it had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it—till I am *known*, and do not want it.' All such distinctions are extremely paltry when compared with the services which a university might render to the struggling aspirants and devotees of learning, were it so constituted as to admit them to examinations, independently of residence or tests, and grant degrees or testimonials corresponding to their actual proficiency. Here, indeed, would be a noble vantage-ground wherefrom the poor and honest student might, if duly gifted and industrious, rise to honour in spite of poverty and its concomitant obstacles; it would set him in good measure square with his richer competitors; and give a freer and wider scope for the success of a manly and enterprising emulation.

In conclusion, we submit, with due respect, whether, in any contemplated enlargements of the usages and usefulness of our universities, it may not be well and possible to make some provision for the admission of our English Heynes, should any such arise, seeing that for the due and perfect prosecution of learning there should be men thoroughly and earnestly devoted to it, without respect to its conventional immunities; and while public encouragement is requisite for the furtherance of all difficult and abstruse studies, it is surely just that the same should be liberally and fairly accessible to all who may manifest any aptitude or diligence in regard to them. One thing, we think, may be affirmed with safety, which is—that so long as university dignities and emoluments are

obtainable almost exclusively by the mere mechanical *crammers*—which, we hear it said, is quite the general rule—and so long also as these positions are sought solely or mainly out of regard for their advantages as places of mere material estimation and respectability, the condition of learning in England cannot be satisfactorily progressive, nor the universities themselves continue to be held in that high respect which formerly they merited. That cause or interest is always the best advanced which can command the willing services of those who are devoted to it with pure and disinterested intents; not that we undervalue the advantages to be derived from a regular and systematic training, but that we claim for genius, for talent and industry, wherever found, or in whomsoever they may appear, that freedom of development, that respect and honour, those privileges and those rewards, to which, by their own intrinsic merits, they are so righteously entitled.



RAJAH BROOKE AND BORNEO.

THOUGH a great deal has lately been written on the Indian Archipelago, particularly in connexion with Sir James Brooke and the pirates, nothing like an adequate knowledge of that part of the world is yet possessed by the public. This at first sight may seem surprising. An intercourse of three hundred years carried on between Europe and that portion of Asia ought to have familiarised us not merely with its geography, but likewise with its productions and inhabitants, of which, however, we are only now beginning to form something like a correct idea. And had events pursued their ordinary course, ages might still have rolled on and left us buried in profound ignorance; but the adventurous spirit of an individual, united with enlarged views and a generous philanthropy, has at length awakened the curiosity of civilisation, and rivetted it upon the Twelve Thousand Islands, so that in all probability we shall, in the course of a few years, have completely explored them, and rendered all their rich and varied resources accessible to the commerce of the West.

When the Arabs first penetrated beyond the golden Chersonese, and beheld group after group studding the waters of those sunny and tranquil seas, they bestowed on that mighty Archipelago the name of the Twelve Thousand Islands, making use of a definite expression to signify an indefinite number. Geographical pedants have cavilled at the appellation, as they have at that which the same poetical people, in the first burst of admiration, gave to the Maldives. But exactness in such cases is not sought, the object being to produce deep impressions, and by exciting the fancy, to rouse and keep awake the spirit of enterprise. We shall therefore, for the sake of variety, employ the Arab phrase as a synonyme of the Indian Archipelago, having entered into the above brief statement merely to guard against misapprehension.

This immense system of islands, extending through nearly fifty-five degrees of longitude, and thirty-two of latitude, is about 3600 miles in length by 2200 in breadth. Lying on both sides of the equator, it enjoys throughout its whole extent something like perpetual summer, except where the elevation of the mountains produces a temperature approaching to that of more northern climates. It will be readily conceived that the productions of so vast an Archipelago must be extremely varied. Indeed, when the whole comes to be explored, it will probably be found that

almost every island, small or great, grows something peculiar to itself in addition to many productions which are common to the entire group.

Entering at the Straits of Malacca, and sailing eastwards, you may be said to enjoy a perpetually-shifting panorama, whose features are richer and more magnificent than can be viewed anywhere else in the world. Here you observe innumerable islets, level or pyramidal, floating like so many green nests upon the waves; there you seem to be sailing along the coasts of large continents or of islands, which you could not circumnavigate in many months. Sometimes, as you advance towards the rising sun, you behold a succession of verdant plains or savannas, which are then suddenly interchanged for Alpine regions, covered with gorgeous vegetation to the summit, which is often lost in the clouds. In one place the seas are narrow as rivers, intersected by coral-reefs, studded with feathery islets, sheltered by mountains overhung by cliffs and precipices, and painted with a variety of brilliant colours by the superb reflection of the shores. Elsewhere, the waters unfold themselves into sunny expanses, on which for whole days you may lose sight of land, though always made conscious of its vicinity by the flight of birds, or the appearance of small prahus, which could not venture their frail construction upon the ocean.

The reflection which naturally suggests itself to the mind is, that you are passing over the ruins of a submerged continent, the pinnacles only of which now appear above water. At other times you are induced, on the contrary, to believe that a portion of the earth's crust, upheaved by volcanic agency, is preparing to prolong indefinitely the southern limits of Asia, already too vast to be regarded as one division of the globe. But whatever turn your geological speculations may take, you cannot avoid regarding with extreme interest the ever-varying aspect of the groups around you, peopled by millions of human beings in very different stages of civilisation. Here you observe fleets of prahus laden with the merchandise of Europe, making their way with oars and sails towards the Aroo Islands and the coasts of New Guinea; there you encounter other fleets of similar embarkation steering towards Macassar, Labuan, Sarāwak, or Singapore, with the rich commodities found among the islands on the eastern verge of the Archipelago. In these simple, but hardy and active agents of civilisation, you cannot fail to be deeply interested. The impulse by which they are moved to undertake voyages so protracted and full of peril is no doubt the love of gain: their mental horizon is bounded by their own welfare and that of their families; they are guided by no enlarged philosophy; contemplate no extensive or lasting results; speculate on no golden awards of fame, on no second life in the grateful emotions of distant ages, benefited by their patriotism or their enterprise. But they nevertheless perform, and faithfully too, the duties of civilisation's primitive apostles—uniting innumerable islands and groups by the links of commerce, whose golden touch everywhere awakens industry, and incites men, otherwise lethargic, to serve their neighbours by benefiting themselves.

By this beneficent process the whole circle of the Twelve Thousand Islands might in time be brought to taste the blessings of refinement, were not the operations of trade obstructed by some blighting influence. From time immemorial such an influence has unfortunately existed in that system of piracy which, making its operations coextensive with those of commerce,

has for ages plunged the whole Archipelago in barbarism, from which, to all appearance, there would have been no hope of escape through the exertion of native energy. It was necessary that assistance should come from without; that a people elevated by superior knowledge, and invested with superior power, should counteract the evil influences so long at work, and deliver the numerous populations of the Indian Ocean from the incubus which pressed upon and paralysed their energies.

The Archipelago may be said to have found its deliverer in Sir James Brooke, who, appearing suddenly among its tribes, organized and brought into play that system of policy which in all likelihood will ultimately insure to them most of the arts and advantages of civilised life. It was not to be expected that he would be suffered to carry out so grand a design without encountering opposition; such is not the fashion of this world. To do good, you must often consent to be suspected of evil. There is a natural antipathy between littleness and greatness which incites all those tormented by the consciousness that, under similar circumstances, they could not go and do likewise, to calumniate and persecute Sir James Brooke; to misrepresent his motives, and, as far as their petty means enable them, to thwart his purposes and blast the hopes of the Archipelago.

With the character, powers, and objects of many of these individuals we are well acquainted, and know them to be wholly incapable of achieving anything themselves; but the offices of petty obstruction are within every man's reach. If he cannot perform great actions himself, it is at least always possible for him to cast aspersions on those who can; and to a certain class of minds this is productive of some satisfaction. But we happen to be acquainted with Sir James Brooke also, and know him to be actuated by the noblest motives, to be swayed by the soundest and most comprehensive views of policy, and to be possessed of an intrepid soul, which will enable him to brave all the assaults of envy or malice; and by the exercise of exalted and persevering virtue, to acquire lasting honour for himself, while he heaps shame and confusion of face upon his adversaries.

When history comes to delineate the characters of these times, it will find few greater than that of Sir James Brooke. Many men are wealthier—many are distinguished by loftier titles and more pompous pretensions, but no one has exhibited more originality in sketching out for himself a plan of action, or more energy and perseverance in pursuing his design. It may be that he is ambitious, for what great man is not? But, fortunately for his fame, it is his ambition to become the benefactor of mankind—to enlighten the ignorant, to protect the weak, to paralyse violence and injustice, and to erect a superb fabric of civilisation where he found nothing but darkness, barbarism, and crime. This is his ambition, and not even Columbus himself was actuated by a nobler. It will, however, be long, very long, before the European public are in a condition to appreciate correctly the achievements of this distinguished man, merely to comprehend whose designs is obviously beyond the reach of a majority of his contemporaries. The mere wish, however, to do him justice, implies the possession of honourable feelings, and a certain amount of courage and sagacity; for calumny has been so actively at work, that his actions must necessarily be misunderstood by many, and his character by many more.

Sir James Brooke was born on the 29th April 1803, at his father's seat at Coombe Grove, in the neighbourhood of Bath. Some have supposed Benares to have been the place of his birth, but erroneously, though the long residence of his father in the Bengal presidency very naturally gave rise to the mistake. Over the early development of his mind his mother—a woman of remarkable abilities—presided with the tenderest care. Afterwards he received in the schools the usual education of English gentlemen, and being designed for the military profession, was sent out very young to India. Shortly afterwards, on the breaking out of the Burmese war, he accompanied his regiment to the valley of the Brahmapootra, where, in the neighbourhood of Rungpore, he received during an engagement a shot in the lungs. This dangerous wound occasioned his return to Europe, and led ultimately to his abandonment of the service. He then proceeded in the *Castle Huntly* to China, and it was during this voyage that he formed the grand design to the accomplishment of which he has since devoted his life. The spending many months at sea, whatever may be the studies or pursuits of the voyager, is in most cases felt to be extremely tedious. People torture their invention, therefore, to hit upon new methods of killing time. Sir James (then Mr) Brooke and his friends planned for this purpose the publication of a newspaper, to be written in verse. Sir James was chosen editor, and supplied numerous contributions under the formidable signature of CHOLERA-MORBUS. Mr St John has published a specimen of the poetry in his 'Views in Borneo;' and there are several others before us in manuscript of much merit, but filled with allusions to persons and circumstances of the hour, which would require a commentary to render them generally intelligible. But everywhere, in the midst of much gaiety, we discover traces of a thoughtfulness approaching to melancholy, with a strong relish of the beauties of external nature, and a tendency towards solitude and meditation. A second voyage to the Celestial Empire only served to confirm him in his purpose, by disclosing the commercial value of the Archipelago, and suggesting the means by which a civilising influence might be communicated to its vast and varied population.

From studying the history of the group, he perceived that, besides the evils resulting from the wild passions of the natives, other causes materially contributed to repress commerce and industry. The Spaniards in the north, and the Dutch in the south, pursuing a narrow and debasing policy, reduced the population under their sway to a state of helpless effeminacy. Sloth and superstition combined to check all progress in the Philippines, while a savage and relentless system of monopoly shed a perpetual blight over Java, Sumatra, and the Moluccas. Even the mighty island of Borneo—as, in imitation of the Spaniards, we denominate the Pulo Kalamantan of the natives—was not free from the encroaching and pernicious policy of the Netherlands; which, while Great Britain neglected to assert the rights secured to her by treaty, proceeded with remorseless ambition and cruelty to subjugate one aboriginal tribe after another, everywhere establishing, together with its authority, that jealous system of exclusion which has invariably characterised the commercial transactions of Holland.

Succeeding, on the death of his father, to a large fortune, Sir James Brooke fitted out a handsome yacht, and, with vast ideas in his mind, bent his course towards the extremities of the Indian Ocean. At a distance

perhaps the imagination may contrive to invest with something like grandeur the fierce and vindictive struggles of barbarians. But war, terrible in all its aspects, becomes at once revolting and contemptible when we discover on what paltry principles, and in how pitiful and degrading a manner, it is carried on among the Malays, for example, and Dyaks of Borneo. In immense systems of operations, the littleness of the motives in which they originate is often lost sight of; but when avarice, revenge, treachery, cruelty, and a cunning scarcely worthy of the inferior animals, appear in all their naked deformity before us, they irresistibly excite our detestation and our scorn, and inspire us with the wish that any equitable means could be discovered of arresting their progress.

It is this feeling that induces us to follow with so deep a sympathy the career of Sir James Brooke. On his arrival in Sarāwak—the capital of which, now dignified by the name of the province, was then called Cuching—he found the Rajah Muda Hassim engaged in hostilities with several of the Dyak tribes. Through the instrumentality of this man, to whom Sir James Brooke afforded important aid, he was enabled to obtain a footing in the island; his own courage, prudence, and generosity did the rest. As was natural, the unfortunate aborigines immediately became bound by a strong attachment to him. To them kindness and disinterestedness were things altogether new. From the Malays they had never experienced anything but oppression; and therefore, on seeing a man invested with power without exhibiting an inclination to make use of it to their detriment, their hearts were filled with unwonted pleasure, and his influence over them became unbounded. At the bidding of their new ruler they relinquished their immemorial habits and prejudices, gradually abandoning the slaughter of men and women for their heads, and, what was still more wonderful in savages, exchanged the enjoyment of sloth and listless indolence for the painful processes of industry.

On the arrival of Sir James Brooke, the capital of Sarāwak numbered no more than from 1500 to 1800 inhabitants, including the Malays, who had come thither with Muda Hassim from Bruné. No sooner, however, had the Englishman been proclaimed rajah, and given proofs of the mildness and equity of his rule, than the population began insensibly to augment. Until then, the province, from the seacoast to the mountains, had presented little to the eye but the irregular undulations of one vast forest. Here and there, indeed, in spots so diminutive as to be almost imperceptible, the wretched Dyaks had cut down a few trees, erected small hamlets, and commenced an imperfect and scanty cultivation. Everywhere else nature reigned in all her wild magnificence. Trees of enormous height were united to each other by screens and canopies of parasites, whose bright flowers at particular seasons of the year seem to set the forest in a blaze. The smaller rivers ran during nearly their whole course under leafy arches, and even the larger streams appeared, as you ascended them, to be overhung with cloistered roofs, rent and shattered by time, so far and so densely did the trees project their mighty boughs over them.

A change was soon visible. The clearings commenced in the neighbourhood of the capital, where, upon what had so lately been the site of the primeval wilderness, you beheld trim gardens and plantations of cocoa-nut trees. The sound of the axe was perpetually heard among the forests, and

the song of the woodman mingled with the crash of falling timber, the lowing of kine, and the shouts and laughter of children. The city increased as if by magic. Trading prahus crowded thither from all the neighbouring provinces, mingling with English ships of war, and square-rigged merchant vessels from Singapore, Pinang, and other British settlements. Scarcely had Singapore or Aden risen to importance with greater rapidity. From the dimensions of an insignificant village, Sarāwak swelled, in the course of a few years, into a city, with a population which at the present moment falls in all likelihood but little short of 20,000.

A similar growth and improvement have taken place throughout the country, where the villages are enlarging and multiplying, cultivation extending its empire over hill and valley, gold-washings carried on with activity, mines sunk, and trade daily acquiring fresh development. An English church, with its unpicturesque, Puritanical architecture, is now rearing its head beside a Mohammedan mosque; schools have been opened for the education of Malays and Dyaks; and printing-presses, we understand, will soon be at work to diffuse the knowledge of the West among the natives, and send information to Europe of the progress made by Borneo in knowledge and civilisation.

From the point of time at which we now stand it is impossible to foresee all the consequences of the movement which has been commenced by our adventurous and noble countryman. We make no doubt, however, that the whole interior of Borneo will soon be penetrated and quickened by his influence. Unfortunately insuperable obstacles stand in the way of our discovering what is thought among the tribes of the interior of the new light at this moment beheld blazing on the coast; but we know that nothing is done in Sarāwak the consequences of which do not immediately vibrate through the whole population, including even those tribes whose very names are not with certainty known to the Malays. As on the discovery of America messengers carried across the whole continent news of the arrival of the strangers, so Sir James Brooke's advent in Sarāwak was notified to the chiefs and sultans whose territories are situated on the extreme limits of Pulo Kalamantan towards the East. Opinion, therefore, it is certain, is already over the entire surface of the island preparing the way for a better order of things. Among listless savages the first and chief step is to arouse attention, to awaken hope, or even to excite terror. Nothing is so fatal to man as mere stagnation, which now no longer exists in Borneo, except where the deadening influence of the Netherlands draws a wall of circumvallation around the tributary natives.

But whatever may be the remote consequences of Sir James Brooke's operations in the Archipelago, it is certain that many hostile influences must be overcome before any great amount of good can be effected. No sooner had he set foot in Borneo, than the jealousy of Spain and Holland was awakened. The Dutch pretended that by the treaty of 1824 the English were entirely excluded from holding any possessions in the Archipelago; and they chose to regard Sir James Brooke's proceedings as originating with the nation to which he belonged. A wholesome fear, however, of the anger of Great Britain restrained them from acts of violence. They contented themselves with calumniating and maligning

him; and, as we shall presently see, it was not long before they found coadjutors in this honourable task among our own countrymen.

The most formidable difficulties, however, remain still to be described. In various parts of the Archipelago were found communities of Malay or Arab descent, strengthened frequently by alliance with native tribes, which, relying on their superior intelligence, and restrained by no motives of morality or religion, addicted themselves, without disguise, to the practice of piracy. The term, indeed, requires in their case to be understood in a sense somewhat different from that in which it is employed by Europeans. It does not, in the Twelve Thousand Islands, exclusively signify robbing on the high seas, but includes the burning and plunder of villages, the wanton ravaging of sea-coasts, the capturing of women and children, and wholesale dealing in slaves. Of the number of those engaged in working this dreadful system no exact idea can perhaps be formed; but their force is so great, that it suffices, when dispersed and scattered, to carry on operations upon nearly all points of the Archipelago at once. Persons ignorant of the truth, or interested in misrepresenting it, have recently endeavoured to propagate extremely erroneous views of these piratical hordes; of whom, with the artifices of vulgar rhetoric, they have spoken, according to the purpose of the moment, in friendly or contemptuous language. According to them, there exists beyond the Straits of Malacca no such thing as piracy. What we designate by that name, they, under the impulse of a more enlarged humanity, denominate 'intertribual wars,' with which, as they interpret the laws of nations, we have no right to interfere.

To enter into discussion with such individuals would be utterly unavailing: their arguments are as untenable as their doctrines are false and dangerous; because, while making large professions of philanthropy, the effect of their proceedings would, if successful, be to abandon to mutual extermination the rude or half-civilised inhabitants of numerous rich and spacious islands or groups. Their cry, incessantly repeated, is, that the piracy of the Malays and Dyaks, supposing it to deserve the name, does not interfere with the commerce of Europeans. It confines its attacks entirely, as they maintain, to the aborigines of the Twelve Thousand Islands; for which reason, according to their principles of policy, we should look on with imperturbable indifference, however general may be the deluge of misery it inflicts upon the populations of the Archipelago.

We will not, however, insult the people of this country so far as to imagine they can possibly be indifferent to the sufferings even of the most barbarous tribes, whose ignorance or want of refinement does not place them beyond the circle of humanity. To carry on hostilities against barbarism, we must derive fresh resources from the very process itself. This we can only do through the development of commerce. A man ceases to be a savage when you awaken in him the desire to buy and sell. He thenceforward turns his attention to some form of industry: to the collection of gums, or feathers, or shells, or birds'-nests, or canes, or aromatic barks, or other wild productions of the forest. He ceases to think exclusively of bloodshed; and if the life of man does not immediately become more sacred in his eyes, to take it certainly ceases to be thought so desirable as formerly. He prefers trafficking with to killing him; and by a sort of invisible network of profit and loss, he thus connects himself with other

members of his species, and recovers the original conviction of our race—that we are all brethren.

In what way precisely these ideas take root and germinate in his mind, it exceeds our metaphysics to explain; but experience indisputably proves that a strong taste for commerce leads by the shortest road to civilisation. At the same time it must not be forgotten that in rude conditions of society various influences apparently contradictory are at work. Thus where trade has made considerable progress, it is generally accompanied by piracy; and the reason is plain: there are in all societies large bodies of men with the taste for such enjoyments as wealth can purchase, but without those habits of patient industry which would enable them to acquire wealth; to these arms supply a short road to enjoyment. They seize by force what others have created or amassed; and finding the method agreeable, pursue and convert it into a profession.

In the Indian Archipelago, long before the advent of Europeans, men of this class everywhere abounded. As the temptations to rob on the high seas always existed, so likewise perhaps did pirates; but they began to multiply and appear in great force towards the decline of the native governments, particularly in Java, Sumatra, Borneo, Celebes, and the Moluccas. Similar phenomena have accompanied the decay of most empires, but in that part of the world many causes concurred to produce the same effect. However, the chief impulse seems to have been derived from the intervention of Western enterprise, which, by destroying the power of the native princes without immediately setting up anything in its place, left the bucaneeing chiefs a clear stage for their ambition. Accordingly, in nearly all the groups of islands, from Papua on the east, to Sumatra on the west, the sea-marauders flourished and became numerous. The nature of the seas afforded them every possible advantage for carrying on their calling successfully: large and endless coral-reefs, of which they alone perhaps knew the secret entrances and exits; narrow channels between islands; gulfs, shoals, creeks, and bays; and on the great islands innumerable rivers; with a vast network of branches, channels, deltas, sandbanks, and diverging mouths. In this way trade was everywhere beset by formidable enemies. It may perhaps excite surprise that obstacles so great and so numerous did not altogether deter native merchants from entering upon the speculations of commerce; but they acted under the same influence with the pirates themselves—namely, the love of gain; which, if it did not render them insensible to danger, at least enabled them to encounter it. Besides, there is a principle in human nature which produces a flux and reflux in all such affairs, and this sometimes gave the ascendancy to the enemies of trade; sometimes, by exciting the merchants to resistance, it led to the cultivation on their part of warlike habits, which again frequently produced equally evil results; for traders who had been triumphant in their encounter with pirates, acquired fearlessness and proneness to contention, which at times induced them to attack persons who were not pirates; or, in other words, to become bucaneeers themselves.

By such means were the populations of the Archipelago corrupted and deteriorated till the period of Sir James Brooke's arrival. The mischief had acquired its greatest development, and become formidable even to the commerce of the West. For nothing can be more absurd than the oft-

repeated assertion, that the pirates of those seas never attack square-rigged vessels, or any craft manned by European sailors. To introduce a dry list of the ships captured, and of the crews reduced by the Malays or Dyaks to servitude, would be totally beside our purpose. But we may observe in general terms, that both European and American vessels have been assailed and plundered by the bucaniers of the Archipelago; and that not once or twice, but frequently. Sir James Brooke himself ransomed from slavery several unfortunate crews, partly Lascar, and partly English, who, by the wrecking of their barks, had been thrown into the hands of the piratical tribes; and there are on record numerous other examples, particularly on the Sulu group, whither the Illanuns and Balanini usually conveyed their unfortunate captives for sale.

We have, besides, in favour of this view of the subject the testimony of the Dutch writers, not one of whom has ever attempted to deny the existence in the Archipelago of a formidable system of piracy. They maintain that every portion of the vast group teems with bucaniers, and recount with laborious industry the efforts made, during 147 years, by the Netherlands government for the extirpation of the system. Among the regulations put in force by the Dutch, both in Java and the Moluccas, and indeed in various parts of Borneo itself, there was one which indicates the extreme difficulty encountered by our neighbours in the undertaking: they forbade the natives in all the islands nominally under their sway to arm their prahus, or to have, under any pretence, more than a certain number of men on board, whether crew or passengers.

The consequences might have been foreseen: the bolder and more spirited among the natives disregarded the absurd injunction, while those who obeyed it fell an easy prey to the pirates. Had the Dutch been lords-paramount throughout the Archipelago, or had they even possessed a fleet sufficiently powerful to punish the piratical communities, one after another, the result might have been different. As it was, they only multiplied the victims of dishonesty by placing all trading prahus belonging to countries under their influence at the mercy of the bucaniers.

Another important point must not be lost sight of: finding itself altogether incapable of dealing single-handed with the evil, the Netherlands government, upon the recovery of its Eastern possessions, stipulated by treaty that Great Britain should aid it in reducing to obedience such native tribes as still addicted themselves to piracy. Had Holland itself been equal to the performance of this task, its natural jealousy would have prevented it from seeking our co-operation. But the experience of a century and a-half had sufficed to convince it of its incapacity. Even its ships of war had been often defeated or captured by the native prahus; and examples are related of Dutch officers having been sold for slaves, and ransomed from captivity by Chinese merchants. Besides, disguise it how they may, no doubt can be entertained that both Javanese and Dutch ladies have been taken from their own dwellings in Java, and transferred to the harems of the native chiefs on the eastern coast of Borneo. Those writers, consequently, who now seek to propagate the belief that Malay and Dyak piracy, though a nuisance, is not formidable, argue an entire ignorance of the facts, or else dishonestly misrepresent them. Precisely the same remark will apply to those speakers in parliament who have

recently rendered themselves somewhat notorious by their hostility towards the civilising operations of the rajah of Sarāwak.

Returning to the pirates, we may now venture to take it for granted that they are at once numerous and formidable. But the English government, though by treaty it promised assistance to Holland, neglected for many years to redeem its pledge. Little progress was therefore made towards removing the obstacles which had so long obstructed the track of commerce in the Archipelago. Left to themselves, the Dutch adopted that course of policy which they found most practicable—attacking the pirates when it was in their power, at other times avoiding quarrels with them, or even, as has been reported, conniving at their misdeeds, and lending them the countenance of their national flag. Who supplied the marauders with ammunition is not exactly known: several nations have been suspected, we ourselves among the rest. But the greatest weight of evidence seems to be cast into the scale against the Netherlands, who have never been too scrupulous in the exercise of their craft and calling as merchants.

The reader will by this time be disposed to experience no surprise at beholding the piratical system taking root in every part of the Archipelago, springing up into luxuriance, and rendering itself formidable, both to the native governments and to traders from the West. Scarcely a single tribe of warlike people escaped the taint. There is a charm in danger—a fascination in the look of death which often allures brave men from the path of duty. They forget the ethics of the case, and stimulated by their courage, rush to conflict, that they may enjoy its intense excitement. Civilisation curbs this appetite, but can never eradicate it. All men, at the bottom of their hearts, feel a propensity towards strife; and even when most refined, have the original savage very easily awakened in them.

It accordingly requires no great effort of the imagination to comprehend the force of temptation held out to wild and daring barbarians by the appearance of a piratical fleet preparing to put to sea. We must picture to ourselves nearly all the men of a tribe descending from their dwellings towards the beach, accompanied so far by their wives and children, by their encouragement and applause urging them to battle. Let us imagine hundreds of gallant prahus, heaving and tossing on the waves, tom-toms beating, streamers of all colours flying, guns, spears, matchlocks, and crises flashing in the sun, and thousands of dusky visages inflamed with fiery passions. Over such men the public opinion of distant communities can be expected to exercise no influence. They have a public opinion of their own, and this incites them to brave death and danger in pursuit of plunder. They may possibly, if they ever reason on the matter at all, confound their predatory expeditions with legitimate warfare, since it is a prevalent practice of mankind as far as possible to colour their vices with some appearances of virtue. But their warfare, if it deserve the name, is carried on indiscriminately against all they meet, even their next-door neighbours and countrymen. Whatever weaker than themselves they encounter on the sea is prey, as those pseudo-philanthropists, who so pertinaciously declaim about their innocence, would be very speedily taught had they the ill-luck to be found in their way.

Of the strength of the bucaneeering fleets the most varied estimate must

be formed, since they have sometimes been known to amount to 400 prahus, and occasionally not to exceed five or six. No useful purpose could be served by exaggeration. We will therefore suppose that when writers speak of a fleet of 400 prahus, they mean to include small boats and canoes, or perhaps indulge in a mere rough approximation. Could we, however, adopt their view, we must believe that 20,000 pirates, at the lowest reckoning, have sometimes gone forth on the same expedition, in which case it would be difficult to exaggerate the disastrous consequences to the industrious and peaceful among the natives. In our own day rumour has spoken of fleets falling little short of 200 prahus; but we believe the largest actually seen by Sir James Brooke contained no more than ninety-eight. But even of these the united crews could not fall much short of 3000 men, all armed to the teeth, and inspired by an insatiable appetite for rapine and plunder.

The very history of an expedition of this sort must suffice to convince all reasonable persons that it is not to be regarded as any modification whatsoever of legitimate warfare. For the fleet does not proceed to attack the ports or fleets of any neighbouring or hostile tribe, as might be inferred from the vocabulary of those who employ the phrase of 'intertribal wars,' but taking the widest possible range, extends its ravages to the most distant islands of the Archipelago, and sometimes ventures even to include Singapore within the scope of its operations. It is an indisputable fact, that small vessels belonging to that British port had been captured amongst the intricate channels of the neighbouring groups, after which the bucaniers, disguising themselves as fishermen or honest traders, have boldly entered the harbour, and sold both the vessels and the merchandise they contained to the Kling, Chinese, or Malay residents. Of course the crews of such unfortunate vessels were otherwise disposed of—that is, were either murdered in cold blood, or sold for slaves in some distant island.

On other occasions, when the pirates confine their ambition to humbler achievements, they sweep along the coast of some great island, such as Pulo Kalamantan, plundering, ravaging, burning, and collecting captives as they advance. When their force is sufficiently great to inspire them with confidence, they ascend some river, and attack in succession all the towns erected on its banks. The plan they pursue is generally this: a party disembarks, and penetrating through the jungle, hems in the devoted settlement on the land side, while a cordon of prahus develops itself along the beach. The inhabitants rush to arms, and defend themselves, sometimes not without success, attacking perhaps and burning the enemies' vessels. More commonly, however, the assailants triumph, the village is sacked and destroyed, and the unfortunate inhabitants driven into the wilderness.

Sometimes they carry out their design in a more diabolical manner. Approaching the village under cover of night, with the utmost silence and secrecy they surround it completely on all sides; and while the main body stand ready with their spears and matchlocks to slaughter all who may attempt escape, a few kindle torches, and advance and fire the houses. A loud shout is then simultaneously raised, the more completely to bewilder the inmates, who, awaking in the midst of noise and flames,

rush forth blindly in the first impulse of terror, and are easily speared by the pirates. On all the men death is inflicted in this way, but the women and children are as far as possible preserved, to be disposed of in the slave-markets. This strongly reminds us of the slave-hunts in the interior of Africa, which indeed are conducted on precisely the same principles, and with the same objects.

There are, however, some circumstances in the condition of the pirates of the Archipelago which may assist considerably in misleading the professional philanthropists of the West. The marauders do not entirely subsist by plundering on the high seas: in the intervals between their depredations they closely resemble their neighbours in manners and occupations, applying themselves to fishing, trading, collecting the produce of the surrounding forests, or even cultivating the soil, the process least reconcilable with the habits of a buccaner. An author, who, though acquainted with the Archipelago, is, upon the whole, more remarkable for his injudicious zeal than for his accuracy, maintains that the pursuit of gardening is incompatible with dishonesty. Whether or not he is borne out by the experience of mankind, we shall not undertake to determine; but this we know, that what he regards as a law of universal application, by no means holds good beyond the states of Malacca. The fact may run counter to the principle of this writer's Utopia, but a fact it unfortunately is, and there is consequently no getting rid of it.

As we have observed, then, the Malays, Dyaks, and Arabs, who in the Archipelago chiefly subsist by making war upon industry, are nevertheless at intervals themselves industrious. Pitching upon a suitable situation, they erect for themselves neat and capacious villages, which, because they are extremely peculiar, it may perhaps be worth while to describe briefly. In Borneo, as generally in all fertile countries near the equator, the trees attain an immense bulk and height, and in the primeval wilderness grow close together. With a taste and originality of conception, suggested at first perhaps by the nature of the climate, they ascend these vast denizens of the forest, and cut off the head and projecting branches at the height of about forty or fifty feet from the ground, and by barking, to prevent growth, convert them into so many pillars. On the summit of these they lay the foundations of their future village, which thus, even in the most swampy situations, is airy, cool, and healthy. The dwellings are formed with timber and light cane-work, and with republican simplicity are made all of equal height and dimensions. Along its whole length runs a broad gallery or veranda, with low lattice-work in front, to prevent the children from tumbling over. Frequently this gallery surrounds the whole village, and commands magnificent prospects over the river and country. Here, in a sort of cloistered shade and breezy elevation, the female pirates may be seen sitting at work, or nursing their babes, while their husbands are on their distant and dangerous depredations, or engaged in tending their gardens, paddy plantations, or cocoa-nut groves.

It may perhaps be conjectured that the fondness for gardens has been introduced by the Chinese into Pulo Kalamantan and other parts of the Archipelago; for these people, rude and sensual in many other respects, are highly poetical in their partiality for horticulture. Doubtless Europeans, attached to their own theories in everything, would discover much

to find fault with in these piratical paradises. But with their trim beds, their carefully-laid out alleys, their plants, flowers, and luxuriant vegetation, they must still present an extremely pleasing feature to the fancy. Close at hand also are the cocoa-nut groves with their cleared stems and clustering fruit, and long pendulous leaves waving lazily in the wind.

In the dwellings of the pirates the imagination may likewise find something with which to interest itself. Where the Dyaks predominate, one of the most remarkable objects perceived on entering is a number of human heads, smoke-dried, and suspended in festoons or strings. These, regarded as warlike trophies, are exhibited with pride by the inmates; and if any of those peripatetic philanthropists who speak of them to the credulous part of the public as simple and innocent natives, were to enter one of these habitations, his sensibilities might perhaps be shocked by the look of savage triumph with which the sanguinary master of the house would point out the accumulated trophies to his guest.

'See,' he would exclaim, 'the undeniable proofs of how many villages I have sacked, how many prahus I have captured, and how many men and women I have decapitated. There are their grinning skulls, smoke-dried, and preserved according to the traditional practice of my ancestors. Stranger from the West! admire my prowess, and learn to respect the hardihood with which I hazard my own life in order to take that of my neighbour! This is courage, this is what we call war! The blood of all the individuals to whom those heads belong would, if collected, float a prahu! In them, therefore, do you behold the record of my achievements—the proof that I belong to that independent race whose hand is against every man, and every man's hand against it!'

Another circumstance connected with this exhibition of human heads must not be overlooked. In many Dyak villages there is a large building set apart, in which they are all collected, and transmitted from one generation to another. This is at once their guest-house and their temple, so that superstition may be suspected of stepping in and affording its sanction to this immemorial system of decapitation:—

'Tanta potuit religio suadere malorum!'

Still we must not forget that although some of the boldest and bravest among the pirates of the Archipelago are Dyaks, the Malays also and Arabs occasionally betake themselves to the same profession, and subsist by the plunder of the merchant. That there should be Arabs at all in that distant part of Asia may justly excite the reader's surprise, especially when he learns their numbers, and the amount of power they have at times wielded among the native tribes. Unfortunately we may almost be said to know as much of the irruption of the Heracleidæ into the Peloponnesus, as of the emigration of these men eastwards from the Arabian peninsula. We must suppose, however, that when Islamism was communicating its mighty impulse to the populations of Western Asia, and throwing them forth like lava streams, to overflow the neighbouring countries in all directions, a section of the bold race, half-prophets, half-adventurers, carried the sword of the faith to the very gates of the Celestial Empire, everywhere triumphing, either by the force of their arms or by the superiority of their knowledge and understandings. When the Moslems, elevated into a subli-

mity of character by their belief in the unity of God, first left their homes, there was not a region in the world in which they would not find themselves superior to all they met. With unparalleled disinterestedness, singleness of purpose, and enthusiasm, they undertook the conquest of the world, not so much to acquire riches and dominion for themselves, as to insure reverence to the truths they taught, and the morality which, for a time, they unquestionably practised.

Arriving in the Twelve Thousand Islands, they easily acquired among the rude natives both respect and power. Teachers first, they soon became rulers, magistrates, and lawgivers. Being few in number, they yet inspired terror by the energy of their character, and their indomitable courage. Unsusceptible of the passion of fear, they exposed themselves, without shrinking, to the greatest danger, firmly persuaded that they must obtain power on earth or the crown of martyrdom in heaven.

This ardour, by the operation of those laws which, though their influence may be eluded for a season, universally govern human nature, cooled by degrees, and became intermingled with more secular passions. The Arabs were soon tempted to carry on the work of proselyte-making for the purpose of securing sceptres to themselves. They taught, that they might subdue; indoctrinated, that they might govern. Their faith in El Islam might be sincere, but it was profitable; and they discovered a mighty El Dorado in the feeble and flexible intelligences of the heathen nations around them. What was first apostleship, therefore, speedily became ambition; and the children of Mohammed achieved for themselves sovereignties, erected palaces, organized harems, and delighted their epicurean fancies with a blaze of grandeur and magnificence scarcely known to the sultans of Egypt, or the still more voluptuous shahs of Iran.

Within the limits we have traced out for ourselves, it would be impossible to give even a sketch of the history of the Mohammedan kingdoms, which, in a wonderfully short space of time, were erected in the Archipelago. Sumatra, Java, Celebes, Timor, and Borneo, submitted to the sway of Moslem princes, who, possessing the elements of a civilisation elevated very far above that of the natives, may be said to have done good service by enlightening and humanising their subjects. Were it practicable to follow the footsteps of the Arabs, with their descendants and disciples, through the Twelve Thousand Islands, we might possibly delineate a picture as curious and instructive as any in history; but for this adequate materials no longer exist, or exist only in the unknown libraries of the Archipelago itself. What the Arabs of Egypt, of the Hejaz, of Yemen, of Oman, Bagdad, and Kufa, thought of the achievements of their countrymen in the East may be learned from the narratives of the 'Thousand-and-One Nights.' Our knowledge does not enable us always to fix the scenes of those marvellous fictions, but in every page we discover evidence that the imagination of the Moslems figured to itself a boundless world in the recesses of the Eastern ocean, where islands and continents of unimaginable extent and fabulous opulence stretched away interminably towards the rising sun. There it was supposed merchants might wander for ever from isle to isle among barbarians and cannibals, reluctantly subject to sultans instructed in the principles of El Islam.

The sultanate of Mataram in Java, and that of Brunè in Pulo Kala-

mantan, acquired extraordinary lead and authority; and we should perhaps be within the limits of truth were we to assert that there was not one large island, in the whole of the mighty group, which did not experience more or less the influence of Mohammedanism.

What direction this civilisation might have taken had it been left freely to develop itself, cannot now of course be determined, because, in the midst of its career, the natives of the West made their appearance in the Archipelago, and subverted or threw into inextricable confusion the whole of this extraordinary system of society. The Portuguese and Spaniards took the lead, and for a while reaped a golden harvest; but the former at least were not destined to obtain a permanent footing in the Twelve Thousand Islands. Drifting away towards China and Japan, where, at the outset, they met with greater encouragement, they left the Castilians to struggle with the Dutch for supremacy in the Archipelago, where the rich and beautiful group of the Philippines still yields obedience to Spain.

It is impossible to relate without regret the deeds perpetrated here by the adventurers from Western Europe. At the suggestion of national pride and sectarian animosity the Spaniards diffused everywhere through the islands the belief that the English and Dutch were rebels and pirates, who, having subverted their governments, and trampled their religion under foot, were sailing at random over the ocean in search of plunder or new settlements. As far as our countrymen were concerned, their plan succeeded, for, after repeated attempts to open a lucrative trade, and establish factories in that part of the world, they found themselves distanced by their competitors, and retreated, though unwillingly, from the field. But between the Spaniards and the Dutch the conflict was long continued, and indeed can scarcely be said to be ended yet, since, though the southern division of the islands owns more or less the sway of Holland, all the groups to the north of the equator are either subject to the successors of Ferdinand and Isabella, or regard them with more friendly sentiments.

Reverting to the past, it was a sad day for the Mohammedan sultans when the Dutch, emerging from the Straits of Sunda, made their appearance on the northern coast of Java. Not that they displayed any peculiar hostility to the believers in the Koran, but with the impartiality of ignorance and cupidity, assailed with equal relentlessness the heretical sectaries of Brahminism and the believers in the aboriginal superstitions of the islands. To enter into the details of their sanguinary proceedings would be incompatible with our design. We shall scarcely allude, therefore, to the sad catastrophe of Madura, to the cruelties practised at Bantam, or to that treacherous policy by which one native prince was armed against another, until they were all degraded or subdued.

Had the civilisation of the West been substituted at once for the system introduced by the Arabs, little evil might perhaps have ensued. The islands would have changed masters, but they would not have been thrust back into barbarism. Through the course, however, which events actually took, one set of institutions was destroyed, not to be succeeded by another, but by that armed despotism which signifies the absence of

everything deserving the name of an institution. Spain has no doubt much to answer for in the East as well as in the West; and were the exhibition of her crimes our present object, we should animadvert on her delinquencies with becoming severity. But what the people of this country chiefly designate when they speak of the Indian Archipelago, is that portion of the Twelve Thousand Islands which has had the misfortune to be governed, directly or indirectly, for a long series of years, through the medium of Dutch policy, probably the most corrupting that has ever exercised its influence over half-civilised nations.

It may seem a paradox, but is yet a plain truth borne out by experience, that conquests effected by overwhelming force are preferable in every respect to conquests brought about by craft, because in the former case the virtue of the subjugated nation may not be wholly extirpated by its fall, whereas in the latter it is its very degradation that leads to its enslavement. All subjection to foreign power is in itself an evil, because the absence of sympathy between the governors and the governed necessarily produces a secret struggle, which must either lead to the overthrow of authority, or to the moral corruption and degeneracy of the subject race. If there be any exception to this rule, it takes place when they who establish the new dominion are so filled with the consciousness of their own just intentions, as to entertain no fear for their supremacy. They then exert themselves to elevate the ethical condition of the people among whom their lot is cast, and measure the success of their policy by the prosperity and contentment of the greater number.

Such of late years has been the system pursued in our Asiatic empire, where we have earnestly and sincerely laboured to sow the seeds of knowledge, morality, and religion; but it is in the power of no principles of politics or civilisation to alter the laws of nature, and therefore, in spite of our enlarged and enlightened statesmanship, the subjugated nations of India must still pay the penalty of having forfeited their independence.

Throughout the Oriental Archipelago the Dutch have illustrated by their policy a principle of conquest the very reverse of ours. Their object has been to establish at any price their own security, which they have sought to effect by rendering worthless and effeminate the populations under their sway; and the mode in which they have extended their authority lies no less open to objection than the manner in which they have exercised it when acquired. Their practice is to inveigle one native prince after another into signing a commercial treaty with them—than which, at first sight, nothing can appear more simple. The unfortunate ruler whom it is designed to entrap is assured that nothing more is signified by the treaty than that he will give a preference to the Dutch merchants over those of other nations. It is not to be denied that Asiatic politicians are themselves much given to craft and deception; but the hypocrisy of a barbarian is easily detected and seen through by a European diplomatist, who has derived from civilisation no advantage which he values equally with the power to perplex, overreach, and enslave the natives of less enlightened countries.

Accordingly, there has not been a single treaty concluded by the Dutch with any sultan, rajah, or chief throughout the whole extent of insular Asia, which ought not to be regarded as a monument of the superiority of

Europeans over those islanders in cunning. Adroitly, and with the most exquisite sophistry, articles have been introduced into these conventions, which, perfectly harmless in appearance, have concealed beneath a mass of verbiage a recognition on the part of the native prince of the supremacy of Holland. Without at all perceiving it, he has placed himself in the position of a slave, deprived himself of the power to enter into negotiations with any other European people, to have any commercial dealings with them, or even to exercise over his own subjects certain rights of sovereignty. Experience has taught the Dutch that barbarians are never scrupulous in the observance of commercial or political stipulations; and if it were not so, they take care to make it difficult for their ally to avoid infringing some of the conditions of the treaty. Ignorantly, and perhaps innocently, he departs from the spirit of his mysterious engagement, upon which the wretched man discovers for the first time that the signing of that fatal document was tantamount to abdication; for that, instead of being master of his own territories, he has dwindled into a Dutch agent, and has no longer any power over his own actions. Should he disobey, in the minutest particular, an envoy in a ship of war from Batavia soon arrives to admonish him, and the fiery passions of the East almost inevitably betray him into some error, of which the imperturbable *sang froid* of his allies takes instant advantage. Indignant at having been outwitted, he now, too late perhaps, has recourse to arms—is defeated and deposed, while his country is either confiscated or placed in the hands of some chief who will consent to conduct its affairs in strict subservience to Dutch interest.

This, divested of names and dates, is the history of the subjugation of numerous princes in Java, Sumatra, Borneo, Celebes, and the Moluccas. Recently, the same atrocious maxims of policy were attempted to be put in practice in Bali and Lombok, and not entirely without success. The Balinese expected succour from Great Britain, which, with a deference by no means due to the Netherlands government, our ministers refused to afford them. In diplomacy, the reason by which their policy was regulated may be good, but common sense, unversed in the arts of statesmanship, would pronounce it pre-eminently unsatisfactory. It was merely the proximity of Bali to Java which it was feared would make our interference appear extremely invidious. However, the wishes of the Balinese, over whom the Netherlands had no authority, ought to have been paramount in the British cabinet, which so far, therefore, may be charged with having abandoned a brave and independent people to the effect of the Dutch system—the most pernicious that can possibly prevail.

Whatever ought, in strict justice, to be the determining reason of states in their political proceedings, experience will not suffer us to doubt that interest really exercises the most powerful influence. We ought to inquire, therefore, into the wealth, actual or possible, of the Archipelago, in order that we may convince a people chiefly swayed by commercial considerations that we should be justified by prudence in carrying out the grand scheme of policy which originated with Sir James Brooke.

Something has already been said of the productions of the Twelve Thousand Islands, and every fact connected with them that has come to the knowledge of Europeans goes to show their great wealth and importance.

On landing on a desert island, the navigator conjectures the quality of the soil from the character and quantity of the timber it produces. But when an island is peopled, a different rule of judgment is adopted, and an inference favourable or otherwise is drawn from the number, wealth, and opulence of the inhabitants. We may here adopt both these means towards arriving at a correct conclusion. In all the islands, small or great, if we except a few barren rocks, the vegetable kingdom is beyond expression rich and magnificent. Nowhere else on the surface of the globe does the earth appear to possess a more prolific virtue: trees of gigantic size, shrubs and creepers of unparalleled beauty and luxuriance, flowers of the most gorgeous colours and exquisite forms, and fruits unrivalled for their fragrance and flavour, present themselves to the traveller. The forests abound with odoriferous gums, the seas and rivers with fish, the earth with the most costly gems and with the most valuable minerals and metals. Nor are the inhabitants without enterprise or ingenuity to turn these gifts of nature to account. All the first processes of civilisation are in many parts carried on, and it only needs the fostering influence of a just government to bring the social system to maturity.

When we state that any particular division of the earth contains a certain number of people, we obviously imply that its resources, natural or artificial, are adequate to their maintenance. Could we discover, therefore, what is the exact population of the Archipelago, we should possess the means of forming an estimate of its wealth and civilisation. But on this, as on many other points, we are in the dark. The Dutch, for reasons not difficult to be imagined, seek to propagate extremely false notions on the subject. According to them, population has increased in an exact ratio to the extent and stability of their power, and has reached its culminating point in Java, which in all respects may be regarded as a province of Holland. As you recede from the seat of their power, the population becomes thinner and more scattered—first in Sumatra, then in the Spice Islands, then in Celebes, and lastly in Borneo, which it suits their purpose to represent as nearly depopulated. No doubt can be entertained that this vast island, supposing it subjected to the empire of civilisation, could easily support 70,000,000 of inhabitants, since it is nearly all rich and fertile; the great deserts in the interior being purely the creations of the fancy of a fantastic writer, who has a particular end to serve by dealing in fabulous descriptions. But what number of inhabitants do the Dutch assign to this prodigious island? Very little more than 600,000!

Let our reader unfold before him the map of the Twelve Thousand Islands, and glance over it from Papua in the east to the northern point of Sumatra in the west, and ask himself if he can believe that considerably more than half the population of the whole is concentrated in the island of Java, to which our neighbours assign upwards of 10,000,000 of inhabitants. Recent investigations have proved that the natives of the Archipelago run strangely enough into exaggeration, in a direction the reverse of that which we usually observe among other barbarous races. Having but imperfect ideas of number, they greatly underrate the population of their towns and villages, and thus unintentionally mislead inquirers. But allowing for the accidents of savage life, and drawing rational inferences from the history, commerce, and natural condition of the various groups, we are convinced

that, by the most moderate computation, we may estimate the inhabitants of the entire Archipelago at 40,000,000 in round numbers.

To say how these numbers are distributed, would, in the present condition of our knowledge, be impossible. We accept the Dutch calculation with respect to Java, and presume it to contain ten millions of people, while the population of Sumatra ranges between five and six millions. Bali, small as it is in dimensions, is supposed by many to possess 1,000,000 of inhabitants, so that there remains for Borneo, Celebes, Papua, the Philippines, Magindanao, Palawan, the Molucca, and the Sulu islands, little more than 23,000,000, which we hold to be absurd. Still, to avoid the slightest risk of exaggeration, we adopt the low estimate we have mentioned. It remains to be ascertained with how large a proportion of these England could open a trade, supposing her to possess a sufficient number of settlements on various parts of the Archipelago. We know that, until very lately, it formed one of the chief objects of Dutch policy to exclude us from all participation in the commerce of Java, Sumatra, Celebes, and Borneo. By our own weakness we have been excluded from the Spice Islands ever since we restored them to our ungrateful neighbours. Recently, however, the pressure of circumstances at home has compelled our ministers to scrutinise the treaties by which we were long supposed to be excluded from the Archipelago; and the result has been, to deny the Dutch interpretation of those conventions, and in some measure to restore their rights to the merchants of this country. By the adoption of a foreign policy, in entire harmony with the spirit of the age, our merchants would obtain access to every portion of the Twelve Thousand Islands—that is to say, would be permitted to supply more or less largely with goods 40,000,000 of people. Many of these are still no doubt in a low stage of civilisation. But supposing the piratical system to be at an end, there is not a single island in the immense group which would not contribute valuable materials to the commerce of the world. Our imagination is too apt to be dazzled by the mention of gold, and diamonds, and spices, and odoriferous gums, and all those other costly articles of luxury with which nearly every part of Asia abounds. The Archipelago is not wanting in these fascinating commodities. Gold and diamonds exist in great quantities in Borneo; but it is not on that account that we should desire to behold British influence predominate in the island. To benefit the inhabitants as well as ourselves, we should seek to call into play the productive powers of the soil—far surer sources of riches than the most costly ores and gems. What these resources are no man yet knows, though the late discovery of the qualities of gutta percha may serve to justify the belief that thousands of articles which might be converted to the use of civilised man still lie concealed in the forests of the Archipelago. The finding of coal on Labuan and the opposite shores of the greater island must suggest the propriety of examining the natural wealth of the group. It has been suggested, too, that the maritime districts of Pulo Kalamantan would produce cotton not inferior in quality to that grown in the uplands of Georgia.

In this case no language can exaggerate the importance of the island to Great Britain, for doubtless a time will come when the United States, applying themselves more extensively to manufactures, will consume the whole of the cotton grown in the southern provinces, when we shall be

obviously dependent for a supply on the various provinces of India and the islands of the Archipelago. The cotton grown in Sarāwak, of which we have examined several specimens, is fine, though somewhat short-stapled; but carrying our ideas further northwards to the mountainous regions in the vicinity of Kene Balu, it seems probable that districts far more favourable to cotton cultivation will there be discovered.

No great stress should doubtless be laid on any branch of commerce which owes its existence to a caprice of luxury. Yet, while the influence of that caprice continues, it must clearly be the duty of merchants and others to turn it to advantage. We allude to the traffic in edible birds'-nests, which, found almost everywhere in the Archipelago, are conveyed in great numbers to China, where they have occasionally been disposed of for their weight in gold. On the materials and construction of the nests various ideas prevail. They are made by the sea-swallow, which finds the principal ingredient among the foam of the waves. This it collects as the bee collects honey from flowers, and conveying it to the hollows of distant rocks, builds with it there its 'pendent bed and procreant cradle.' What the substance is, chemical analysis has hitherto been unable to discover; but it is semi-transparent and glutinous, and when flavoured with the juices, and scented with the perfume of plants and flowers, it is admitted to form a rich and agreeable basis for soup. To this the Chinese attribute many wonderful virtues, which, if real, will probably hereafter insure for the nests an extensive sale in Europe.

The collection of this article affords occupation to a numerous and hardy class of men. In some instances, the business may be carried on without danger, when the bird builds in low caves, or in the hollows of inland rocks or trees, or in the face of precipices. But in some cases the occupation is dismal, and full of danger, for disturbed, perhaps, in the process of incubation, the bird selects for safety the summit of lofty caverns, into which the waves of the ocean incessantly roll. There is one particular cavern of this description in the north of Java where the nests are found at the height of nearly two hundred feet above the level of the sea, on a desolate part of the coast lashed with almost incessant breakers. Into this deep cavern the nest-collectors penetrate with much difficulty. The apparatus they make use of is not described, but the slightest slip would precipitate them into the boiling waves below.

As we have observed, however, this branch of trade is less important than several others which may be carried on by the untutored natives. Of these many subsist by collecting camphor in the forests, or the brilliant and beautiful feathers of birds, or cutting canes or sandalwood. Others addict themselves to the cultivation of rice, of cocoa-nuts, pepper, cloves, nutmegs, and cinnamon.

But the numbers that live by carrying on these rude operations are small compared with those who would find employment were the trade properly developed. An example may serve to illustrate what may be done by encouragement, and how very speedily neglect dries up the sources of industry. Many years ago, when the government of Brunè was in the hands of a sensible man, a small colony of Chinese settled there, and betook themselves to agriculture. The woods were cut down, the thickets cleared away, the soil industriously broken up, and very soon gardens,

orchards, and pepper-plantations covered the hills, which had a short time ago formed the site of the primeval wilderness. What they produced, traders from all parts of the world consumed; they acquired wealth, built themselves handsome dwelling-houses, and enriched the coffers of the state. When things had arrived at this pass, the sultan by whom they were favoured was gathered to his fathers, and a new sultan arose in his stead, who, understanding nothing of political economy, looked with envy upon the Chinese residents, and began to oppress and plunder them. At first, the force of local attachments prevailed over the indignation excited by injustice; but by degrees repeated insults and injuries reawakened the spirit of emigration, and the Chinese left Brunè, carrying away with them all the property they could. Their houses, gardens, and plantations they were compelled to abandon; and among the most recent visitors to the ancient capital of Borneo, one has particularly pointed out the sad prospect of the Chinese grounds relapsing into the dominions of the wilderness—their gardens being choked up by weeds, their houses crumbling to ruins, and their groves and plantations encroached upon by the rank vegetation of the forest. Still further migrations are at present going on—the industrious portion of the population passing over in great numbers to our lately-acquired island of Labuan; so that in the course of a few years, should the spirit of the government continue unchanged, it is to be feared that this considerable city, once the capital of the northern division of the island, will be utterly deserted.

In many parts of the Archipelago the natives themselves display great enterprise and ingenuity in manufactures and trade. Celebes has a reputation for its cotton goods, Pulo Kalamantan for its arms; and if inquiry were to be made, nearly every one of the larger islands in which civilisation has taken root would perhaps be found to excel in some particular production. Asiatics generally display a remarkable aptitude for the finer varieties of manufactures: the Hindús, for example, have at several periods of their history exhibited a marked superiority over all other nations in the finest works of the loom; and though the people of Celebes, from whatever stock descended, can make no pretensions to be compared with the Hindús, their fabrics are so much more lasting and beautiful than any imported from Europe, that they have hitherto beaten our goods out of the market.

To enumerate all the articles, natural or manufactured, obtained from the several islands, would be tedious, and, as many of the names could convey no ideas to the reader's mind, would be likewise useless. Nature is there as prolific in vegetable and mineral riches as in animal life. Borneo produces the *Mias Papan*, or Wild Man of the Woods—of all the inferior animals, the least removed from the human species; the rhinoceros, and in former times the elephant. At present, this last animal is supposed not to be found wild in the forests of the interior, though in one district near Cape Unsang it is said to have been seen in its natural state within the memory of persons still living.

To illustrate what might be accomplished in the Archipelago by enterprise and industry, we may adduce the example of an English gentleman who settled many years ago at Lombok. Arriving in somewhat humble circumstances, as it would appear, he speedily ingratiated himself with one

chief after another, until he had at length included the sultan himself among his friends. The profession he followed was that of a merchant. He bought; he sold; he realised great profits; he purchased lands; he built himself houses; and came at length to be regarded in the light of a great personage. Wealth is the natural ally of power; and the prince, standing much in need of the pecuniary aid of the merchant, soon bethought him of the regular Oriental method of attaching him to himself. He gave him two of his daughters to live in his harem, and be among the number of his wives; and the contracting of this double alliance raised the stranger to the highest eminence in the state.

Had not the Englishman been gifted with rare prudence and many other distinguished qualities, his rapid success might have proved his ruin; since in despotisms, small as well as great, the envy that accompanies the monarch's favour is to be appeased or warded off with extreme difficulty. Our countryman, however, steered safely between the Scylla and Charybdis of court patronage and the malice it inspires among the nobility. All the subordinate chiefs in the island sought to be numbered among his relatives or friends, so that his harem soon rivalled that of a Persian Shah, while he enjoyed almost a monopoly of the trade of the island.

An officer in the navy, who happened, some years ago, to touch at Lombok, was entertained by this princely merchant, and invited by him to witness a grand procession and assembly which took place on the occasion of some public act of rejoicing. The nobles thronged to the capital from all the distant provinces, and vied with each other in displays of magnificence. Nothing could exceed the barbaric splendour of their appearance. Numbers of led horses, caparisoned with cloth of gold, and adorned with jewelled ornaments, accompanied each chief; together with standard-bearers supporting brilliant and costly banners, horsemen gorgeously equipped, and a long retinue of dependents in sumptuous apparel. The sultan, seated on a throne beneath a gorgeous canopy, had the English merchant on his right hand, to whom, indeed, he was indebted for much of the opulence displayed by his court and his favourites.

Another and a greater proof of the power and influence exercised by the strange merchant may be discovered in the part he played during the late war between the Dutch and Balinese. When the struggle broke out, both parties were desirous of obtaining assistance from the sultan of Lombok, who, however, by the advice of his European counsellor, kept himself as far as possible aloof from the quarrel. He, however, despatched the merchant, as his plenipotentiary, to the seat of action; and, at his own suggestion, authorised him to act as a medium of communication between the hostile parties, in the hope of bringing about a friendly understanding. The ability of the negotiator would probably have effected this humane purpose, had it been the wish of Holland to avoid hostilities. But her object was the subjugation of Bali; and therefore, instead of thanking those who laboured to promote peace, she rather looked upon them as new enemies, whom she would some day chastise for their interference.

The island of Lombok contains much rich pasturage and meadowlands, watered by innumerable streams, which here and there expand into marshes, or sheets of water like lakes. These natural features have led to the cultivation of a peculiar species of industry—namely, the keeping of

immense flights of ducks, of which some individuals possess tens of thousands. These birds, valuable at once for their flesh, their feathers, and their eggs, are kept in farms, where at night they are shut up in capacious buildings erected for the purpose. Early in the morning the ducks proceed to the marshes under the care of a keeper, who is furnished with a long flap-whip, by which he restrains the numerous members of his flock from mixing with that of his neighbour. In the marshes they are kept equally separate with comparative little trouble, the force of habit co-operating with the diligence of the drivers in restraining the nomadic propensities of the animals.

Of the native trade, by far the greater portion is carried on through the instrumentality of the Bugis, settled in Celebes, or on the eastern coast of Kalamantan. These hardy and adventurous people make annually a visit to Singapore, where they purchase considerable quantities of British goods, which they pay for either in specie or with native produce. When they have laden their prahus, which sail in small fleets for mutual protection, they turn their faces eastward, and visiting nearly all the groups and islands lying between Sumatra and the distant Papua, distribute, as they go, the productions of the West, taking in exchange such articles as the natives can supply.

For various reasons they do not extend their voyage to New Guinea, but stop a little short of it—at Dubbo, among the Aroo islands, where one of the most curious phenomena in the development of Eastern commerce may every year be witnessed. In the interval between the departure and arrival of the merchants, Dubbo wears very much the appearance of a deserted isle, the sand on whose solitary beach is perpetually washed by the waves. For some months nothing but aquatic birds is beheld skimming along the shore; but on a given day in a particular month, the sails of two or three Bugis prahus are seen in the offing, upon which the natives, from all parts of the Aroo group, crowd towards the sandy promontory, where, with great speed and ingenuity, they run up a number of rude dwellings for the accommodation of the strangers. Scarcely have the Bugis landed, when natives from all parts of the Harafura Sea likewise make their appearance, with gold, and ebony, and birds of paradise. Thither also come the Javanese, the Balinese, and natives from Timor and Timor Laut, and people from Solor and Lombok, and Malays from the western islands of the Archipelago, with natives from the Philippines and Moluccas. In this motley assemblage you behold almost every variety of Oriental costume, from the sober garments of the Arab to the gay and flaunting dresses affected by the inhabitants of the further East. Krises, swords, and matchlocks flash perpetually in the sun; a sort of rude police is improvised on the spot, and considerable order prevails in this sudden Babel. As you pass from booth to booth, you observe side by side the productions of men in the rudest stages of barbarism and those of the highest civilisation of the West—that is to say, cotton-prints from Manchester and Glasgow beside the natural wealth of Papuan forests. The mart of Dubbo may be adduced as a proof of the civilising influence of trade; for notwithstanding that every man there is animated by a keen sense of his own interest, serious quarrels would appear to be few, and crimes against life or property still fewer. Indeed we know of no well-authenticated instance of any outrage being

committed. Like the Arabs of Northern Africa, they seem to shout, and gesticulate, and bawl, and abuse each other with great vehemence while conducting their bargains; but all these things are looked upon as matters of course—so much seasoning, as it were, to the ordinary dulness of business, which lead to no disagreeable consequences. Usually, therefore, men depart content with themselves and with their neighbours, and every visit to the mart constitutes a new step in the progress of civilisation. Dealings are carried on in this way for eight or nine months, though very few merchants remain during the whole of that period. On the contrary, there is a perpetual influx of strangers; while others, having completed their transactions, sail away, to make room for them. Suddenly, when the entire cycle of business has been completed, the prahus disappear, the tents are struck, the booths and huts are cleared away, and the sandy promontory is abandoned once more to the sea-fowl.

The organization of this mart, which would seem to have existed from time immemorial, might have been expected to produce far more important effects than have probably flowed from it. But here, again, the influence of commerce has not been permitted to develop itself freely. The merchants on their way to and from Dubbo have to encounter the worst dangers to which seafaring men are exposed—the plunder and violence inflicted by pirates, and the chances of being made captives, and sold for slaves; and it was to prevent such sad catastrophes that Sir James Brooke urged upon the British government the necessity of employing a portion of its navy in securing to these enterprising but peaceful men immunity from pillage and massacre on the high seas.

Shortly after his establishment as Rajah of Sarāwak, our intrepid and large-minded countryman began to develop his plans for the emancipation of the native races. His own power was obviously unequal to the clearance of the seas; piratical fleets, issuing from various rivers, swept down the coast of his own territories, ascended the Sarāwak river, landed in several places, and plundered and destroyed the villages and plantations: for it is a characteristic of these savages not to be content with robbery, but, with a wanton indulgence in mischief for mischief's sake, they cut down fruit-trees, destroyed the enclosures of gardens, and trampled every attempt at cultivation under foot.

At length the day of vengeance began to dawn in which the pirates were to be called upon to expiate their innumerable offences against society. Permission was given to several officers of the royal navy to act in concert with Sir James Brooke, or to place themselves under his direction, or in some cases orders were sent them to carry on a system of independent operations. The history of these transactions has been written by various authors, but chiefly by the able and conscientious pen of Sir James Brooke himself. It would therefore be superfluous to enter into minute details, which would only be to compile materials already before the public in a popular form. This is by no means our object. What we desire to do is, to present our readers with the philosophy of the whole matter, that they may be able to explain to themselves the political principles on which Great Britain has acted through the instrumentality of Sir James Brooke.

Whoever has had any experience in Asia, need not be told that to

negotiate with barbarians is an undertaking of extraordinary difficulty. If you conduct yourself towards them with politeness, deference, and gentleness, they set it down to weakness and fear, and repay your humanity with insolence; and if you behave towards them with a high hand, things are soon brought to extremities, and you have to repress force with force. This we have found in Central Asia, in the Red Sea, in India, in China, and wherever else we have made the attempt. The Oriental Archipelago forms no exception; but when Sir James Brooke sought to inspire the piratical chiefs and tribes with ideas of peace, order, and civilisation, they treated him with the utmost scorn; interpreted his pacific efforts into proofs of weakness; and hinted the most insulting defiance against him and the country to which he belonged.

This led to a series of warlike operations at Tampasuk, at Pandasan, at Malludu Bay, on the Rejang, in the Mambakut, and afterwards in the Brunè river. During these conflicts it is not to be denied that much blood was shed. The pirates, attacked in their strongholds, fought with an intrepidity bordering at times on desperation. Accustomed to inspire terror in others, it was not easy for them to pass into the opposite category, and experience apprehensions themselves. However, Sir James Brooke, and the officers of the British navy who were associated with him in this great work of civilisation, performed their painful task with unflinching justice. To have spared and converted them to the principles of humanity would have been far more agreeable; but the attempt would only have excited the laughter of the bucaniers, who spurned all gentle counsels, and knew no law but that of arms.

It would nevertheless be unjust not to admit that even these fierce marauders gave proof occasionally that the human heart is nowhere entirely corrupt: pirates are husbands and fathers; and some of the most obdurate and sanguinary characters often displayed extraordinary affection for their wives and children. To those, however, who comprehend the laws which regulate human nature, this will not appear at all surprising. In men of strong passions love is generally as powerful as cruelty, so that their attachment to their own friends is equal to their hatred of their enemies. In some cases these bloody marauders stood side by side like a wall before their women, and received the shots like hail in their breasts, to afford them an opportunity of escape; and there is an anecdote told of one of these ruffians which would do honour to a father in any stage of society. The piratical chief in question had a favourite child, a boy, whom he doubtless meant to bring up to his own lawless calling: when his stronghold was stormed and burned, he took the child on his left arm, and holding the dripping kris in his right, defended him with desperate energy, retreating as he fought. Having received several wounds, and feeling himself grow faint from loss of blood, he laid the child gently on the ground, and then giving him one long, last, fond look, plunged into the woods, and was never heard of more. That death speedily overtook him is most probable, for when his pursuers lost sight of him he was covered with wounds and blood. Indeed he only yielded up his burthen through sheer incapacity to bear it any longer.

It would doubtless be a great triumph to bring over men so intrepid, so gallant, and enterprising, to the service of civilisation. Theirs, indeed,

may in some sense be regarded as the best and bravest blood of the Archipelago; but they have unfortunately taken up arms against society, and can only be brought to reason by the application of superior force. The mock philanthropists who affect here in Europe to commiserate them, are incapable of experiencing a thousandth part of the sympathy with which Sir James Brooke regards them. As a brave man, he sympathises with bravery, and would make any personal sacrifice to preserve the lives of these heroic robbers; any sacrifice, we mean, short of principle. But courage and daring are not the only virtues of man; and when tempted to hold his hand in pity, he remembers the thousands of innocent natives who must be sacrificed if these are spared, and this steels his heart against a false and unavailing compassion.

No one can have known Sir James Brooke without being aware of the long series of efforts he has made to check piracy by negotiations; what repeated representations he has sent to the various chiefs, and how earnestly and pertinaciously he has striven to wean them from their inhuman practices. While the philanthropic declaimers in parliament or at public meetings, and the manufacturers of articles for the press, have been dozing comfortably in their beds, he has been passing sleepless nights in the endeavour to devise means for checking the effusion of blood in the Archipelago. But though, as we have observed, he cannot refuse his sympathy to the brave, even when they are the scourges of their brethren, his chief anxiety is for the upright and the honest. He does not belong to that class whose humanity exhausts itself on criminals, but has no ear for those who suffer from their villany. But no meditation, no experience, can teach the means of compelling dishonest men to prefer industry to piracy: chastisement only can effect their cure, and he resolved therefore to administer it with stern severity. Yet in all cases the policy pursued has been to afford the offenders a chance of retrieving their characters. Threats have been again and again employed; and a large force has been brought to the very threshold of the piratical stronghold, and paused there if there appeared to be the slightest hope of amendment in the inmates. This was the case particularly at Kanowitz; and the same course was sought to be pursued towards the Sarebas and Sakarran Dyaks; but without success. These two tribes, strong and numerous, addicted to piracy from time immemorial, and puffed up by a long series of sanguinary triumphs, received his pacific overtures with scorn. The classical reader will remember that when the king of Persia, after the battle of Kunaxa, sent messengers requiring the little band of Greeks who had accompanied his brother into the heart of his kingdom to deliver up their arms, those heroic republicans replied that he might come and take them; an enterprise upon which his Persian majesty could not venture. In the same spirit, though not in quite so good a cause, the Sarebas and Sakarrans answered Sir James Brooke that if he wished them to disarm, he might come and disarm them. But in the true temper of barbarians, they added gross insult to defiance, observing that he was an old woman, and only withheld by fear from entering their rivers. On a man of Sir James Brooke's character taunts like these could produce no effect, except that of convincing him that, however reluctantly, he would have to employ force before they could be brought to reason.

This, therefore, he resolved to do; and about the middle of summer (1849) proceeded with the *Nemesis* and a small force in native boats towards the mouth of the Sarebas river, resolved to punish the bucaniers who refused to relinquish their plundering expeditions, and treated contemptuously the power and authority of Great Britain. It was somewhat surprising that the chastisement of Brunè, to which they had formerly been subject, should not have inspired them with some apprehension for the fate that might overtake them. They had beheld their ancient sultan driven from his capital, and compelled to return by the menaces of strangers: they had seen him forced to break off his connexion with the pirates; nay, league against his old friends, and bind himself by solemn treaty never again to afford them either countenance or encouragement.

But this did not inspire the Sarebas and Sakarrans with prudence or moderation. They could bring into action 12,000 fighting-men, 6000 from either tribe; and relying on their numbers, which appeared to them irresistible, they resolved to adhere to their piratical profession, and live by the plunder of their inferiors in numbers, courage, and arms. Accordingly, they sent out a considerable fleet of bankongs, which tracked and plundered all the trading prahus it encountered at sea. Some of these were afterwards found smeared with clotted blood and human hair, drifting about at the mercy of the waves—the crews having been murdered, and hurled into the sea. Many small craft from Singapore met with this fate, and three villages on the coast had been stormed, plundered, and burned. The bankongs were numerous, strongly manned, and furnished with abundance of arms and provisions. No thought of peace seems to have entered the minds of the pirates. They were resolved to face the English, not having as yet experienced the terrors of their power, or known what it was to oppose undisciplined ferocity to calm and well-regulated courage.

When the news reached the English, Sir James Brooke was lying ill in his prahu eight or nine miles from the piratical fleet; and the wind not serving for sailing-craft, the *Nemesis* only was able to make her way by steam towards the scene of action. The battle began towards the close of day, and lasted, without intermission, throughout the night, the steamer incessantly plying her guns, and the pirates, with the most obstinate perseverance, returning her fire. At rapid intervals the waves on the shore were lighted up by the flashes of the guns, while their thunder passed along in protracted reverberations. As might have been expected, the number of casualties was considerable in the piratical fleet, no fewer than 350 having been killed on the spot.

It has been made a reproach to Sir James Brooke that he did not interfere his authority to stop the effusion of blood; but, in the first place, he was, as we have already observed, at the distance of eight or nine miles from the scene of action, lying ill in his bed from a severe attack of dysentery. However, had he been present, how could he have interfered to preserve the pirates, so long as they continued to offer resistance? They had not thrown down their arms—they had not asked for quarter; but, on the contrary, seemed to be animated by the hope of victory, and fighting under the persuasion that their own fire had proved no less

destructive to the English than theirs had to them. Besides, it could have answered no useful purpose to leave the Sarebas and Sakarrans, with their spirit unbroken, to renew the conflict in the course of a few months or weeks. The object was to disgust them with their profession, and impress on their minds the necessity of earning an honest livelihood, which was not to be accomplished while they knew no higher power, and while their strength remained unimpaired.

Another fact, which does not appear to be known to the philanthropists, should not be lost sight of: it is of course quite clear now that the *Nemesis* was more than a match for the piratical bankongs while they remained at a distance, and with a rash policy exposed themselves to a raking fire; but had they approached, and boarded her, the event might have been very different; and more than once during the night, Sampons starting from the scene of action, brought the intelligence to the rajah that the English had been beaten. It could scarcely enter into the imaginations of the natives that the dreaded Sea Dyaks could be overcome by any one. Fame had represented them as invincible; and up to the very last moment, it is not to be doubted that, with the exception of the few English, all those with Sir James Brooke confidently anticipated defeat. Again, although the officers and men of the *Nemesis* doubtless expected that their guns would do considerable execution among the piratical bankongs, they could scarcely believe that the bucaniers would continue the action after experiencing so severe a loss as they actually did. It was natural to suppose that they would have taken to flight; but as they continued the engagement, and kept up their fire without slackening, the only rational inference was, that they were not without hope of victory. The destruction of life, however, was great. As we have already remarked, 350 men were killed during the battle, 50, after the pirates had taken refuge in the jungle, were cut off by the hostile Dyaks, and about 400 are said to have died of their wounds after they returned to their own country. Several of the marauders fell into the hands of the natives in alliance with the English, and these were all ransomed by Sir James Brooke, and immediately sent back to their friends, except some few women, who preferred remaining with their captors.

This, though brief, is a faithful account of the combat between the *Nemesis* and the Sarebas and Sakarran Dyaks. We have omitted entering into minute details, which the reader would find tiresome, as the names of persons and places would then have to be introduced—barbarous in themselves, and extremely unmusical to our European ears.

We have alluded cursorily to a circumstance which ought perhaps to be explained at greater length—we mean Sir James Brooke's ransom of prisoners. They who seek to earn a reputation for humanity by libelling and calumniating him, do so, we will charitably suppose, in entire ignorance of his character and proceedings. But the public should be made acquainted with the real state of the case, that it may perceive how little reliance is to be placed on the statement of mere traders in benevolence, who sound a trumpet before them when about to do anything which they consider praiseworthy; thinking, and perhaps correctly, they might otherwise lose their reward, which is notoriety. While they preach, however, Sir James Brooke is practising humanity. Instead of confining his soli-

citude to himself, instead of expending his fortune in hiring trumpeters in Europe, he generously applies his surplus resources to the alleviation of the miseries of barbarism. No act is more common with him than that of ransoming men, women, and children from captivity, so that many a savage hearth once desolate has been rendered bright by his genuine philanthropy. It is believed by those who know him that he expends in this way more than all the sum he receives annually from government as Commissioner to the Indian Archipelago. As the amount thus disbursed must of necessity vary from year to year, we cannot pretend to have ascertained it exactly; but the fact we give not as a mere vague rumour or report, but as a thing of which we ourselves can vouch the accuracy.

It remains for us to take a glance of what further has been done in the Archipelago towards effecting the suppression of piracy and the establishment of civilisation. Within the last few years arrangements have been entered into with numerous chiefs of tribes, who have bound themselves by solemn engagements to abandon the practice of plundering on the high seas. That all these will abide honestly by their stipulations is more than can be expected. They will probably in some instances relapse occasionally, succumbing to the old temptations to dishonesty. But even under such circumstances something will have been gained, since it is not to be supposed that they can ever display that hardihood in iniquity to which they were formerly accustomed. They will carry on their depredations by stealth, with apprehension and timidity, since even the most reckless savages experience some degree of shame when detected in breaking their solemn engagements.

This may be inferred from the recent conduct of the sultan of Brunè, who, when signing his first treaty with England, would seem to have looked upon it merely as a means of putting off the evil day. He afterwards found, however, to his extreme astonishment, that he would be expected to act in conformity with the treaty he had concluded; and that the other high contracting party, to borrow a phrase from diplomacy, was in a condition to enforce the keeping of his word. From this one of two results must inevitably follow: either he will, together with his subjects, addict himself to an honest course of policy, and in that way insure his own and their prosperity, or if the wages of iniquity cannot be dispensed with without producing ruin, Brunè, its rulers and people, must sink into utter annihilation.

The same thing may with equal justice be remarked of the sultan of Sulu—a group of islands of which European geographers do not as yet know the number or names. Sir James Brooke has paid two visits to that state, once denominated an empire, comprehending under its sway the northern division of Borneo, with a part, perhaps the whole, of Palawan and Magindanao. About the Sulu Islands we possess extremely curious information, which it would be impossible, however, to compress into the present Paper. It may perhaps be sufficient to say that they are hundreds in number, and in some places grouped so as to resemble the atolls of the Maldives. Many are extremely diminutive, while others are of considerable magnitude, fertile, cultivated, and possessing ports admirably adapted to trade.

Shortly after his return from England to the Archipelago, Sir James Brooke paid a first and a second visit to the Sulu capital, and concluded a

treaty with the sultan, which was immediately sent home for ratification. By this convention the ruler of Sulu has bound himself to hold no farther communication with pirates, and as far as may be in his power, to expel them his dominions. This last clause is aimed at the Illanuns, the Balinini, and Sea-Gipsies, found scattered without a home or country amid the more secluded groups of the Twelve Thousand Islands.

Almost while we write, however, society in that part of the world is assuming new forms, by the melting of one tribe into another, and the disappearance of certain names which may be said to have become famous in the history of the Archipelago. Thus the Sakarran Dyaks now no longer exist as a separate tribe, having been merged by circumstances into the Sarebas, while the Balinini are supposed to have been destroyed by the Spaniards. Destruction, however, in this case is synonymous with dispersion; because it is not to be supposed that all the individual men and women once known collectively under the name of the Balinini have actually perished, though we no longer meet with them on the sea in bankongs or prahus of their own.

Respecting the Sea-Gipsies our knowledge is extremely imperfect. In their original condition they were not pirates, but, under the name of Bajows, led a wandering life upon the ocean, confining themselves entirely to their boats, and earning their subsistence by fishing and an irregular species of trade. They were said to shift their place according to the season, flying before the violence of the monsoons, and casting anchor in tranquil waters to which long experience directed them. A fleet of Sea-Gipsies, passing through some narrow frith at night, used to present to the mariner an extraordinary spectacle, the prow of each bankong being illuminated with lamps, which glimmered like so many huge glow-worms on the sea. Probably their disposition was never very pacific, and at all events it seems to have required little temptation to transform them from fishermen into pirates. Latterly, they would appear to have withdrawn almost entirely from the more-frequented latitudes, and to have taken refuge in those intricate and little-frequented seas lying on the eastern skirts of the Moluccas. Here they will probably disappear from history, melting away into those populations which, more numerous and powerful than themselves, may display a disposition to conform to the new principles of society introduced from the West.

In the cruize which our enterprising countryman took to effect this important object, he visited Balam Bangan and Magindanao; and during the third voyage, in which he is probably engaged at present, it is to be hoped he may find it practicable to explore the latter of these islands, so little known to any save those who happened to have fallen in with the works of the Spanish Jesuits. Palawan, too, is all but a *terra incognita*; and even of the Philippines our knowledge is extremely imperfect. Many portions of the Moluccas may likewise be said to be unknown to us, particularly the islands of Giloolo and Ceram, of which our navigators have obtained but imperfect glimpses. An expedition is now engaged in surveying New Guinea or Papua, under the direction of a very superior officer; and when the result comes to be laid before the public, we may confidently hope, therefore, that a veil will be withdrawn from the most distant and least-known portion of the Archipelago.

Illness may be said in some measure to have interfered of late with Sir James Brooke's proceedings. He has been residing, after a severe attack of fever, at the agreeable retreat of Pinang Hill, from which, when the last advices left the Archipelago, he was about to proceed to Siam, Cambodia, and Cochin-China. With those countries our trade has never hitherto been placed on a proper footing. Instead of being conciliated by the vicinity of Singapore and the recent settlement on Labuan, the sultan of Siam, in particular, would seem to have been inspired with increased hostility, alternating with paroxysms of friendship. Though probably conscious of his weakness, the general Oriental passion for monopoly betrays him at frequent intervals into insults to the British flag; after which, terrified at what he has done, he attempts the fortification of Bangkok, obstructs the channels of the river, and trembles and prepares for flight at the departure of every war-steamer from Singapore. With the suavity and superior powers of diplomacy, Sir James will calm and reassure the mind of this barbarian, at the same time that he will probably convince him of the necessity of adopting a more just policy towards Great Britain. In this case we may confidently reckon on a large increase to our trade beyond the Straits of Malacca, since the kingdom of Siam could consume immense quantities of British goods, and possesses abundant resources with which to pay for them.

Again, in Kambodia and Cochin-China it is possible to lay the foundations of an extremely lucrative commerce, at present almost entirely monopolised by the merchants of the Celestial Empire, who send down annually a number of junks, which, passing along the coast, take up its merchandise at several points, and proceed sometimes to Singapore. In Cochin-China the French also have for many years possessed great influence, though this has occasionally led to disastrous misunderstandings.

Neither here, however, nor in any other country belonging to the Hindú-Chinese nations, has there ever existed a proper outlet for the superfluous productions of the soil, which might be profitably exchanged for the commodities, manufactured or natural, of other parts of the world. To awaken in them the spirit of enterprise, and to bring them within the commercial circle, may be said to have been one of the principal objects aimed at by the settlement on Labuan. They constitute a part of the great market of the Archipelago, producing much that its natives require, and consuming large quantities of what they produce. As the representative of the Archipelago, they will probably receive Sir James Brooke with respect, because with the friendship of Great Britain he can offer them immediate profit and protection from the violence of any other nation.

Another consequence of our recent movements in the Archipelago will in all likelihood be a mission to Japan, an empire which, for more than two centuries, has been closed against the commerce of the West. This arbitrary and tyrannical policy exerted a most baneful influence on the Archipelago, once perpetually visited by Japanese junks bringing cargoes of the precious metals, and taking in exchange the merchandise of the various islands. To throw open this channel to the trade of the world would be an achievement worthy of Great Britain: to persist in sullen seclusion is a crime against the laws of nature, because it wantonly inflicts injury on millions of the human race. No truth is more important than this—that

mankind are brethren ; and if, therefore, any one portion of them withdraws itself from the commerce of the rest, it is as unjust as if it committed robbery to the amount of what is lost by its seclusion. Not to understand this is to be ignorant of the first principles of society ; and therefore, in the face of the whole civilised world, Great Britain would be fully justified were it to employ the *ultima ratio regum* to compel the Japanese back into the great circle of human brotherhood.

We have thus cast a rapid glance over the Archipelago and its external relations, doubtless leaving much unsaid that might easily have been brought forward did our limits permit, but still touching, we hope, however briefly, on all the important parts of the subject. To satisfy the reader, however, with such a sketch would be impossible. Discovery, though it has not been very actively at work in that part of the world, has still laid open innumerable sources of interest which it would require whole volumes to describe. The utmost we have attempted is to awaken the reader's curiosity, after which the materials of knowledge will be easily discoverable on all sides. There exists, indeed, no proper history of the Indian Archipelago, the publications once circulated under that name possessing nothing to justify such a title. Recent events, however, have attracted and rivetted public attention on that part of the East, so that we may confidently look for a series of works in connexion with it, based on conscientious research, which will enable the nations of the West to sympathise with the populations of insular Asia, which may at present be said to be wrapped in darkness, since no one has hitherto penetrated into their mental constitution, or drawn aside the veil which conceals their thoughts, their opinions, and feelings, from the scrutiny of the civilised world.



WASHINGTON AND HIS COTEMPORARIES.

THE nature of the series of events which forced the British dwellers in America to oppose an armed resistance to the aggressive measures of the ministers of the English crown, and the characters and motives of the distinguished men who conducted that resistance to a successful issue, are still strangely misrepresented, alike by persons who maintain the divine right of the colonial office to administer the affairs of Englishmen—provided they live a great way off—after its own good pleasure, and by those who regard the issue of the memorable struggle as a great blow struck for the common liberties of mankind. The example of its chief hero, Washington, is to this hour absurdly pleaded by every man who fancies that the violent subversion of existing governments is the sole means of establishing improved and lasting ones. To the heroes of such convulsions—and the remark ought now to strike the ear as the expression of a mere truism—the illustrious American bears not the faintest resemblance, any more than he does to Mahomet or to Napoleon Bonaparte. Neither he nor his great associates, Hamilton, Adams, Franklin, Knox—not even excepting Thomas Jefferson, subsequently the idol of the ultra-democracy of the States—were in any fair sense revolutionists; nor were they republicans, in our idea of the term. Though native-born Americans, they were, by breeding and tastes, English gentlemen: nothing at first was more distressful to their feelings than a repudiation of monarchical principles, nor did they finally resign these principles till after all chance of accommodation with the British crown had passed away. Republican institutions, in the essential meaning of the phrase, they had indeed lived under for upwards of a century—Rhode Island, for instance, perhaps the most democratic state in the Union, though the differences between the constitutions of the various states are unimportant, is still governed by Charles's charter of 1663—and those institutions they were thoroughly resolved to defend; but, provided they practically enjoyed self-government, they, and the people whom they represented, were anything but anxious that the apex of the political column should be surmounted by an elective president in place of the hereditary monarch. Their position was throughout purely a defensive one: they stood upon the ancient legal ways of the constitution; but being firmly resolved to resist, at whatever cost or sacrifice, the unlawful violence with which they were menaced, and having accepted the appeal to arms forced upon them by the madness of successive British ministries with profound regret, if without

mistrust, they determined, to use the words of their great chief, 'never to sheathe the sword they had been compelled reluctantly to draw in defence of their country and its liberties till that object had been accomplished, but to prefer falling with it in their hands to the relinquishment thereof.' And so little of wild theory mingled with the practical and sober aspirations of those thoughtful and earnest men, that when the contest was terminated, and they were free to choose any form of constitution they pleased, they decided on changing as little as possible—well knowing that for the present to firmly and permanently influence the future, it must itself remain connected with, and lean upon, the past. The difference between the British and American forms of government—allowance being made for the disturbing effects of certain social influences—is, after all, much more nominal than real. Trial by jury, Habeas Corpus, inviolability of domicile, the independence of the courts, the subjection of every act of the executive to the ordinary operation and restraints of the law—a point so fatally overlooked by our continental neighbours—the distribution of power, by confiding local self-government to popular bodies thoroughly independent of the central authority—these, and other safeguards which constitute the essence of British freedom, were, and are, jealously preserved by our transatlantic brethren. The defenders of the liberties of America erected a noble, and—regard being had to the requirements of their geographical and social position—possibly in some respects an improved, political edifice, compared with that beneath which they had been reared to the moral height and dignity of freemen; but that their work will endure when other, and, in appearance, more symmetrical structures shall have crumbled into dust, is chiefly because they were modest enough and wise enough to build upon the old and tried foundations.

It may be doubted, too, whether the term 'hero,' which has slipped from our pen, ought to be applied to George Washington—a man plain of speech and purpose, of gentlest affections, and quiet, domestic tastes; having neither the start, the swagger, the curt pomposity, nor the varnished mask and glittering plumes of the historic hero, who, ever preceded by flourishes of innumerable brazen instruments, is industriously paraded on the world's stage, till, the remorseless hand of Time having stripped him, bit by bit, of his tinsel glories, the blindest worshipper perceives what a poor humanity it was, after all, that had been audaciously tricked out for the admiration and observance of mankind. Neither had he, though impetuously brave and daring, as was abundantly proved—not only at the fatal massacre at Monongahela, but on numerous other occasions—that love and admiration of war and fighting which distinguish the conventional hero. His sword, with him only a means, and a sad one, to a righteous and otherwise unattainable end, was much more joyfully sheathed than drawn; and with war, he fervently desired that all its glorious and hateful memories might expire. Washington, too, appears to have had a deep sense of the responsibility he was under to his Creator for the right use of the faculties and opportunities confided to him. Upon the arrival of the intelligence in Virginia that all hope of inducing the English ministry to abandon the illegal and tyrannous course upon which they had entered was at an end, and that war was consequently inevitable, he, we find from his diary, 'went to church, and fasted all day.' Finally, having obtained supreme

power, triumphed alike over foreign aggression and domestic faction, he quietly put off the glittering burthen, and ascended—for surely we must call it so—to the dignity of private life, feeling only surprised, in the noble simplicity and unconscious greatness of his nature, that men should admire as a sacrifice that which he esteemed not only an imperative duty, but an unspeakable relief. Whether, with these qualities and deficiencies, Washington is fairly entitled to the appellation of ‘hero,’ either in the genuine or conventional sense of the term, we must leave the reader to decide. It must be, we suppose, a matter, after all, of feeling and of taste—precisely as may be the comparative splendour of the brilliant fire-wonders of our pleasure-gardens, and that of the calm and silent stars, upon which perhaps a Vauxhall audience, and others who might be named, would differ in opinion. Still, as the word ‘hero’ is down, it may remain.

Thus much premised, we may, without danger of misconception, proceed to mete out equal justice to the assailants and the defenders of the British states of America during the revolutionary war. A retrospective glance at the chief incidents of that great event must be at all times interesting, especially to Englishmen, the present generation of whom may possibly be called upon to meet and decide a question akin to that of which the barbarous and sanguinary solution cost their country, between seventy and eighty years ago, so terrible a sacrifice of blood and treasure. The question of colonial connection and independence is fortunately no longer exclusively viewed through the blinding mists of a vainglorious and spurious patriotism. Experience has effectually disposed of some of the grosser fallacies proclaimed in those days by the wisdom of our ancestors. It would scarcely be possible now, one would hope, to call down the applauding shouts of the Commons by Lord North’s declaration, so loudly cheered in 1775—‘that absolute sovereignty over our colonies is a question virtually interwoven with not the increase, but the maintenance, of commerce with them.’ Neither, we imagine, are there many persons in this age and country, however nervous and impressionable, that would feel greatly alarmed at the repetition, by any tongue however sonorous and eloquent, of the Earl of Chatham’s oracular counsel to his admiring peers—‘When the power of this country ceases to be sovereign and supreme over America, I would advise every gentleman to sell his lands, and embark for that country.’ As we have unquestionably outgrown such puerilities as these, we may reasonably hope that others of less transparent, but not less real, absurdity will in time pass away from the national mind; and that, warned by the errors of the blundering past, a more honourable, a more rational determination of the vexed question of colonial dependence and imperial dominion may in future be arrived at; and that, should the necessity arise, the last grasp of the hand exchanged by this country with any of its giant children, in token of merely political separation, will be a pledge of goodwill and hearty sympathy—the precursor and sign of a true and real alliance of interests, purposes, affections, cemented by community of origin, of language, of literature, and of religion.

A consummation this devoutly to be wished; and no means seem more likely to assure it than to place vividly before the public eye the consequences resulting from the adoption of a different policy. Sad task! For

there is no passage which an Englishman, jealous for the honour of his country, would more gladly tear out and efface from its heroic history than the story of the American struggle for independence. This feeling of regret is not caused by the *failure* of the attempt to subjugate the British people inhabiting America: far from it. The separation of England and the United States is now felt to have been one, sooner or later, of necessity. No one in the present day pretends that the restless, enterprising millions of North America could be safely or satisfactorily governed by any amount of wisdom which might happen to be enthroned in Downing Street; and assuredly no sane Englishman can regret the rapid growth in numbers and resources of a kindred people, who exchange, and, we venture to say, will continue to exchange, the rich surplus of their varied climate and fertile soil for the products of the skilled industry of Great Britain: nor is it caused by any emotion of wounded national pride or vanity; for if he have made himself master of the subject, he knows that at no period have the military qualities which distinguish the British race been more conspicuously and brilliantly displayed than throughout that disastrous conflict. His regret is, that the silly sophistries of pretended statesmen, aided by the illusions of a blind and narrow patriotism, should have induced the English people to lavish their blood and treasure in the vain hope and purpose of bending their distant countrymen to a yoke themselves had, after many fierce and sanguinary struggles, cast off and trampled beneath their feet. Yet not wholly without redeeming lights is that dark and troubled picture. The heart swells with mournful pride, and the moistened eye kindles with a subdued exultation, as we mark the development upon a distant soil of the old spirit which has placed an island, almost lost amidst the storms and tempests of the Northern Ocean, in the van of civilisation—the calm speech and the determined purpose, the resolution, at all hazards, to hold fast by the sacred rights bequeathed by a great ancestry. No spasmodic outburst there of passionate, unstable discontent—no ‘straw on fire’ of hot, inconstant passion. ‘We have counted the cost,’ they say, ‘and find nothing so dreadful as slavery.’ They had been else unworthy of their name and race; for were not the *élite* of these people the descendants, the immediate descendants, of the men who had left the British shores during the intervals of triumphant despotism which occurred during the long struggle terminated by the Revolution of 1688?—men amongst whom, but for an accident, would have been Hampden, Cromwell, Ireton; the stubborn old Puritan breed, in short, with all its virtues and all its prejudices; Solemn-League-and-Covenant hill-side folk—the very last people, one should suppose, with whom a wise minister would seek to play a high prerogative game? The old fire had frequently blazed forth, too, in the new States. The authorities of Massachusetts sheltered Goffe and Whalley, who had sat in judgment upon Charles I., from the vengeance of his son; and when compelled to proclaim the Restoration, strictly forbade all rejoicings, even to the drinking the king’s health. This feeling was probably strengthened, if not chiefly excited, by the savage deaths inflicted by the restored government upon that sincere, enthusiastic fanatic Hugh Peters, and the celebrated Sir Harry Vane. Peters, a native of Massachusetts, had been for many years a favourite preacher at Salem. A few hours before he was hanged, he bade his only child, a daughter, ‘go home to

New England, and trust in God there.' Sir Harry Vane, who, spite of Cromwell's denunciative exclamation, was a great and sterling patriot, and mild, tolerant withal upon religious matters—a rare virtue in those days—had been an exceedingly popular governor of Massachusetts: and there, as well as in Rhode Island, to which he had also been a great benefactor, his memory was held in honour, and his violent and illegal death, it would seem, vindictively mourned. This State declared in 1692 'that no tax could be valid without the consent of the local authorities;' for the project of taxing the unrepresented colonies was, it must be borne in mind, no sudden inspiration of George III. and his advisers. It had been long contemplated, although, till Mr Grenville, no statesman had been found mad enough to attempt to carry the design into execution. Sir Robert Walpole, not the most scrupulous or constitutional minister this country has known, when defeated in his Excise scheme, was urged by Sir William Keith, the governor of Virginia, to tax the American colonies. The wary baronet was wiser than his counsellor. 'I have,' he replied, 'Old England against me already; do you think I want New England also?' In 1704 the protest of Massachusetts was renewed by New York and other States. Nay, Virginia, where, and in the Carolinas, the British connection was the most ardently cherished, declared as early as 1651 'that the right of taxation rested solely in the House of Burgesses'—so thoroughly warned were the British ministers of the certain resistance they must encounter! It must not be forgotten either by persons desirous of accurately measuring the extent of the wisdom and foresight displayed by those gentlemen, that the British colonists, at the time it was resolved to carry the long-meditated design into execution, had enormously increased in power and resources, and were placed in much more favourable circumstances for defence and resistance than at any former period of their history. The victory of Wolfe, and other triumphs, sealed by the treaty of 1763, had relieved them of their late powerful and dangerous neighbours the French, and their allies the Indians. Their numbers were not much short of three millions, and the development of their commercial enterprise was so great—in the whale-fishery, for example—as detailed in 1775 before the House of Commons, as to cause Mr Burke to exclaim, 'What in the world is equal to it?' Having attained this degree of growth and prosperity, it was resolved to tax them for the benefit of the imperial revenue, on the by no means invalid plea, that as great expenses had been incurred in expelling the French, and giving peace to the colonies, they should contribute something towards the imperial exchequer. At the same time, however, the colonists were told they could have no *representation* in the British House of Commons. And on this bigoted notion, that the House of Commons was already made up—complete—perfect—and could bear no fresh intrusion, the whole affair hinged. What a lesson is this fact calculated to teach!

Mr George Grenville, urged by George III.—who, it clearly appears from his since published private correspondence with Lord North, was throughout fanatical in his insistence upon the right and duty of England to tax America—gave the signal for confusion, tumult, and ultimate war, by passing, March 1765, with the concurrence of large majorities in both houses of parliament, a bill to impose stamp duties on the peaceful and

loyal colonists, who required nothing of this country but permission to love and respect her, and leave to contribute, by the recognised authority of their own representative assemblies, such expenses as it might appear England had incidentally taken upon herself on their behalf or in their defence. Happily the fortunes of Great Britain are beyond the power of acts of parliament to permanently damage—the spirit and energy of the people sufficing to redeem, though sometimes at a frightful cost, the mistakes of legislators. Were it not for the lamentable consequences which resulted from the doings of the different ministries that led and continued the attack upon the franchises and immunities of our separated countrymen, it would be amusing to remark their alternate rashness and cowardice, their bold words and childish acts, their high-sounding promises and impotent conclusions. A glance, though only a brief one, is instructive.

The American Stamp Duties Bill was of course indignantly rejected by the colonists. Mobs paraded the cities, bearing aloft the obnoxious act, surmounted by a death's head, and the words, 'England's folly and America's ruin;' lawyers bound themselves to the nation and each other to use only unstamped paper; women formed themselves into associations, pledged not to speak to, much less marry, any of the other sex who should presume to buy or use stamps; the entire people, in a word, entered into a solemn league and covenant to resist by every means in their power the odious edict. Well, the Grenville ministry quitted office, and the Rockingham administration, which succeeded, repealed the hated and unproductive bill; but at the same time deprived the repeal of all efficacy or value by a solemn reservation of the only point really in dispute—the *right* of parliament to tax the unrepresented colonies!

Another cabinet succeeded; and Mr Charles Townshend introduced and carried a bill, intended, doubtless, in the plenitude of the ministerial wisdom, to benefit *both* countries, by levying duties on British manufactured goods—glass, china, paper, painters' colours—imported into the colonies, besides a duty of threepence per pound on tea. This curious measure excited as fierce an opposition as the stamp act. The death of Mr Townshend caused the break-up of this ministry, of which the Earl of Chatham, it must be stated, was the nominal, though inactive chief. The Duke of Grafton next succeeded to power, or at least to office; and Lord Hillsborough, secretary of state, wrote to the governors of the American provinces to state that the cabinet intended introducing a bill for the repeal of the duties on 'paper, glass, china, and colours,' as 'contrary to the true principles of commerce.' After some delay, this promise was redeemed, but it was at the same time resolved that the impost upon tea should remain! Upon the firm maintenance of that threepenny duty both ministers and parliament resolved, as upon a thing necessary for the dignity of the king's crown, the integrity and prosperity of the empire, the supremacy of parliament, the safety of the constitution, and many other admirable things very eloquently dilated upon at the time, but scarcely worth recapitulating now.

The scene again changes, and we find ourselves in the presence of the cabinet of Lord North (son of the Earl of Guilford). The opposition of the indignant colonists to the miserable and aggressive measures of the

British ministers continuing as vehement as ever, and merchants and manufacturers beginning to find, in consequence of the general refusal of the colonists to purchase any British commodities, that trade and commerce were rapidly declining under the expedients devised for their maintenance and extension, a stroke of remarkable financial generalship was resolved upon by the new administration. They granted such a reduction on the British duty on tea as enabled the East India Company to sell the article to the colonists at so reduced a rate, that the tax of threepence per pound would not raise the price to the consumer. This device was much applauded at the time. The partisans of the minister were confident that it would reconcile all differences; the Americans would of course surrender the principle so long contended for, if they could only save their pockets; and the king's government, by giving back with one hand what they snatched with the other, would prove themselves alike the able champions of the prerogative of the crown and the welfare of the people.

The success of this scheme did not at all correspond with the expectations of its promoters. The tea cargoes were in some ports forbidden by the authorities to be landed; and in Boston harbour, on the 18th of December 1773, a mob of persons, disguised as Mohawk Indians, boarded the *Dartmouth* East India tea-ship, and threw its cargo overboard. This done, they retired without committing any other damage, or offering any violence or insult to the crew.

It was determined by the British ministry to visit the consequences of this outrage upon the entire community of the State in which it was committed. A bill was passed to fine the town of Boston to the value of the tea thrown overboard. This was seriously defended upon the precedents that London had been fined in the time of Charles II. because some unknown persons had slain Dr Lamb; and that Edinburgh had been amerced in a large sum for not having prevented the mob from hanging Captain Porteous. They might as well have adduced the law of the Conqueror, which levied a fine on any county or hundred where a Norman should be found slain. The essential distinction that London and Edinburgh, whether justly or unjustly, were punished by recognised authorities, was overlooked, or treated as of no importance. Boston was also deprived of its privileges as a port of customs, which were transferred to Salem. These measures, in the opinion of those who maintain the right of the English parliament to tax and bind America, may have some show of justice, but not even they can justify the subsequent acts of the minister, who, in his bill 'for the better regulating government in the province of Massachusetts,' entirely repealed the charter of William and Mary, and vested the nomination of councillors, judges, magistrates, and sheriffs in the crown, and in some cases in the governor. In other words, the ministry, with the aid of parliament, trampled under foot the constitution of Massachusetts, and erected an unmitigated despotism in its stead! It was also enacted that any person accused of treason, murder, or other capital offence, if alleged to be committed in defence of the measures of the British government, might, at the pleasure of the governor, be removed to England for trial—that is to say, as every lawyer knows, and knew, be withdrawn from all chance of punishment.

These outrageous proceedings, which it is impossible to palliate, much less to justify, were carried with a very high hand indeed. Mr Ballou, the agent for Massachusetts, was refused a hearing by the House of Commons; and the respectful prayer of the Americans resident in London, that honourable gentlemen 'would not drive a long-suffering and gallant people to the last resources of despair,' was treated with contemptuous indifference. The truth was, the ministry were determined to put down all resistance by force, and they replied only by a lofty and disdainful silence to every effort made to turn them from their fatal course.

The colonists were thoroughly persuaded that the outrage in Boston harbour was but a pretext eagerly seized upon by the ministry to carry into effect a long-since-foregone determination—that of restricting the general liberties of America. This suspicion derived countenance from the previous discovery of a number of letters written by Governor Hutchinson and Judge Oliver of Massachusetts to Mr Whately, a member of parliament, and secretary to the minister, Mr George Grenville. Hutchinson and Oliver urged upon the ministry that the colonists were not fit 'for what are called English liberties,' and recommended the adoption of measures to modify, in a despotic sense, the popular constitutions of the American provinces. This treasonable correspondence—it was surely nothing less in a moral point of view, coming from men who had sworn to respect and maintain those liberties?—had been placed in Dr Franklin's hands by a Dr Hugh Williamson, with an injunction to keep secret the source from which he obtained it. Franklin immediately transmitted them to America, where their publication produced an immense sensation; and the impeachment of Governor Hutchinson was soon afterwards demanded. Dr Franklin, whose incessant and zealous efforts to heal the unhappy differences between the mother country and the colonies had been warmly and frequently acknowledged by the most eminent persons—amongst others, by Chief-Justice Pratt, the judge who first held that 'general warrants' were illegal, and better known as Lord Camden—was summoned before the council relative to the demand of impeachment. The abuse with which the single-minded and amiable philosopher was assailed by Wedderburne, the attorney-general, afterwards Lord Loughborough, a man now only remembered because he *did* abuse Dr Franklin, is an amusing specimen of the virulence of a loose-tongued lawyer, salaried to exhibit simulated indignation. First charging Franklin with having obtained the letters by fraudulent and corrupt means—'unless, indeed, he stole them from the person who stole them'—Wedderburne thus proceeded: 'I hope, my lords, you will brand this man for the honour of his country, of Europe, of mankind. . . . Into what company will he hereafter appear with an unembarrassed face, or the honest expression of virtue? I ask, my lords, if the revengeful temper attributed by poetic fiction only to the bloody African is not surpassed by the coolness and apathy of the wily American?' This rabid nonsense, according to Dr Priestley, threw the lords of the council into ecstasies of mirth: 'even Lord Gower laughed; and the only man who behaved with decency was Lord North.' Franklin listened to it all in silence, returning not a word; only, when he took off the court suit of Manchester spotted velvet which he had worn on the occasion, he mentally resolved never to put it on again; nor did he break that resolution till the 6th of February 1778, when he

signed at Versailles a treaty of alliance, offensive and defensive, between France and the United States. Dr Franklin not long afterwards left England for America, disgusted with the conduct of the British ministry, and not very well pleased with that of the states he represented. By the cabinet he was contemned as a violent American; while some of the more hot and impatient of his countrymen feared lest his partiality for England might prevent him from acting with sufficient vigour in the crisis which all could see was rapidly approaching. Other agents were appointed, and the catastrophe came swiftly on.

The intemperate proceedings of the ministry derived no countenance from the acts or speeches of the colonists. The language of the different assemblies was invariably respectful, though firm. As late as November 1774, the first congress of the American people, assembled at Philadelphia, in its address to the king, thus unanimously expressed itself:—‘We ask but for peace, liberty, and safety; we wish not a diminution of the prerogative, nor do we solicit the grant of any new right in our favour: your royal authority over us, and our connection with Great Britain, we shall always cheerfully and zealously maintain.’ Washington, in a letter to Captain Robert Mackenzie, gave the following testimony:—‘You are taught to believe that the people are rebellious, setting up for independency, and what not. Give me leave, my good friend, to tell you you are abused—grossly abused. Give me leave to add, and I think I can answer for it as a fact, that it is not the wish of any government here, separately or collectively, to set up for independence; but this you may at the same time rely on, that none of them will ever submit to the loss of those valuable privileges which are essential to the happiness of every free state, and without which life, liberty, and property are rendered totally insecure.’ Jefferson himself thus wrote to Peyton Randolph, president of the first congress:—‘Believe me, my dear sir, there is not throughout the British empire a man who more cordially cherishes a union with Great Britain than I do; but, by the God that made me, I will cease to exist before I accept that union upon the terms proposed by the parliament! and in this I believe I speak the sentiments of America. We want neither motives nor power to effect a separation—the *will* alone is wanting.’ So general, indeed, was the expression of loyal attachment to the parent country, and of a desire to remain at peace and amity with her, that Lord Camden remarked upon it with some surprise to Dr Franklin, and predicted that the tone of the colonists would soon change into a demand for independence. ‘Not,’ replied Franklin, whose almost fanatical anxiety to maintain what he deemed the ‘unity’ of the British empire—that ‘costly and beautiful vase’—is so well known—‘not unless we are scandalously treated.’ ‘It is precisely because I foresee that you will be so treated,’ rejoined his lordship, ‘that I make that prophecy.’

Many eloquent voices, it is consolatory to remember, were raised on behalf of those distant Englishmen, even in the parliaments which backed the insanity of ministers by such overwhelming majorities. Chatham, Burke, Fox, vehemently combated the right of parliament to tax America. Lord Chatham in a few striking sentences placed the matter in a clear and vivid light. He supposes the House of Commons to be enacting a ‘supply’ bill: ‘We, your majesty’s faithful Commons of Great Britain, give and grant to

your majesty—what? our own property? No; but the property of the Commons of America!’ And yet this nobleman, who placed the intolerable assumption of the parliament in so clear a view, with the same breath maintained, in the strongest terms, ‘that parliament might bind the trade of the colonists, confine their manufactures, and exercise over them every right except that of taking their money without their consent.’ Strange obliquity of vision, that could not see how ‘binding their trade, confining their manufactures,’ was as much taking their money without their consent as any direct means could be! The nervous eloquence of the noble earl, the conciliatory suggestions of Burke, arrayed as they were in gorgeous and sounding periods, made no impression on the infatuated ministry. They were determined to ride rough-shod over the colonies, and they confidently anticipated a certain and easy victory. Nothing in this wretched business appears more ludicrous than the notion which noble lords, generals, and other official personages entertained of the personal *cowardice* of the British colonists. Doubtless they must have had some theory of the enervating effect of the climate of America upon the Anglo-Saxon race; for if there was one point upon which they were all fully agreed, it was that the descendants of the Puritans, of the Solemn-League-and-Covenant men, would not fight! ‘Cowardly, undisciplined, and incapable of discipline,’ the ‘country gentlemen’ were night after night assured the Americans were. General Burgoyne, who had dramatised Richard Cœur de Lion in a now forgotten operetta, and who afterwards made a splendid American campaign, ending at Saratoga, declared that a regiment of disciplined English soldiers might march without encountering any serious opposition throughout the length and breadth of the land. Another authority pronounced ‘that four or five frigates would effectually settle the business.’ My Lord Sandwich was quite jocular upon the subject. ‘Suppose,’ he said, ‘the colonies abound in men—what then? They are raw, undisciplined, and cowardly. I wish, instead of forty thousand or fifty thousand of these brave fellows with which we are threatened, they would produce two hundred thousand. If they did not run away, which there is little doubt they would, they would assuredly starve themselves into compliance with our measures.’ Compare this vapouring with the long, dull, melancholy silence which pervaded the ranks of the ‘country gentlemen’ at the conclusion of Lord North’s speech in the House of Commons, February 17, 1778, in the third year of the war, and after the surrender of boasting Burgoyne, in which the minister formally renounced the right to tax America, and restored the constitution of Massachusetts, whilst ‘too late—too late,’ surged through the dullest brain in the assembly, and avowed, if you can, a feeling of profound humiliation that such men should have had power to hound against each other two kindred peoples, whose great past, and, we will hope, still greater future, are so essentially and intimately blended and associated with each other. The ‘country party,’ however, though with much pouting, carried the ‘conciliatory’ measures of the minister with the same decisive numbers as they had his coercive bills; and the majority against the thirteen United States remained firm and intact, till the day they were formally recognised as ‘a free, sovereign, and independent state.’

In common justice and candour, we must here record that this persistent

subserviency to ministers on the part of the great country party, to whose sound constitutional maxims we are taught to look in any real national extremity for practical wisdom and guidance, was once during these events in slight and momentary danger of interruption. It arose thus:—His majesty George III., in a speech from the throne, informed the Houses that, ‘in testimony of his affection for his people, who could have no cause in which he was not equally interested, he had sent to Gibraltar and Port Mahon a portion of his Electoral troops.’ This was of course done with the benevolent intention of liberating the British garrisons for war-service in the colonies. Strange to say, this paternal consideration of the king for his subjects, as Lord North termed it, the country gentlemen viewed with highly constitutional indignation. Ministers might send Hessians, Hanoverians, Pandours, Croats, to slay and trample the British people of America; they might even employ Indian savages, as they did, for that purpose. All that was proper and constitutional; but to partially garrison Gibraltar and Port Mahon with foreign troops was a violation of British liberties; and unless some pledge was given that this paternal act would not be drawn into a precedent, they, the country gentlemen, would deem it their unpleasant duty to withdraw a portion at least of their gracious countenance from the administration. An implied pledge *was* given: the Germans went to America, and all was well.

A plea in mitigation of the conduct of the British ministry is frequently set forth, which it may be as well at once to dispose of. It is this—that no human foresight could have predicted the issues of the war; and that, however untowardly events ultimately occurred, there was a fair and reasonable prospect of success at the outset of the contest. This excusatory plea will not bear a moment’s serious examination. In the first place, no person acquainted with the requirements and exigencies of modern warfare could hope to overcome nearly three millions of people, three thousand miles distant, provided they were but moderately true to themselves, by any force which Great Britain or any other power could send against them. But apart from this consideration, let any person glance at the state of Europe at the time, and say whether the colonists had not a perfect right to calculate on the support of the chief powers in the event of a serious conflict with England? The recent ‘glorious’ peace of 1763—thanks to the triumphs of Wolfe in America, Clive in India, and the brilliant successes of the British fleets—had stripped France of Canada, the whole of Louisiana east of the Mississippi, and her possessions in the East Indies, besides various islands of more or less commercial value. Spain had also been humbled, and despoiled of Minorca and various colonial sovereignties. Victories, however splendid, ever create more enemies than they destroy, and who could doubt that these countries, humbled in their self-love, but untouched in substantial power, would seek to avenge their losses and defeats the instant a favourable opportunity presented itself? Then Holland had humiliations inflicted by the giant of the seas to wipe out; and the other secondary naval powers naturally regarded the maritime supremacy of Great Britain with envious dislike. The spurious liberalism of the courts of St Petersburg and Berlin, of Catherine the ‘Great’ and Frederick the ‘Great,’ who partitioned Poland, and patronised Voltaire,

was sure to display itself by a cheap, unhazardous sympathy for a people whose principles would, they knew, never reach the ears of the Prussian and Russian serfs, but whose arms might strike a good blow at an envied rival. The 'great' Frederick especially had a strong, if somewhat confused notion, like a still more modern conqueror, that the prosperity of Great Britain is somehow or other bound up with the power of keeping expensive guard over distant communities of Englishmen quite capable of guarding themselves. All this, which was clearly foreseen by the leaders of the colonists, but entirely unsuspected by the British ministry, speedily, as we are all aware, came to pass. France supplied a fleet and army, besides considerable sums of money. The motives of her statesmen for that act—whatever might have been the individual impulses of enthusiastic, chivalrous men, such as Lafayette—are now well understood, and are as old and corrupt as human nature. Spain, prompted by the same feeling, lent, though hesitatingly, her armed assistance. Holland followed; and Russia, Denmark, and Sweden, with Prussia for a silent confederate, arrayed themselves in what was called 'an armed neutrality'—that is, they diligently prepared themselves to strike in against Great Britain the instant she had become sufficiently weakened by the tremendous struggle to afford them a chance of success. Thus England, strangely enough, found all the despotisms of Europe arrayed against her in pretended defence of the liberties of America, but in very truth from the motives we have just indicated. The ultimate issue of the strife would in all human probability have been the same had no foreign power interfered; for, whatever help the subsidies of their allies afforded the colonists, their fleets and armies, highly disciplined and gallant as they doubtless were, proved but of slight active assistance; indeed the last great incident of the war was the utter destruction of the French grand fleet by Sir George Rodney. Still, so vast an array of power necessitated gigantic and exhausting efforts on the part of this country, and the probability of such a combination ought to have been foreseen. The plea of Lord North, that he did *not* anticipate it, knowing as he did how fresh and recent were the wounds inflicted upon France and Spain by the victorious sword of England, is only another proof of his ignorance of the springs of human action, and his consequent deplorable incapacity as a statesman.

With the passing of the coercive measures for Massachusetts legislative action ceased, and the minister devolved on the armed force in America the duty of enforcing his paper decrees. That force, altogether inadequate to such a task, shut up in Boston, and commanded by General Gage, was surrounded and hemmed in by daily-increasing swarms of armed colonists, chiefly commanded by Colonel Putnam, an English officer settled in America, who had served with great distinction. Gage offered him, it is said, high rank in his old service if he would join the king's forces. This offer Putnam peremptorily declined; and the instant the news arrived that all chance of a peaceful accommodation was over, he joined the resisting colonists. The first encounter of the British soldiers with the armed countryfolk was upon the occasion of a small body of troops being pushed on to Concord to destroy some military stores there. The object was accomplished; but on the return of the detachment, the gathering country-

men pursued them with a fire so fierce and deadly, from tree, hedgerow, hillock, bush, that but for the opportune arrival of Lord Percy with a reinforcement and a few pieces of artillery, it is doubtful if the destroying detachment would have regained Boston. As it was, they re-entered it much harassed and diminished in numbers, and, with their comrades, remained quietly in their quarters till the morning of the 16th of June 1775, when the cannon of the *Lively* sloop of war awoke General Gage to the astounding discovery that a large body of colonists had been busy during the short summer night erecting a redoubt, and throwing up a breast-work on Breed's, or rather, as the mistake has become historical, on Bunker's Hill, at the entrance of the peninsula of Charlestown, and commanding Boston. This audacity was not to be borne, and the instant roll of the British drums mustered the soldiery in hot haste to force with the bayonet intrenchments upon which the fire of several ships of war, active and incessant as it was, made not the faintest impression. The troops, to the number, from first to last—according to the letter of General Gage to the Earl of Dartmouth—of about 2000, landed, under the command of Generals Howe and Pigot, at Moreton's Point. The Americans report their muster—a common practice—at much less; but there seems little reason to doubt that, as regards numerical force, both sides were about equal—the British, however, superior by discipline, and in the constant use of arms; the colonists, by their intrenched position, and in the fatal accuracy of their aim. The attacking force, consisting of ten companies of grenadiers, ten of light infantry, and the 5th, 38th, 43d, and 52d battalions, formed into three lines, advanced slowly, but steadily, as on parade against the silent colonists: they were commanded by Putnam, who was riding hurriedly up and down the intrenchments iterating his command—'Not to fire till the whites of the soldiers' eyes could be seen, and then to aim at their waistbands,' and threatening to cut down any man who disobeyed his orders. The troops, halting occasionally, to afford time for the field-pieces to open on the enemy, gradually approached the intrenchments, which they knew could only be carried by the bayonet. Nearer—still nearer—and it seemed that the front line must have paralysed by their mere appearance—for the fire of the artillery had been entirely thrown away—the rash colonists, trembling, doubtless, behind their hastily-constructed earth-works. Another moment, and these silent men raised, levelled, pointed their fatal rifles; a stream of fire burst forth, followed by a stunning crash; and as the smoke quickly whirled away, it was seen that that gallant front line had been rent into frightful gaps, and that the survivors, stunned, bewildered, scattered, were falling back in disorder upon the 5th and 8th battalions, who, with quickened step, were pressing forwards to retrieve and avenge the repulse and slaughter of their comrades. Again, as the soldiers approached within half pistol-shot of the breast-work, the rifle-volleys were poured forth—quick, deadly, annihilating! The third line had joined; but what men could withstand that fiery tempest? The soldiers who had escaped the carnage staggered back in utter disarray beyond musket-shot, spite of the efforts of their officers, who were frantic with rage and shame at the failure of the attack. What would be said in England?—in Boston, where thousands of eyes were looking on at their discomfiture? At length the men were again marshalled into order, again ascended the hill, and were

again hurled back from before that impassable wall of fire; and there were not soldiers enough left to form another line! In this second attack an incident occurred which vividly illustrates alike the destructive nature of the conflict and its fratricidal character. Major Small remained standing alone amidst the dead and dying, the only one of all that surrounded him who had escaped the fire of the colonists. 'I glanced my eye,' we quote the major's own words—'I glanced my eye towards the enemy, and saw several young men levelling their pieces at me. I knew their excellence as marksmen, and considered myself gone. At this moment my old friend and comrade Putnam rushed forward, and striking up the muzzles of their pieces, exclaimed, "For God's sake, my lads, don't fire at that man: I love him as my brother!" We were so near to each other, that I heard his words distinctly. He was obeyed: I bowed, thanked him, and walked away unmolested.'

The failure of the troops was observed from Boston, and a reinforcement under the personal and volunteered command of General Clinton, who had but recently arrived from England, was immediately despatched. It consisted of four companies of grenadiers and light infantry, the 47th battalion, and a battalion of marines. On its arrival the troops were again formed. The men, by fatal experience, made aware that the nature of the work in hand, if it was to be done at all, admitted of no parade, encumbrance, or display, took off their knapsacks, to be lighter and readier for a rush. After a brief but spirited exhortation from Clinton, those indomitable soldiers once more sprang forward to attack the intrenchments, from which, without the power of resistance, they had been swept down like grass. The advance was this time as rapid as it was firm; and the instant they reached the boundary marked by the red heaps of slain and wounded men, the rifle-volleys again burst forth, swift, destructive, terrible as before, but not with the same result. The fierce shouts of the excited soldiery replied to the deadly volleys of the Americans, and with a wild rush they closed with their antagonists, and the battle of Bunker's Hill was—won! The colonists fled rapidly, but in tolerable order, across Charlestown neck, pursued by the fire of the *Glasgow* frigate, which, however, it would appear, was not very effective; and the victorious but astonished general had time and leisure to estimate the probable cost of conquering a country defended by a nation of such men as those who, in the few brief moments during which the contest really lasted, had wounded and slain 1124 out of, according to General Gage, 2000 gallant soldiers!—a destruction, in proportion to the numbers engaged, and the duration of the conflict, unapproached in any battle of ancient, or modern times. There were also about 500 colonists killed and hurt; and there remained in General Clinton's power, if that could yield him satisfaction, a few score prisoners, the accents of many of whom testified at how comparatively recent a period they had left the Cornish and western coasts of England. They, and a few pieces of cannon of small calibre, were the trophies of his triumph.

General Gage sent home a glowing account of his victory by the *Cerberus*, Captain Chadds, the effect of which glorious news, arriving there on the 25th of July, was to cause troops to be assembled and hurried off with all possible speed to the assistance of the victorious general; and to silence for ever the senseless depreciation of the courage of the British colonists,

which had been so long and so freely indulged in by men who ought, one would suppose, to have known better. The news, too, soon afterwards reached England of the capture of the forts of Crown Point and Ticonderoga, which had cost so many lives to wrest from the French during the last war. They had been surprised by a mere handful of the absurdly-despised colonists. Two hundred and seventy Connecticut 'Green Mountain boys' under Colonel Allen, reinforced by a small party under Arnold, reached the lakes, and secured the forts without a blow, as well as the sloop of war *Enterprise*. 'In whose name,' demanded the officer commanding at Ticonderoga, surprised in his bed—'in whose name do you call on me to surrender?' 'In the name of the great Jehovah and of Congress!' was Allen's reply. The climate of America had not, then, it was quite manifest, spite of my Lord Sandwich, enervated the British race dwelling there!

The sword once irrevocably drawn, the colonists threw away the scabbard. The blood wantonly shed created an impassable gulf between them and reconciliation with the English crown, and in due time a 'Declaration of Independence' was promulgated by Congress, preceded by a long indictment against the British monarch, to the fulfilment of which the subscribers, all men of eminence in America, pledged 'their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honour.' Before, however, that celebrated manifesto was fulminated, Colonel Washington, appointed, by a unanimous vote of Congress, commander-in-chief of the American forces, arrived soon after the fight of Bunker's Hill at the camp near Boston. He soon afterwards conceived a plan for an attack on the British troops there, with a view to strike a great and decisive blow before the expected reinforcements could arrive from England; but his calculated and wise daring was overruled by the opinion of three successive councils of war—a result that Washington, both then and in after-times, bitterly regretted, and which determined him seldom again to permit his own decisions to be reviewed by war councils—an assemblage of fighting-men that proverbially never decide on fighting. He also remonstrated with General Gage upon his brutal treatment of the prisoners made in his great 'victory.' Gage, with whom Washington had served twenty years before in Braddock's fatal expedition, replied, 'That rebels taken with arms in their hands ought to be grateful for any treatment short of the gallows!' The first impulse of Washington's indignation on receiving this reply was to send off directions to retaliate on such English officers and soldiers as were within his power. His momentarily-disturbed equanimity happily soon returned, and long before his orders could be carried into execution, they were countermanded. He determined wisely, as justly, not to return evil for evil.

Whilst this Virginian colonel, checked in his military ardour by the more timid councils of his officers, is endeavouring to organise an army capable of measuring itself against the disciplined forces on their way to reinforce the victor of Bunker's Hill, we shall have time to present the reader with a brief sketch of his previous history.

The experience of England, it has been frequently remarked, as well as that of America, is opposed to the generally-received axiom, that a

scientific apprenticeship to the arts of war and diplomacy is an indispensable condition of great success in those national crafts. No bolder or more skilful soldier than he who turned the tide of victory at Marston Moor and Naseby, and few eyes more keen than those which marked the descent of the Scottish forces from the heights of Dunbar, can be pointed out in the long roll of educated military chieftains. Other instances might be easily adduced as conclusive, if not so striking, as that of Cromwell. It was the same with the great men of British America, who, at the sudden call of their startled country, sprang at once to the full altitude of eminent warriors, statesmen, and diplomatists; approving themselves at the very outset of their career a full match for the keenest and most practised of their trained opponents. Franklin displayed talents of the first order as a diplomatist both in London and Paris; Alexander Hamilton and Thomas Jefferson, it will scarcely be denied, rank with the highest intellects that have devoted themselves to the study and elucidation of the complex questions of governmental and social policy; and finally, we have George Washington, a man eminently gifted for the duties of war and peace—eminent in council as in the field. What were these men, and others that might be named, before the necessities of the time called them to the front rank of their nation? Printers, agriculturists, land-surveyors, lawyers of small practice—militia soldiers of less! Nor do we find that the military chieftain of America manifested in his early days any constitutional predisposition to render the earth a chess-board, on which, with living men for pawns, he might thereafter play a bloody game for fortune and renown. When a boy, he neither delighted in playing at soldiers, like Charles XII., nor at mimic fights with snow-balls, like Napoleon Bonaparte. The eldest son of Augustine Washington, a respectable planter, whose grandfather emigrated from Yorkshire in 1657, and settled in Westmoreland county, Virginia, he appears to have exhibited only the ordinary characteristics of a well-disposed lad—very tractable, very obedient to his excellent mother, early left a widow with five children. He was a tall, well-made, athletic youth, passionately fond of field-sports, and daring in a high degree by temperament, and withal modest, reasonable, very methodical in all things, fond of mathematics, and perfectly contented with his destined profession of land-surveyor—except during one brief period, when he appears to have been dazzled by the British naval uniform, and prevailed upon his Uncle Laurence to procure him a midshipman's warrant in that distinguished service.

His mother disapproved of that step, and Washington at once abandoning his intention, almost immediately set off with his rule and compasses for the Alleghany Mountains. It was during his sojourn there that we first obtain a glimpse of a phase in this distinguished soldier and statesman's character which will come upon many readers with surprise: we mean his extreme susceptibility to the charms of the gentle sex. His first recorded love was, it appears from one of his early papers, a 'Lowland beauty.' What her name was, and indeed any particulars concerning her, except that she was a Scottish lassie, it is difficult to decide or ascertain. Washington thus writes of her from the Alleghanies to 'his dear friend Robin':—'My place of residence is at his lordship's (Lord Fairfax), where I might, were my heart disengaged, pass my time very

pleasantly, as there is a very agreeable young lady in the house—Colonel George Fairfax's wife's sister. But that only adds fresh fuel to the fire; as being often and unavoidably in her company, with her revives my former passion for your Lowland beauty, whereas were I to live more retired from young women, I might in some measure alleviate my sorrow, and bury that chaste and troublesome passion in oblivion; and I am very well assured this will be the only antidote and remedy.' Other letters are in the same desponding tone; and it moreover appears that he had never been able to muster sufficient courage to tell the lady of the mischief she was playing with his heart. It is fair to suppose that he adopted the remedy his letter to 'dear Robin' indicates, for we find him not very long afterwards in such full vigour of body and clearness of intellect, as to be selected by the governor of Virginia, Dinwiddie, for the delicate mission of ascertaining by personal inspection and inquiry the real position and intentions of the French forces—which, it was rumoured, were building a chain of forts intended to connect Canada with Louisiana, and thus confine the British settlements to the east of the Alleghanies. This commission, a striking proof of the high estimation in which the modest, retiring young man—he was little more than one-and-twenty years of age—was already held by men skilled in the reading of character, Major Washington—the militia rank conferred by the governor—discharged with remarkable discretion, courage, and sagacity. He easily penetrated the views of the French commander through all his artificial wrappings and disguises, and, thanks to his skill in drawing, brought away a complete plan of the fort—afterwards called Fort Duquesne—which the French were erecting on a branch of French Creek, about fifteen miles south of Lake Erie. His conduct gave such entire satisfaction to the provincial authorities, that he was soon afterwards despatched on a similar errand at the head of a small body of the Virginian militia. Whilst engaged on this service, he had a sanguinary skirmish with a detachment of French soldiers, commanded by Lieutenant Jumonville, in which that officer and a considerable number of his men were slain. This affair has been grievously misrepresented by certain French writers as a wanton and unjustifiable treachery. M. Guizot, however, in his essay on the character of Washington, fully exonerates him from all blame in the matter, frankly admitting that his conduct was entirely in accordance with the acknowledged usages of war. During this skirmishing campaign the young major of militia built Fort Necessity, and fought what has been rather ambitiously called 'the battle of the Great Meadows;' and altogether so distinguished himself, as to be promoted, on his return, to the rank of colonel, and not long afterwards he was appointed commander-in-chief of the local Virginian forces. Not a very extensive command certainly, but an unmistakeable testimony of the high estimation in which his character and abilities were already held by his countrymen.

The next year he volunteered his services on the staff of General Braddock, who was about to march at the head of 2000 regular troops, to drive back the French from their new establishments on the western frontier. He had also with him a body of Virginian provincials, as they were sometimes called. Arrived at Wills' Creek, the general found that a very insufficient number of wagons had been provided by

the local authorities to enable him to proceed. We here obtain a glimpse of Benjamin Franklin, postmaster, who, waiting upon the perplexed general on matters relative to Pennsylvania, no sooner ascertained the state of affairs, than he volunteered to procure the necessary number of wagons without delay. His offer was gladly accepted: Franklin fulfilled his engagement, and the troops moved on. When near the scene of action, Washington earnestly intreated the general to take precautions against surprise. This counsel, coming from a young man supposed to be totally ignorant of military science, was contemptuously disregarded; and Braddock, confident in the valour and discipline of his troops to bear down all opposition, moved boldly on; the van led by Major Gage, who, twenty years afterwards, commanded in chief at Boston. Washington is reported to have said that he never witnessed a more splendid sight than the advance of the British troops on that fatal occasion: their fine soldierly appearance, their burnished arms glittering in the morning sun as they marched, with the celerity and precision of a parade day, along the southern bank of the Monongahela, the river running on their right. Arrived at a ford within about ten miles of Fort Duquesne, the troops prepared to cross over to the north bank of the river; and Washington again intreated that the Virginian scouts might be allowed to reconnoitre the wood and ravines in front and flank before the troops crossed. His counsel was spurned. Braddock gave the order to advance; and that which Washington foresaw happened. No sooner were the soldiers fairly across, than a deadly fire from innumerable foes concealed in ravines and thick woods opened on the front and flanks of the sacrificed troops. They were swept down by companies; and instead of allowing the men to close as they best could with their invisible foes, Braddock persisted in manoeuvring them as if he had been fighting a scientific battle in an open plain! Braddock fell at last; most of the officers were also slain, picked off by the rifles of the Indian allies of the French. Ultimately a remnant of the troops were extricated from their terrible position, and fled, unpursued by the victors. Washington, who, by the testimony of all, exposed himself in the most reckless manner, exhorting, commanding, rallying the men in every part of the tumultuous and terrific scene, escaped, as if by miracle, unhurt. His clothes were torn in several places by bullets, and he had two horses killed under him. Years afterwards, when his fame had found wider echoes than the backwoods of America afford, an Indian, who had expressed a wish to see the commander-in-chief, recognised him as the officer whom he had covered with his rifle twenty times at Monongahela, but always without effect, and whom he therefore at the time believed to bear a 'charmed life.' This may or may not be true—for such stories, it must be admitted, are easily invented—but certain it is, that if the advice of the young militia officer had been taken, the massacre at Monongahela would not have occurred; and it is equally certain that that officer daringly fronted the peril which his counsel would have averted.

Washington continued to serve in command of the Virginian forces till the peace of 1763, by which the French resigned all their possessions in North America, with the exception of the portion of Louisiana west of the Mississippi, afterwards purchased of France, at the instigation of

Jefferson, for the sum of sixteen million dollars. His name had become famous amongst his countrymen. An enthusiastic preacher, of the name of Samuel Davies, prophesied of him before crowded and approving congregations, as a man miraculously preserved to be a leader and lawgiver of his country. A still unconquerably-modest man withal, and possessed of no gift of ready eloquence whatever. When he took his seat, on being elected to the Virginian House of Burgesses, Mr Robinson the Speaker warmly congratulated him upon his appearance there. Colonel Washington hesitated, stammered, blushed like a school-girl: the words he should have spoken *would not* come. 'Be seated, Colonel Washington,' said the Speaker kindly; 'your deeds speak more eloquently than could any phrase of speech.' His intellectual superiority, however, notwithstanding his deficiency of talking power, never failed to manifest itself strikingly. Patrick Henry, on being asked whom he considered the greatest man in the first Congress, replied, 'If you mean for eloquence, John Rutledge of Carolina; but if you speak of information and sound judgment, unquestionably Colonel Washington.'

In 1759 Washington, then in his twenty-eighth year, married Mrs Martha Custis, a widow with two children, but still young. She was three months his junior, and, moreover, beautiful, and possessed of considerable landed estates, besides forty-five thousand pounds in cash—an enormous fortune at that time, and in that country. He now settled at Mount Vernon, and busily engaged in his favourite pursuit of agriculture. Previous, however, to meeting with the lady destined by the fates for his wife, he had fallen into another love-scrape, which appears to have had no matrimonial result, from the same cause that in all probability deprived the 'Lowland beauty' of the honour of becoming the lady of the first president of the great western republic—namely, his excessive diffidence. The soldier who could face a battery of twelve-pounders without a perceptible variation of pulse, could by no dint of preparation muster sufficient courage to disclose his passion to the fair object of it. This time—it was in 1756—the lady's name was Mary Philipps, sister to the wife of his friend Mr Beverly Robinson, and residing with her sister at New York. Washington looked, loved, lingered for many days about the spot, departed for Boston, returned, and was again received as cordially as ever. He departed again; not, however, till he had imparted his hopes and fears to a friend, who promised to keep him constantly informed of what was going on. This promise appears to have been faithfully and amply fulfilled; but in a few months intelligence reached Washington that a rival was in the field, and that some decisive step must be taken at once. Whether the future president of America was doubtful of success if he ventured, or whether the duties of the camp occupied his mind to the exclusion of Mary Philipps, does not appear. He never saw her again till she was the wife of Captain Morris, and himself the husband of Mrs Martha Custis, who possibly—we have no right to venture further, if so far—making considerate allowance, like the Speaker of the House of Burgesses, for Washington's want of oral eloquence, availed herself of a widow's privilege to suggest encouragement to her bashful wooer! One does not well see how else the marriage of the American commander-in-chief—a very happy one, for the wife was worthy of the husband—could have been brought about!

This, then, was the general, and these his antecedents, upon whom the American people had devolved the great and difficult task of successfully encountering the forces which an un-English administration had despatched across the Atlantic to put down English liberties in America.

The battles—skirmishes which ensued between the disciplined forces of Great Britain and the raw levies of the colonists—were almost invariably, as far as regarded the field of action, adverse to the Americans. Still, Washington, surrounded by difficulties and discouragements of every kind, sometimes in consequence of the sluggish co-operation of Congress, and the faulty mode of enlisting the troops; at other times from causes impossible for Congress to adequately remedy—want of money, of clothing, of arms, stores of all sorts—abated not one jot of heart or hope. By masterly retreats he avoided otherwise certain defeats in the field; and when the national pulse flagged, and despair of ultimate success would temporarily cloud the bravest spirits, he would strike a sudden and impetuous blow, which rallied the fainting energies of the people, and flushed with new hope the pale doubters of the justice and providence of God. In 1776 the campaign had been little else than a series of disasters and defeats. The British generals had conquered possession of the Jerseys, of Long, Rhode, and Staten Islands, and the subjugation of Pennsylvania appeared imminent and certain. A proclamation by the brothers Lord and Sir William Howe, promising the king's pardon to all who should make submission within sixty days, had been issued, and by many of the wealthier classes had been complied with. It was a time of gloom and dismay, almost of despair. 'What will you do,' the commander-in-chief was asked, 'if Philadelphia be taken?' 'Retire behind the Susquehanna, and if necessary to the Alleghanies,' was the reply. At this moment, when, in the opinion of the timid and the wavering, all hope seemed lost, and English generals were writing home that the subjugation of the colonists was virtually achieved, he struck a blow which not only restored the national pulse to its old vigour, but taught his vaunting opponents that the conquest of America had yet to be achieved. He had retreated across the Delaware, when he ascertained that three regiments of Hessians, about 1500 men, hired from Germany to assist in putting down the British colonists, were posted, with a troop of British horse, at Trenton. On a bitter Christmas night Washington recrossed the Delaware, and fell with the suddenness of a thunderbolt upon the astonished foreign mercenaries, captured 1000 of them, with 1100 or 1200 stand of arms, and six field-pieces: the British horse escaped, and the Hessians who were not killed or captured dispersed in various directions. Washington was again across the Delaware with his prisoners and booty before the British general thoroughly comprehended what had taken place. The capture of the redoubtable Hessians, of whom immense things had been expected, cost the Americans, who were not at all superior in numbers to their enemies, two men killed, and two frozen to death!

As a proof of the vast moral ascendancy which the achievements and character of Washington had acquired for him, as well as of the consummate foresight and prudence which distinguished him—and not a little revelative, too, of hereditary Yorkshire blood and prejudice—we need only glance at his decision upon the proposed attack upon

Canada by the expected—this was in 1778—French auxiliaries. According to the proposed scheme—the details of which were to be arranged in Paris by Lafayette and Franklin—a French fleet was to ascend the St Lawrence, and a large body of French troops were to attack Quebec. Congress unanimously approved the project, as a powerful diversion in favour of the States: not so Washington. He earnestly remonstrated against the entertainment of such a design. ‘Canada,’ he wrote to Congress, ‘formerly belonged to France, and had been severed from her in a manner which, if not humiliating to her, contributed nothing to her glory. Would she not be eager to recover the lost province? If it should be recovered by her aid, would she not claim it at the peace as rightfully belonging to her, and be able to advance plausible reasons for such a demand?’ He added various military and political arguments in support of his views, and concluded by suggesting, that as he could not *write* all he wished to say upon the subject, a conference with some of the leading members of Congress might be advantageous. This was readily acceded to, and upon the advice of the members to whom he detailed his reasons for objecting to the plan, it was at once and unanimously abandoned.

The limits of this Paper forbid us, if we had the inclination, to enter into further details of this melancholy war. Suffice it to say, that at no time was there a chance of subduing the British people of America. In 1778 Burgoyne surrendered to General Gates at Saratoga; a treaty of alliance between France and the United States was signed; and Spain and Holland soon added themselves to the list of belligerents against Great Britain. Count D’Estaing arrived on the American coast with the first division of the French grand fleet, and Count Rochambeau followed with an army, amongst whom was the Marquis Lafayette. This division of the French fleet was, not very long afterwards, blockaded in Newport by Admiral Arbuthnot, and Rochambeau’s army was obliged to remain there for its protection. The second division was blockaded in Brest, and never appeared on the American coast at all. Nevertheless, Lafayette skirmished with considerable success with the outlying forces of Cornwallis in Virginia and the Carolinas. Finally, Lord Cornwallis not being succoured, as he expected, by Clinton, whom Washington had thoroughly outgeneralled, surrendered at York-Town to the combined American and French forces commanded by Washington in person. This capitulation was contrary to the advice of many of the British general’s subordinates — of Colonel Tarleton especially, from whom Jefferson had so narrow an escape at Monticello, and one of the most daring and successful officers in the service. He offered, if Cornwallis would allow him only two thousand men, to break through the enemy’s lines, and join Clinton. Tarleton was probably right in a merely military point of view; but fortunately for humanity wiser counsels prevailed, and the surrender was accomplished. With this event the war, which had endured eight years, virtually ended. Sir Guy Carleton soon afterwards arrived from England to arrange the basis of a pacification; and peace, which Rodney’s splendid victory deprived of a portion of its sting, was, after no great delay, concluded; his majesty George III. acknowledging the United States to be a free, sovereign, and independent nation.

Thus was happily, but, on the part of Great Britain, ingloriously, terminated the war of American Independence—a war begun in arrogance and folly, and concluded in bitterness and discomfiture, by a peace only redeemed from intolerable humiliation by the devotion of the gallant service whose traditional valour has ever shone most brilliantly when the clouds of danger have gathered thickest round the national fortunes. Beside the immense sums squandered during those eight years of fratricidal strife, the future industry of the country was mortgaged to the extent of upwards of a hundred millions sterling! And all for what—even supposing the object of the war to have been obtained? Merely to keep our own countrymen in such a state of tutelage and subjection as we would not ourselves submit to at home, and to render a connection, which, were a wise and friendly policy pursued, must necessarily be one of mutual honour and advantage, both worthless and degrading—a source of weakness to the parent country instead of strength, and profitable only to the class which provides us with governors, lieutenant-governors, field-marsals, and their apparently inseparable corollaries—loan-mongers and national debts!

The sword was sheathed; but the truly glorious portion of the task assigned by Providence to the man who had conducted the contest to a successful issue only now began. Peace has its victories far more renowned than war; and the laurels which Washington was destined to reap in that higher and better service will flourish round his brows when the breath of truth has withered the coronals of every conqueror that has plagued mankind from Ninrod to Napoleon. The dazzling prize, 'supreme power,' which men called 'great' have in all ages of the world, by absurd and lying pretexts of various patterns and degrees, induced their tools and dupes to win for them by their own sacrifice and humiliation, was early offered to the victorious leader of the American armies, and by him refused with calm contempt. Many well-meaning and intelligent Americans appear to have doubted at the time of the possibility of erecting a stable republican government. Franklin himself, judging from the remarkable sentence in his will, after the clause bequeathing his 'fine crab-tree walking-stick to his friend, and the friend of mankind, General Washington,' would appear to have been secretly at least of that opinion. 'If,' wrote the philosopher, 'if it were a sceptre, he has merited it, *and would become it.*' It is no marvel, then, that the officers, and the army generally—by all of whom Washington was almost idolised, and who had, or imagined they had, cause of complaint against the Congress—should have taken the same view of affairs, and cast about to raise their leader to a position not only, they might believe, essential to the permanent welfare of the country, but beneficial to themselves and humbling to their fancied enemies. This disposition of the troops and their officers was communicated to Washington in writing by a colonel of one of the regiments. Here is the reply:—'I am much at a loss to conceive what part of my conduct could have given encouragement to an address which to me seems big with the greatest misfortunes that can befall a country. If I am not deceived in the knowledge of myself, you could not have found a person to whom your schemes were more disagreeable. Let me conjure you, if you have any regard for your country, concern for yourself or posterity, to banish such thoughts from your mind.' Thus did this single-minded man disdainfully thrust aside

the proffered toys of a childish and vulgar ambition. His reproachful rejection of their proposition seems to have at once annihilated the schemes and intrigues of the men who, from various motives, were still hankering for a monarchy.

Anxious to put off as speedily as possible the splendid harness he had so long worn, and deeming the blessed time had at length arrived when he might, without injury to the public service, retire into private life, Washington, who declined receiving from Congress any pecuniary recompense whatever for his services, bade adieu to his brother soldiers on the 4th December 1783 in the following simple and touching address:—‘With a heart full of gratitude I now take leave of you. I most devoutly wish that your latter days may be as prosperous and honourable as your former ones have been glorious and honourable.’ Not at all an eloquent man, one perceives, even now. He seems not to have in the least improved in the art of clothing poor thoughts in grandiose expressions: his speech is merely simple, sincere, to the purpose, like the man himself—nothing more. General Knox stood next to him, and with him the retiring commander-in-chief first warmly shook hands, afterwards with the others in succession—for every one of whom he had a kind wish or expression—and then tranquilly withdrew, and was soon on his unescorted road homewards.

Unescorted that is by soldiers, for the nation may be said to have lined the road along which he passed to formally surrender his power to Congress, which body had adjourned from Princetown to Annapolis in Maryland. He was compelled to travel slowly, in consequence of the enthusiastic felicitations, congratulations, addresses, and benedictions which greeted him from every city, village, and hamlet through or near which he passed—all requiring grateful acknowledgment and respectful reply. It was not till the 23d of the month that he arrived at the seat of Congress, and officially rendered back the great trust confided to him. ‘Having,’ said Washington amidst the solemn hush of the assembly—‘having now finished the work assigned me, I retire from the scene of action; and bidding an affectionate farewell to this august body, under whose orders I have so long acted, I here return my commission, and take my leave of all the employments of public life.’ He then advanced and placed his commission in the hands of the president. Not a sound broke the sacred silence which accompanied this act, for a parallel to which, in its simplicity of greatness, the mind vainly stretches back through the wreck-strewn ages of the past; and it was not till several minutes after the unconscious hero had left the hall, that the members found vent for the emotion which oppressed them in ordinary applause and common mutual felicitations.

The next day Washington reached Mount Vernon, from which he had been absent within a few days of eight years and a-half, having during that entire period only visited his home as he hurriedly passed with Rochambeau towards York-Town, and again as briefly as he returned from that expedition. His delight at escaping from the turmoil of public affairs seems to have been intense. To General Knox he writes:—‘I feel now as I conceive a wearied traveller must do, who, after treading many a painful step with a heavy burthen on his shoulders, is eased of the latter—having reached the haven to which all the former were directed, and from his house-top is looking

back, and tracing with an eager eye the meanders by which he escaped the quicksands and mires where none but the all-powerful Guide and Disposer of events could have prevented him from falling.' To Lafayette he thus expresses himself:—'Envious of none, I am determined to be pleased with all; and this being the order of my march, I will move quietly down the stream of life, until I sleep with my fathers.'

The state of public affairs did not, however, permit our hero to remain long in his beloved retirement, and he was not a man to consult inclination when duty spoke. He actively assisted at the settlement of the federal constitution of 1789, which he accepted without reserve; not because he thought it by any means perfect, but that, under the circumstances—the conflicting views and interests of several of the states with regard to negro slavery especially—it was the best that could be obtained. That constitution is essentially based upon the principle, that whatever power is not distinctly, and in terms, transferred to the central, or rather federal authority, remains with each state as an independent republic. This federal government is but an enlarged copy of each state government. The president of the United States corresponds to the governor of an individual state. The legislature of each state, like the general Congress, consists of a Senate and House of Representatives, with their respective and independent executives. From the first there were two great parties in America, called Federalists and Democrats—the one anxious to consolidate and enlarge the power of the general government, and the other desirous of maintaining and extending the principle of the distribution of independent political power over the country. Adams, the second president, Alexander Hamilton, and Knox, were the first chiefs of federalism; Jefferson, Peyton Randolph, Gallatin, the able and ultimately triumphant champions of a more ultra democracy. Many of the mistakes which Englishmen fall into with respect to American legislation arise from not keeping in view the narrow limits to which the action of the federal government is confined. It possesses no such general powers as the British parliament. The southern states, for instance, deny the right of Congress to levy a high protective tariff on foreign manufactured goods—a light duty for the purposes of general revenue is of course another matter—the effect of which would be to tax the Virginian planter for the benefit, real or supposed, of the manufacturer of the northern states; and the state legislatures of the south have not, as we know, hesitated to 'nullify' acts of Congress of that nature, and would no doubt do so again should the necessity arise; which, however, is not very probable. They also deny the right of Congress to legislate on the subject of slavery—no such power having, as they contend, been conferred upon it. Unless this distribution and antagonism of independent power is borne in mind by the reader, the complications of American legislation will frequently be incomprehensible.

Under this constitution Washington was elected by acclamation the first president; and he, believing it to be his duty, accepted the great and onerous trust conferred upon him. His progress from Mount Vernon towards the seat of government to assume his high functions was one continued triumph. The people crowded tumultuously on his path, in-

voking with streaming eyes blessings on the head of 'the Father of his Country.' It was a general jubilee of joy, of gratitude, of mutual felicitation: and yet this very people—a noisy portion of them at least—had not very long before been as eager to traduce and vilify this great man as they were now fervent in doing him honour. Washington, who had borne patiently with the people's mistakes, was not intoxicated with their homage. He knew both their weakness and their strength, and could excuse their follies for the sake of their virtues. He had always confidence in them that, however temporarily misled by passion or prejudice, they would come right at last. Some time before his election to the presidency, when calumnies of all sorts were rife against him, and wild counsels, which, if embodied in action, would infallibly have brought ruin to the state, had obtained an ephemeral popularity, he thus expressed himself:—'I cannot think that Providence has done so much for us for nothing. I cannot but hope that the good sense of the people will prevail over its prejudices. The Mighty Sovereign of the Universe has conducted us too long on the path to happiness and fame to abandon us in the midst. By our folly and evil conduct we may for a time wander from the way, but I have confidence there remains sufficient sense and virtue amongst us to regain the right road before we are utterly lost.' We shall presently see this now much-lauded hero again exposed to popular odium and insult, and again behold him triumph over it by his former principles—clear rectitude and inflexible justice!

The first presidency of this illustrious man was unmarked by any incident of a disturbing character. His cabinet, in which were Hamilton and Jefferson, Knox and Randolph, testified how entirely he was uninfluenced by party prejudices, and desirous only of securing the services of able and honest men, to whatever section of politics they belonged. The business of the country was firmly and expeditiously transacted, and order gradually arose out of the chaos in which the war had left every department of public affairs. In 1793, during his second term of office, an event, or rather series of events occurred, which, but for the clear sagacity, the firm decision, the vast moral authority of the president, must have again exposed America to the calamities, physical and moral, of a war of the most tremendous and destructive character. The French Revolution had occurred, and M. Genet, the newly-appointed ambassador of that country—merely, as it seemed, because France, like America, had adopted a republican form of government—took upon himself the right, on landing at Charleston in Virginia, to direct the fitting-out and arming of cruisers to act as privateers against Great Britain, with whom the French republic was at war. This extraordinary gentleman had not as yet been even presented to the government, whose authority and functions he so audaciously usurped. Washington was not, however, a man to be bearded with impunity, and he issued orders to put a stop by force to M. Genet's proceedings. M. Genet, who appears to have laboured under the delusion that the bellicose oratory of the violent democrats, or rather anarchists, by whom he was encouraged and supported, was the expression of the deliberate opinion of the calm and sober majority of the American people, attempted to defy the president, and talked of appealing from the government to the nation. The ferment in the country was, there is no doubt, terrific, and might have frightened a man less resolute

in the right than Washington from his purpose. He, however, was as little disposed to yield to the despotism of a mob as of a monarch; and heedless of the storm of abuse and calumny with which he was assailed, steadfastly pursued the path which duty and the law of nations pointed out. The calmness of his resolution, as well as of his contempt for his vilifiers, he thus expressed in a letter to the governor of Maryland, who had urged him to prosecute the assailants of his fame and character:—‘I have some time since resolved to let my calumniators proceed without any notice being taken of their invectives by myself, or by any other with my participation or knowledge. Their views are, I daresay, readily perceived by all the enlightened part of the community; and by the records of my administration, and not by the voice of faction, I expect to be acquitted or condemned hereafter.’ The recall of M. Genet was peremptorily demanded of the French executive, and the ports of the United States were closed by the authority and power of the federal government against the entrance of English merchant prizes; and when the British government demanded restitution of such captures as had already been made, the demand was promptly complied with and enforced. Washington, and all who abetted him, were of course furiously denounced as traitors and villains, as the friends and mercenaries of England—of that England which had desolated America by a war of which the wounds still bled and festered!

At this time, too, it unfortunately happened that the relations of the United States with this country were of a very unsettled and unsatisfactory character. Some of the frontier posts agreed to be surrendered by Great Britain had not yet been given up; British cruisers did not hesitate to impress seamen on board American vessels, under the plea, real or pretended, that they were Englishmen; and there were other points in the commercial intercourse of the two countries of an unsatisfactory and irritating nature. Washington despatched Mr Jay to England to negotiate a treaty which should place matters upon an amicable footing. In 1794 that gentleman returned with a commercial treaty, in which, though the British ministers had made some concessions, there were other, and, as Washington himself thought, important stipulations which had not been acceded to. The arrival of Mr Jay renewed the outcry in favour of France and against England. The articles of the treaty were carried by a tumultuous mob through the streets of Philadelphia, and burned before the doors of the minister and the British consul. Washington was at Mount Vernon at the time, but intelligence of these proceedings brought him instantly to Philadelphia. His cabinet, which had been previously much weakened by the retirement of Hamilton and Knox, was uncertain and divided; but he, regardless of the difficulties which beset him, acted at once, and with his usual vigour and decision. He sent the treaty to the senate, with a recommendation that they should accept it. That body, sustained by the undismayed attitude of the president, accepted the treaty, although only by the bare legal majority of two-thirds of their number, but stipulated for an important modification previous to its being signed by the president. Washington saw the danger of delay, and signed it at once without waiting for the required modification. Randolph immediately withdrew from the cabinet, and the popular indignation was of course tremendous. An immense number of addresses poured in upon

the president, all more or less menacing in their tone, and requiring him to desist from the course he had entered upon. Washington made the following reply to one of the most influential of the deputations that waited upon him; and his answers to all the others were the same in substance:—‘Without any predilection for my own judgment, I have weighed with attention every argument which has at any time been brought into view. But the constitution is the guide which I can never abandon. It has assigned to the president the power of making treaties with the consent and advice of the senate. It was doubtless supposed that those two branches of government would combine without passion, and with the best means of information, those facts and principles upon which our foreign relations depend, and that they ought not to substitute for their own conviction the opinions of others, or to seek truth through any other channel than that of a temperate and well-informed investigation. Under these circumstances, I have resolved on the manner of executing the duty before me. To the high responsibility attached to it I freely submit, and you, gentlemen, are at perfect liberty to state these as the grounds of my procedure. Whilst I feel the most lively gratitude for the many instances of approbation I have received from my country, I can no otherwise deserve it than by obeying the dictates of my own conscience.’ Not only was the firmness of the president assailed by public meetings and addresses, but the House of Representatives, by an immense majority, demanded that all papers and correspondence relating to the obnoxious treaty should be laid before them. This Washington civilly but peremptorily declined to comply with, on the plea that to do so would be injurious to the public service; and the fierce uproar redoubled, if that were possible, in rage and violence. The British ministers, however, fortunately yielded the modification required, and in their turn ratified the treaty. Still, the legislative action of Congress was required to give effect to the provisions of the treaty, and the struggle that ensued between the House of Representatives and the president was bitter and intense. At length, after a six weeks’ contest, the House, despairing of overcoming the firmness of Washington, yielded the point, and the enactments required to give force to the provisions of the treaty were carried by a majority of *three*.

The resignation of the secretaryship of state by Mr Randolph, though it added greatly to the immediate embarrassments of the chief of the executive, was not quite voluntary on the part of that gentleman. A letter which M. Fauchet, the French envoy who succeeded M. Genet, had despatched to his government, had been intercepted at sea by the English, and was, by order of the British government, placed in the president’s hands. A perusal of it rendered it evident that either M. Fauchet was grossly misleading the French Directory, or that Mr Randolph was mixed up with the French party in a manner totally inconsistent with his duty not only to the president, but to his country. Washington entered the cabinet, and placing the letter in the secretary’s hands, demanded an explanation. Randolph, exceedingly astonished, complained that the president ought to have spoken privately to him on the subject. Washington thought differently, and the secretary resigned his office, which step was of course attributed by the people solely to his disapproval of Washington signing

the commercial treaty with England before the required modification had been obtained. The vacant post was instantly filled up by Mr Pickering, and Mr Randolph appealed from the judgment of the president to that of the people. Having loudly proclaimed that papers necessary for his defence were withheld from him, more especially one addressed to him by Washington himself, the president sent him the following reply:—‘That you may have no cause to complain of the withholding of any paper, however private and confidential, which you may think necessary in a case of so serious a nature, I have directed that you should have the inspection of my letter, as you request; and you are at full liberty to publish, without reserve, any and every private and confidential letter I ever wrote to you—nay more, every word I ever uttered to you, or in your hearing, from whence you can derive any advantage in your vindication.’ The unfavourable impression conceived by Washington of Mr Randolph’s integrity, spite of that gentleman’s ingenious defence, was soon participated in by the public, and was perhaps rather confirmed than weakened by a written testimonial to his perfect innocence which he obtained from M. Fauchet. His position as a public man was gone for ever.

The popularity of the president did not long suffer eclipse. The sense and virtue of the country rallied in his defence; the clouds of prejudice and passion gradually exhaled in the increasing light of truth; and before his second presidency had expired, Washington was again the idol—the ‘father of his people.’ Such magic is there in RIGHT!

Amity with England, in the vocabulary of the French government of that period, was synonymous with enmity to France, and war was loudly threatened by the chance, ephemeral rulers of that country. Washington was anxious to maintain peace between the two republics, though he would make no unworthy compliances to obtain it. He accredited (1797) three commissioners—Messrs Pinckney, Marshall, and Gerry—to the Directory, with a view to the pacific arrangement of existing difficulties. The Directory, like M. Genet, seem to have been impressed with the notion that the opinions of the American people were opposed to those of the American government, and that they might therefore dictate their own terms. The commissioners were received in the most absurdly-haughty manner; and M. Talleyrand had even the effrontery to inform them, that, as a preliminary to any possible negotiation, ‘*D’argent, beaucoup d’argent!*’—(‘Money, plenty of money!’)—must be forthcoming. The grave Americans laughed in the fantastical ex-bishop’s face, and then quietly assured him it was not by that mode the United States negotiated peace. They soon afterwards returned to America, and preparations for war commenced in good earnest.

In the meanwhile Washington’s second presidency had expired; and firmly declining to be a third time elected, he withdrew to Mount Vernon, as spotless in integrity, as pure in heart, as unselfish in his patriotism, as on the day that he first pledged for the deliverance of his country ‘his life, his fortune, and his sacred honour.’ The following anecdote related by Bishop White is very instructive and significant:—‘On the day before President Washington retired from office a large company dined with him. Among them were the foreign ministers and their ladies, and other con-

spicuous persons of both sexes. During dinner much hilarity prevailed; but on the removal of the cloth, it was undesignedly put an end to by the president. Having filled his glass, he addressed the company with a smile in nearly the following words:—"Ladies and gentlemen, this is the last time I shall drink your healths as a public man. I do it with sincerity, wishing you all possible happiness." There was an end of all pleasantry. I happened to turn my eyes in the direction of the lady of the British minister, Mrs Liston, and tears I saw were rapidly coursing each other down her cheeks!

' Behold the man ! ye crowned and ermined train,
 And learn from him the royal art to reign;
 No guards surround him, or his walks infest,
 No cuirass meanly shields his noble breast;
 His the defence which despots ne'er can find,
 The love, the prayers, the interest of mankind.
 Ask ye what spoils his far-famed arms have won,
 What cities sacked, what hapless realms undone!
 Though Monmouth's field supports no vulgar fame,
 Though captured York shall long preserve his name,
 I quote not these—a nobler scene behold,
 Wide cultured fields fast ripening into gold!
 There, as his toil the cheerful peasant plies,
 New marts are opening, and new spires arise;
 Here commerce smiles, and there *en groupe* are seen
 The useful arts and those of sprightlier mien:
 To cheer the whole the Muses tune their lyre,
 And Independence leads the white-robed choir.
 Trophies like these, to vulgar minds unknown,
 Were sought and prized by Washington alone:
 From these, with all his country's honours crowned,
 As sage in councils as in arms renowned;
 All of a piece, and faithful to the last,
 Great in this action as in all the past,
 He turns, and urges as his last request,
 Remote from power his weary head to rest.'*

But no permanent rest could, it seems, be allowed the now aged veteran: he must perforce die with harness on his back. The new president, Adams, preparing hastily for war with France, wrote to Washington, begging him to accept the post of commander-in-chief of the army. 'Your name,' observed Mr Adams, 'will be a host.' Washington could not refuse; but he accompanied his acceptance of the office by the condition that Hamilton should be his second in command: no higher compliment could have been paid that gifted man. The different modes by which the troops of France and Great Britain should be encountered he thus expressed:—"In the last war it was necessary to wear out the English veterans by a desultory, harassing warfare, but we must meet and fight the French soldiers step by step." Fortunately the advent of the First Consul to the direction of affairs removed all apprehension of war. Napoleon Bonaparte was too wise to add America to the list of the foes of France; and an equitable arrangement was soon effected; not, unfortunately, however, till a naval engagement had taken place between the United States frigate *Constella-*

* St John Honeywood, an American poet, and cotemporary of Washington.

tion and the French frigate *L'Insurgente*, in which the latter, after a spirited action, was captured by Commander Truxton.

The news came too late to reach the ear of Washington. The last scene of life's strange and always tragic drama had arrived for him. A brief illness, the immediate cause of which was his being caught in a shower of rain whilst out riding on his estate at Mount Vernon, terminated his eventful career on the 14th of December 1799. He expired surrounded by his weeping family and friends, his servants amongst the most sorrowing of those friends. He suffered considerably, but no murmur of complaint or impatience escaped him. 'I am dying hard,' he observed with a faint, pale smile to the physician in attendance, 'but it will soon be over.' Thus calmly and resignedly passed away that childlike, giant man; and, his earthly mission well accomplished, he slept peacefully with his fathers, having lived sixty-eight years.

'Let me be buried privately, and let no funeral oration be pronounced over my remains,' was one of his last injunctions. Those who have disobeyed that solemn command have done so vainly, for Time alone can write his fitting epitaph—that future and advancing Time, in whose clear day the grim and fantastic shadows mistaken for true heroes in the darkness and twilight of the world are destined to pass away and be forgotten, but which light from heaven will only add new lustre to the *auricle* of moral beauty, dignity, and worth which encircles the brows of the great American.

The will of George Washington contains, as we read it, not only a great lesson for the world, but an especial admonition to his countrymen. The admonition is contained, veiled if you will, in the first paragraph after the general bequest to his wife, in which, with so much solemn earnestness, he decrees the freedom of all his slaves at the death of Mrs Washington, lamenting that he durst not order their immediate liberation because of the misery that would result to themselves in consequence of their intermarriage with the dower slaves, over whom he had no control. He further orders, that when the time for freeing them shall have arrived, those amongst them that may from age or infirmity be incapable of supporting themselves, shall be comfortably fed and clothed by his heirs: the children he directs to be educated and provided for till they are twenty-five years of age. 'These dispositions,' he writes, 'I solemnly and pointedly enjoin on my heirs to see religiously fulfilled.' To us it appears evident that Washington bitterly felt and lamented the foul blot which negro slavery—the sad inheritance, we must not forget, bequeathed by the vicious policy of former governments—stamps upon the glory of the stars and stripes; and that, possessing no power to abate the evil by legislative action, he was desirous of showing by his own example—recorded in the most solemn document man can frame, for it is his last—how necessary he esteemed it, if his countrymen would not continue to give the lie to their professions of natural freedom and equality, to rid themselves, at the earliest moment it could be done, without creating a greater evil than it was intended to abolish, of an institution inconsistent alike with real safety and true greatness. The lesson to the world, and especially to conquerors and their

dupes and tools, is the oft-quoted passage in which he bequeaths his swords to his nephews:—‘These swords are accompanied with an injunction not to unsheath them for the purpose of shedding blood, except it be for self-defence, or in defence of their country and its liberties; and in the latter case, to keep them unsheathed till the object be accomplished, and prefer falling with them in their hands to the relinquishment thereof.’ Words which, whilst they express his and every just person’s abhorrence of aggressive war, must ever stir as with a trumpet the heart of every man compelled to arm in defence of home, freedom, and country.

There is not much requiring remark in the after-career of any of the distinguished associates of this great man; their public acts were for the most part modelled upon his. Adams and Jefferson, the second and third presidents, by a remarkable coincidence, both died on the same day, the fiftieth anniversary of ‘Independence’—one at the age of eighty-four, and the other ninety-one years of age. The last days of Jefferson were unfortunately embittered by pecuniary difficulties. The inscription on his tomb, written by himself, records that he was the author of the ‘Declaration of Independence,’ and the ‘Virginian Statute of Religious Freedom,’ and the ‘Father of the University of Virginia.’ No mention is made of his having been president of the United States. Franklin died some years before Washington. The quaint epitaph composed for himself by the calm-minded philosopher, though familiar to most readers, will always be worth quoting as long as the absurd notion shall linger in the dark holes and corners of the world, that a belief in the immortality of the soul is inconsistent with a knowledge and love of natural science:—‘The body of Benjamin Franklin, printer (like the cover of an old book with its contents torn out, and stript of its lettering and gilding), lies here food for worms: yet the work itself shall not be lost; for it will (as he believed) appear once more in a new and more beautiful edition, corrected and amended by the Author.’ Alexander Hamilton was killed in a duel by the notorious Colonel Burr. The mention of this person’s name reminds us of an anecdote connected with Washington, which rests, we believe, upon his (Colonel Burr’s) authority. It was reported in America that George III., on being told by some one that the newly-appointed American commander-in-chief once asserted that ‘he loved the whistling of bullets,’ had remarked that the Virginian officer said that because he had heard so few. Many years afterwards Washington was asked if he could ever have made use of such an expression? ‘I think not,’ replied the veteran; ‘but if I did, it must have been when I was *very* young!’

Here this brief summary of an important chapter of the world’s history naturally concludes; and we may, without rendering ourselves justly obnoxious to the charge of passing rash judgments, draw the following conclusions from the premises:—1st, That admiration of the conduct of the leaders of American resistance is perfectly consistent with the highest respect for monarchical institutions, inasmuch as the liberties which those leaders armed to defend were liberties enjoyed under charters consecrated by successive English monarchs; 2^{dly}, That the resistance of the British colonists was strictly a *defensive one*, and the real

revolutionists therefore the British ministers, who made unlawful war upon an unoffending, loyal, and peaceable people; *3dly*, and *lastly*, That the very worst use to which the valour and resources of the British people can be directed, is an endeavour to subject distant communities of Englishmen to a yoke they would not themselves endure at home, or to set about converting, by the employment of violence and insult, a kindred and friendly people into a jealous and hostile one. The hateful memories of former unjust violence towards the American States are now happily passing away, and the old influences arising from identity of race, language, and ancestral achievement, are resuming their natural sway. It is the inclination—whatever incendiaries may say or sing—as well as the duty and interest of this country, to aid that return to old feelings of mutual friendship and respect; for assuredly if there is one nation in the world on which Englishmen ought to look with pride, it is America; just as it is equally natural and true that the ‘Old Country’ is the only kingdom in Europe which our American brethren regard with affection and esteem.



CROMWELL AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES.

MR HUME'S perversions of the reign of Charles I., once so popular, and still quoted as authority in certain quarters, have, thanks to the industry and zeal of modern historians and commentators, lost all claim to respect; and the reaction naturally consequent upon a discovery of the injustice that had been done the great men of the Commonwealth, has reached to such a height, that there now seems a tendency to canonise as spotless saints and heroes the very persons whom it was so long the fashion to slander and depreciate. The truth, as ever, lies not in either extreme. Cromwell and his associates were men of like passions to ourselves; their motives, as their acts, a mingled yarn of good and evil, of spirituality and earthliness: the good survives to bless us; the evil has descended with their bodies to the grave. And even that dust, rendered sacred by the memory of their struggles, their toils, their sufferings, their apparent defeat—dying, as many of them did, amidst the shouts and execrations of an ephemeral restoration—we would reverently approach, remembering how many of the errors—crimes if you will—with which they have been charged are fairly attributable to the circumstances of the time in which their lot was cast, rather than to their own wills and purposes.

The aspect of Europe in the middle of the seventeenth century must have suggested utter despair to the timid lover of freedom—to the pale doubter in the progress of humanity. Despotism, enthroned on the ruins of the feudal system, and surrounded by disciplined armies dependent on the sole will of the monarch, had extinguished or enslaved all the independent jurisdictions of the continent. The Parliaments of Paris, which the war of the Fronde vainly strove to maintain in virility and power, were virtually subjugated; and in that country a government of autocratic *will* was, by the genius of Richelieu, rapidly consolidated, and covered by the ægis of success and victory. The Councils of Castile and Arragon had long since disappeared; and many years previously Cardinal Ximenes told the deputies of Castile—pointing from a window to the armed battalions of Charles V.—that it was by virtue of those men the king of Arragon commanded in Castile. The United Provinces was a republic but in name and form, so that the faintly-acknowledged liberties of these countries were the sole *rights* remaining to the human race. Happily for Europe, for the world, the English and Scottish peoples were faithful to their great trust, and neither kingly nor sacerdotal force or fraud was found able to

bend them to the yoke imposed upon the nations of the continent. To the Puritans and Covenanters of that period even Mr Hume was compelled to admit we owe the freedom which we, and if we, Europe, now enjoy. The parliamentary leaders—and there can be no higher praise—were equal to the high mission imposed by the time; and no unprejudiced man, versed in their histories, can refuse acquiescence in the testimony borne to their merits by Bishop Warburton, ‘that the interests of liberty were conducted and supported by a set of the greatest geniuses for government that the world ever saw embarked together in a common cause.’

Constitutions, other than paper and ephemeral ones, it has been remarked with profound truth, are not, cannot be, made—they *grow*; and it is both curious and instructive to mark the growth of this English one, which, albeit that it envelops the entire land of Britain, guards our free homes, speaks million-voiced in our assemblies and countless printing-presses, cannot, it is often sneeringly reproached to us, be found neatly copied out and duly labelled in the pigeon-hole of any desk in the kingdom. It began, some tell us, with Magna Charta: the mailed barons set their seals, not being able to write, to the first assertion of English liberties. A very great mistake this of the eulogists of the illiterate lords. Those liberties date from before Alfred, and Magna Charta was more a declaratory than an enacting statute. A very valuable one certainly: *littera scripta manet* (the written thing remaineth). And there, in plain old text, principles were copied out which could always be appealed to, and which no minister or judge could successfully explain away. Slight thanks are, however, due to the iron barons for that great piece of service, for nothing is more certain than that they looked upon the instrument solely as a means of protecting themselves from the encroachments of the sovereign; and it was with as much surprise as indignation they afterwards found that the same weapon which restrained royal prerogative was equally potent to curtail baronial privilege. The reign of Edward III., the English Justinian, as he has been called, marks great and lasting progress on the part of the people. The nation had thoroughly recovered from the shock and stupefaction caused by the Norman invasion. The victories of Cressy and Poitiers had amply vindicated, in the eyes of the dazzled world, the reputation of English valour, ignorantly deemed to have been tarnished by the result of Hastings; the English language, the language of the people, illustrated by the genius of Chaucer, was again that of the government; the ‘Commons’ of England were a distinct and recognised estate of the realm; and the old foundations, deep and broad, were everywhere zealously widened and strengthened for the gradual erection of the system of government under which the British people have long dwelt in peace, freedom, and security, by example teaching ‘the nations how to live.’ The deposition of Richard II. is also an important passage in the constitutional history of this country—a practical verification of the theory which professes to restrain or punish prerogative. It was the Commons who gave validity and force to Henry IV.’s title and power; and no one was more thoroughly impressed with that truth than himself. In the reign of his renowned son, the fifth Harry, the ‘privileges’ of the Commons, that especially which debars the sovereign from taking cognisance, either personally or through any of his courts of law, of the speeches or acts of the Commons when assembled in

session, were granted or confirmed. This 'privilege,' we shall find, was the weapon which, reinforced by the terrible one of 'impeachment,' mainly enabled the Commons to bring the conflict of freedom with prerogative to a successful issue. Of the succeeding reigns, till the close of that of Elizabeth, there need little here be said. The wars for the retention of France, the conflicts of the White and Red Roses, the troubles, confiscations, persecutions, strife, and discontents, occasioned by the change of religion, and the alternate triumphs of Catholic and Protestant, thrust for a time all constitutional theories and maxims out of sight. They seemed lost amid the tumultuous hurly-burly of polemical warfare and sanguinary reaction; but they were rock-based, and again raised their sunlit pinnacles above the deep as the fury of the social storm subsided. The long and wary reign of Elizabeth closed amidst the rising murmurs of the people against the despotic authority which, taking advantage of the troubles of the time, had dared to tax the people by means of patents for monopolies, without leave of parliament. Cecil, going down to the House on the 25th November 1601, was alarmed at the expression of the growing discontent, and warned the Commons that a dangerous spirit was abroad. His royal mistress would withdraw those patents, since they had proved hurtful to her people. 'But, gentlemen,' continued the minister, 'remember that whatsoever is subject to public expectation cannot be good while the parliament matters are ordinary talk in the streets. I have heard myself, being in my coach, these words spoken aloud—"God prosper those that further the overthrow of these monopolies! God send the prerogative touch not our liberties!" I think those persons would be glad that all sovereignty were converted into popularity, we being here but the popular mouth, and our liberty but the liberty of the subject.' Elizabeth soon afterwards died, and James I. ascended the throne, his head full of notions of divine right, and confident that the devices of king-craft, on which he plumed himself, would enable him to successfully govern the most restive and stubborn nation in the world: a perilous experiment at all times, but especially so now, when the printing-press had become a power, and men were reading their Bibles after their own interpretation, by the light of the fires of Smithfield, and garnering up thoughts and aspirations—debased, it is true, but at the same time hardened, strengthened, by alloy of bigotry—which were anything but favourable to domination of any kind over the wills and consciences of men. The parliaments which the necessities of James obliged him to have recourse to, were much more lavish of advice and remonstrance than of money; a mode of help which terribly exasperated the upon the whole good-natured, well-meaning king. It was in this reign that the Commons again drew forth their ancient but long-disused weapon of impeachment. The first person that sank before it was the Lord Chancellor Verulam (Bacon), accused of receiving bribes from the suitors in his court, and prosecuted to conviction. The Lord Treasurer, Cranford, Earl of Middlesex, was next impeached of both oppression and corruption, and convicted. The Duke of Buckingham—the favourite of the king and of Prince Charles—a weak, haughty man, in a fit of popular caprice coincided with and supported the Commons in their attacks upon the great officers of state. James, who, although not quite the Solomon the elder D'Israeli would have us believe, was a shrewd observer, warned

Buckingham—Steenie, as he called him—of the dangerous nature of the weapon the Commons were wielding with such decisive effect. 'By God, Steenie!' exclaimed the king, 'you are a fool, and will shortly repent this folly; and will find that in this fit of popularity you are making a rod with which your own breech will be scourged. You will live to have your bellyful of parliamentary impeachments.' James, in this instance at least, was a true prophet; but he did not live to witness the fulfilment of his prediction, having died 'mysteriously,' as was said, on the 1st June 1624—not, however, till some time after he had with his own hand torn out of the journal-book of the House of Commons 'an insolent remonstrance' of that body, and had sent Pym, Sir Edward Coke, and several other members to prison, avowedly for their speeches and doings in parliament.

Such was the state of affairs when Charles I., at the age of twenty-five, ascended the throne, his head as full as that of his father—more so, perhaps—of notions of a king's divine, indefeasible right to absolute sovereignty. He was no doubt willing enough to govern with a parliament, provided the parliament willed what he willed, but otherwise quite resolved to rule by 'other counsels.' The nation was in an ill-humour for such assumptions; and it was evident from the first, to all calmly-reasoning men, that there was nothing for it but to frankly and sincerely accept the situation as it presented itself, and submit to conduct the affairs of the kingdom in accordance with the views of the Commons' House, now grown too powerful to be permanently controlled, much less ignored, by the sovereign. The new king thought otherwise; and when his first parliament, which met in 1625, after granting the usual subsidy, showed a disposition to inquire into 'grievances,' especially that 'grievance of grievances,' the Duke of Buckingham, whose insolence of power and manifold corruptions had not only disgusted the nation with the favourite, but partially alienated its affections from the crown, Charles, under pretence of the plague, then raging, hastily dissolved it. In 1626 a new parliament, 'a great, warm, ruffling parliament,' as Whitelock calls it, was summoned to Westminster to aid the king with counsel and money. The former part of their duty they set about with great alacrity: a 'committee of grievances' was appointed, and an unmistakeable determination shown to put an end to the government of favouritism and corruption which marked the commencement of the young king's reign. 'Are not honours,' exclaimed Sir John Eliot of famous memory, 'sold and made despicable? Are not judicial places sold, and do they not sell justice again?' The king's rage was excessive. 'I must let you know,' said his majesty, 'that I will not allow any of my servants to be questioned amongst you, much less such as are of eminent place and near my person. I see you especially aim at the Duke of Buckingham. I would have you hasten my supply, or else it will be worse for yourselves!' Brave words these, but utterly thrown away upon the stubborn Commons. The preparations to impeach the Duke of Buckingham, 'the source from which all this bitterness flows,' went on as vigorously as ever. Amongst his other crimes, Buckingham was indirectly accused of assassinating the late king, by administering to him 'a plaster and a posset-drink' without the knowledge or authority of the royal physicians. In a transport of fury the king arrested Sir John Eliot and Sir

Dudley Digges, and committed them to the Tower. This manifest breach of 'privilege' the monarch had speedy reason to regret. The Commons not only declared their approval of all the imprisoned members had said, but refused to proceed without them. After eight days' confinement, they were released, and the accusation against Buckingham was pressed as earnestly as before. All efforts to subdue the spirit, or mollify the resentment, of the Commons having failed, the parliament was dissolved, the king determining thenceforth to be governed by the 'new counsels,' of which he had previously forewarned the opposers of his will.

The new counsels, it soon appeared, were simply counsels to mulct and oppress the people under form and colour of law, and by the naked exercise of the prerogative. Forced loans, as they were mockingly termed, were demanded, chiefly of gentlemen obnoxious to the court party, under threat of imprisonment. Commissions were appointed, armed with the most inquisitorial powers for extracting 'Benevolences' from reluctant subjects. In the words of the royal warrant, 'they were to treat apart with every one of those who were to lend, or should make delay or excuses, and persist in their obstinacy, that they examine such persons on their oath, whether they had been dealt with to deny, to refuse, or to delay to lend, or make an excuse for not lending!' Charles, moreover, in order to give his new counsels a fair chance of success, in imitation of the practice of Elizabeth, 'tuned' his pulpits, as it was popularly termed, and reverend doctors were found to preach illimitable obedience to the king, under pain of illimitable damnation. Those of the clergy that refused to lend themselves to so impious a device were persecuted without mercy, at the suggestion of William Laud, then bishop of Bath and Wells, who had drawn up the instructions for the clergy, and who not very long afterwards, for that essential service, was made archbishop of Canterbury. Beside the loans, tonnage and poundage, or import and export duties, unvoted by parliament, were forcibly levied. The city of London was peremptorily commanded to furnish the king's majesty with £120,000; the outports were compelled to equip a number of war-vessels, under pretence of danger of invasion; and the lords-lieutenant of the counties were ordered to impress and train men to arms to put down civil tumult. These lawless proceedings, instead of intimidating, served but to inflame and exasperate the public mind. Mr John Hampden of Buckinghamshire refused to subscribe to the king's loan, so did Sir Thomas Wentworth, John Pym, Sir John Eliot, and more than a hundred other of the principal gentry of the kingdom. They were all thrown into prison for their refusal. Hampden was first confined in the Gate-House, London, and afterwards imprisoned in Hampshire. Wentworth and Pym were incarcerated in the country. Mr George Catesby of Northampton, when imprisoned in the Gate-House, was visited by the Lord President, to whom he pleaded that he did not care for the money required of him, but that he feared to violate Magna Charta, and that his compliance might be construed as a precedent. The Lord President told the man in bonds that 'he lied!' 'I came not here to dispute with your lordship,' was Catesby's answer, 'but to suffer!' As for the common file who resisted, *they* were sent to serve in the king's ships, impressed as soldiers, treated, in short, as our trusty and well-beloved commissioners deemed fitting and proper. The parasites of the court were especially

delighted to find that the judges of the land were all on their side. Law, if its dignitaries were to be believed, was clearly against gentlemen imprisoned for refusing, or for being unable to lend the king any sum of money his majesty chose to name. Sir Thomas Darnel, Sir John Corbet, and others sued out their habeas corpus, and demanded to be released; but the judges refused all relief. The king's warrant, according to them, justified everything. Not, however, without shame and remorse was this done by the learned judges. 'The Commons little know,' exclaimed one of them, 'what letters and commands we receive!' Certainly the Commons did not; neither till long afterwards were they aware that the wording of the judges' patents had been changed from the old clause, *quamdiu se bene gesserit*, to *durante bene placito*. How could they suspect dignified functionaries of accepting offices under such disgraceful conditions?

When all was done, these torturings, imprisonings were found to avail but very poorly and insufficiently in procuring money for the king's necessities, however much they might have gratified his pride and love of power. He was daily getting poorer and poorer—could not with all his counsels and contrivances find any adequate remedy for that consumption of the purse—and as a last and desperate resource, again in 1628 summoned his faithful Commons to meet him at Westminster. Charles on this occasion, in order, our historians tell us, to show a magnanimous example, released all the gentlemen, nearly eighty in number, whom he held caged for non-compliance with the voluntary loan; and the people, grateful as his majesty was magnanimous, returned nearly all of them to the new parliament. Yorkshire sent Wentworth; Cornwall, Eliot; Hampden sat for Wendover; Pym for Grampound.

The meeting of the king's third parliament was a very notable event in the world's history. The old leaders were all there, and another was now added to them. A stout, strongly-framed man, of very 'slovenly' appearance, as gentlemen curious in tailoring deemed him, entered the House for the first time, accompanied by Mr Hampden, who introduced him to Eliot, Pym, and others congregated about the Speaker's chair, as 'my kinsman, Mr Oliver Cromwell, member for Huntingdon.' Pym was soon in deep conversation with the stranger: there was something in him, he soon perceived, more than even the massive forehead, swift-glancing eyes, and firm-set lips at first indicated. He was not much of a speaker this Cromwell. Sir Philip Warwick says his voice was untunable and harsh; and he (Sir Philip) marvelled that so great an assemblage should have listened with so great a respect to such an ungainly fellow. He had a habit, too, we are told, of suddenly grasping the hilt of his sword with a fierceness that would have probably crushed Sir Philip's dainty fingers to a jelly, as if *there*, in his mind, lay the true argument, or at all events, that which would, all others failing, assuredly prevail. 'Who is that sloven you came in with?' asked Digby of Hampden. 'That sloven,' was the reply, 'if we should ever—which God forbid!—come to a rupture with the king, will be the greatest man in England.' The calm, keen eyes of Cromwell's kinsman had, we are now aware, read the character of the new member for Huntingdon aright, and it is supremely absurd to suppose that a man who could suggest such a prophecy to a mind like Hampden's, was the confused, heavy dullard, and hypocritical buffoon which prejudice

and folly would have us believe. Not an eloquent phrase-maker, if you will, but clearly of the true metal which discerning men had but to sound in order to discover its essential and sterling qualities.

Oliver Cromwell—to briefly recapitulate all that history has told us of trustworthy of his youth and early manhood—was the son of Mr Robert Cromwell, a gentleman of good family and moderate means, settled at Huntingdon—a brewer there, some say, but without much likelihood of truth. The Cavaliers used, we know, to call Harrison a butcher, for the excellent reason that his father was a large grazing farmer. Be this, however, as it may, Oliver, since his father's death, managed his mother's business, whatever it was, whether farming or brewing, and succeeded in doing so reasonably well. He had also received a good education, or at all events, what in those days passed for one; for we find he was entered of Sussex College, Cambridge, on the very day, it is not uninteresting to remark, that Shakspeare died! The stories told of the dissoluteness of Oliver's youth may equally, with the prophetic marvels which, after he had achieved greatness, were said to have marked his infancy and boyhood, be dismissed with almost entire incredulity. He was related to Hampden by marriage only, having espoused, on the 22d of August 1620, Elizabeth, daughter of Sir John Bourchier, a kinsman of the anciently-descended family of Buckinghamshire. Cromwell appears to have been a thoroughly sincere and fervidly-pious man; and well would it have been had the charity of his religious zeal equalled its earnestness and fervour. An excellent neighbour too, helpful to all who needed help, and a zealous protector of the Nonconforming lecturers, whom Laud was hunting and persecuting through the country; a man, in short, fitted for the perilous and anxious time; watchful and patient of passing events; eagle-visioned to the dawns of the future; and, to use Milton's expression, 'nourishing his great soul in silence,' whilst calmly but mournfully awaiting the moment when the contest, now thickening, should be removed to a more decisive arena than that of the Commons' House, and men of bold deeds more than of eloquent words would be required.

The shadow of that time already lowered visibly over the land. The king was in no humour to part with the reality of the despotic power he had usurped, though he was profuse of promises that he would for the future, out of his own royal grace and favour, deal tenderly with the liberties of his subjects. It was not for a moment to be supposed that the Commons would be satisfied with mere words, and after agreeing to grant the king five subsidies, they clogged the gift with the precedent condition of redress of grievance, especially the intolerable one of arbitrary imprisonment, which his majesty claimed of divine, hereditary right. All in vain was it that the court party, seconded by the Lords, urged that, the affectionate duty of the Commons shown by passing the supply bills, the monarch would be in a more complying humour, and likelier to accede to their demands. A Petition, or, more correctly, a Declaration of Right, was framed by the House on the basis of the following resolutions:—1st, That no freemen ought to be restrained or imprisoned unless some lawful cause of such restraint or imprisonment be expressed; 2d, That the writ of habeas corpus ought to be granted to every man imprisoned or restrained, though it be at the command of the king or privy-council, if he pray for

the same ; 3*d*, That when the return expresses no lawful cause of commitment or restraint, the party ought to be delivered or bailed ; 4*th*, That it is the ancient and undoubted right of every Englishman that he hath a full and absolute property in his goods and estate, and that no tax, loan, or benevolence ought to be levied by the king or his ministers without consent of parliament. This Petition of Right was eloquently enforced by Sir John Eliot, Sir Thomas Wentworth, and others. Wentworth, afterwards Earl of Strafford, who had not yet abandoned the cause of the people, said—‘We vindicate what? A new thing? No! but our ancient, legal, and vital liberties, by reinforcing the laws made by our ancestors by setting such a seal on them that no libertine spirit shall dare hereafter to disregard them.’ Coke and Selden argued unanswerably for the legal soundness of the position assumed by the Commons. ‘It is not under Mr Attorney’s cap,’ exclaimed Coke, with natural exultation, ‘to answer one of our arguments.’ But the king could not be persuaded to forego the power of arbitrary imprisonment, and the peers declared that the king’s word was, after all, the chief security. ‘The wrath of a king,’ said their lordships, ‘is like the roaring of a lion ; and all laws with his wrath are of no effect ; but the king’s favour is like the dew on the grass—then all will prosper.’ His majesty, moreover, condescended to send a letter to the Commons, stating ‘that he would not part with the power of imprisoning the subject, but would promise not in future to imprison any man for refusing a loan, nor for any cause which in his judgment and conscience he did not conceive necessary for the public good.’ The House, we find by the journals, ‘laid the king’s letter aside.’ They could only take his majesty’s word in a parliamentary way, and they sent the bill embodying the Declaration of Right up to the Lords. The peers passed it with the addition of a clause, ‘reserving his majesty’s sovereign power.’ ‘Let us take heed,’ exclaimed Coke, when the bill came back to the Commons with this amendment tacked to it—‘let us take heed what we yield unto. Magna Charta is such a fellow, that he will have no sovereign.’ The amendment was struck out, and the peers reluctantly acquiesced. Nothing now remained but the king’s formal concurrence ; and that given, the coveted subsidies were at his disposal. Charles hesitated long, but finding the Commons inexorable, came down to the Lords, and the Lower House was summoned in due form to hear the royal assent given to the bill. To the surprise and indignation of all who heard him, the king, instead of using the legal formula, ‘*Soit droit fait comme il est désiré*’ (‘Let right be done as desired’), said, ‘The king willeth that right be done according to the laws and customs of the realm, and that the statutes be put in due execution, that his subjects may have no cause to complain of any wrong or oppression contrary to their just rights and privileges, wherein he holds himself bound in conscience as well as obliged of his own prerogative.’ The wrath of the Commons against the advisers of this subterfuge was unbounded. Sir John Eliot thundered against the Duke of Buckingham as the prime source of all the evils which afflicted the nation ; and the fatal weapon of the Commons, impeachment, was again about to be drawn forth, when the king, alarmed at what was going on, hastened down to the Lords, and gave his assent to the Bill of Right in the accustomed legal form. The money-bills were at once voted, and London was in a blaze of

illumination at the supposed triumphant termination of the struggle with prerogative. They reckoned too hastily. The subsidies secured, the king immediately prorogued the parliament, remarking to the astonished Commons, who had been debating a bill on tonnage and poundage, that 'as for tonnage and poundage, it is a thing I cannot want, and was never intended by you to ask, nor meant, I am sure, by me to grant.' The statute embodying the Petition of Right was also published with the king's qualified assent, as at first given by his majesty, instead of with the legal form of words—a manifest treachery, which greatly increased the exasperation of both parliament and people.

Soon after this prorogation, Sir Thomas Wentworth abandoned the ranks of opposition, and obtained a reconciliation with Buckingham and the court party by the sacrifice of his former principles and friends. Eliot had always suspected this man's sincerity; Pym, who was his intimate friend, had, on the contrary, strenuously vouched for his perfect truth and honour. The indignation of Pym was therefore, it may be imagined, extreme, when Wentworth—we have the anecdote on the authority of Dr Welland—sent for him to Greenwich, and began, as gently as possible, to break the tidings to his old friend. 'Say no more!' interrupted Pym; 'I understand it all; but remember what I tell you—you are going to be undone.' And remember, also, that though you leave us now, I will never leave *you* whilst your head is on your shoulders!' Wentworth smiled in superior scorn; and well, apparently, might he do so, for before the year was out he was a baron, then an earl, and finally lord-lieutenant of Ireland, and speedily approved himself the ablest and most devoted of the instruments by whom it was hoped these nations might be reduced to the condition of the peoples of the continent. Not long after this important accession to the ranks of the king's friends, Buckingham was assassinated at Portsmouth by a fanatic of the name of Felton.

The parliament reassembled in January 1629, and the dispute between the Commons and the monarch became more vehement and envenomed than ever. At length, March the 2d, Sir John Eliot rose to move a formal remonstrance against the levying of tonnage and poundage without authority of parliament. The Speaker informed Sir John that he could not entertain the motion, having been ordered by the king to adjourn the House. A great tumult immediately ensued. The doors of the House were locked, and the Speaker was held forcibly in his chair by Holles and Valentine, whilst a resolution passed, 'That whatever merchant paid tonnage or poundage was a traitor to the liberties of England.' Whilst this extraordinary scene was going on, Charles had come down to the Lords, and commanded, in the usual form, the attendance of the Commons. His messenger found the doors closed. His majesty next sent for the sergeant-at-arms, but that officer was not permitted to obey the king's order; and Charles finally directed the captain of his guard to break in the doors of the House. Before this order could be executed, the Commons had adjourned to the 10th of March. The king, in his speech on dissolving the parliament, denounced the leading members of the opposition as 'vipers who should suffer for their conduct.' He was as good, or rather as bad as his word. Sir John Eliot, Holles, Valentine, and several others, were, notwithstanding the formal passing of the Bill of Right, arrested by his order, and

thrown into prison. They each sued out a writ of habeas corpus; but Charles changed the custody the evening before the return was made, and the judges refused a hearing to the prisoners' counsel in the absence of the fraudulently-withheld bodies of their clients! Soon afterwards, Mr Attorney-General filed a criminal information against Sir John Eliot in the Court of King's Bench. Eliot demurred to the jurisdiction of that or any other court of law or equity, none of whom had power to review the proceedings of the Commons' House of Parliament. The judges, however, decided that they *had* jurisdiction, inasmuch as parliamentary privilege only shielded parliamentary behaviour; but anything extra-parliamentary—*extra parlamentum*—was within their cognizance. Eliot, disdaining to notice so sorry a subterfuge, steadily refused to acknowledge or plead to their authority, and was condemned, in default, to pay a fine of £2000 to the king, and to be imprisoned till he made submission to his majesty—a sentence of death, as it proved, but not wittingly so, we may hope, on the part of the judges of the King's Bench, for they doubtless estimated the resolution of such a mind as Eliot's by the shrinking tremors of their own hearts. He was rich—he would of course pay the fine, and make any submission, however humiliating, which the king might require. Themselves would, they knew, and why not he? Only because Sir John Eliot was cast in quite a different mould from that in which they were framed; was in truth one of God's own noblemen, and disdained to purchase ease of body, pleasantness of life, or personal freedom, by the surrender of what he esteemed a great principle. His estates, in contemplation of such a sentence, had been passed to trustees; his two sons were intrusted to the generous care and guidance of Hampden, and Eliot resigned himself to bear as patiently as might be all that the vindictive malice of the king could inflict. He perished gradually, that heroic man, by slow, lingering degrees—perished of the rigour of the confinement to which he was subjected, and which was constantly increased in harshness and brutality. On the 26th of December 1631—a winter of remarkable severity—he wrote to Hampden, 'that his lodgings were removed, and that he was now where candlelight might indeed be suffered, but scarcely fire.' At last the prisoner, feeling that his end was rapidly approaching, *did* solicit the king to allow him a little freedom, if only for a brief space. Liberty to breathe once more his native air, ere the worn but constant spirit returned to God who gave it. 'Not humble enough,' was the king's pitiless reply. The frail tenement was in sad truth destroyed. His majesty had triumphed over that: it had become wasted, haggard, ruined, a pitiable spectacle, as the portrait the martyr had painted of himself a short time before his death, and still preserved at Port Eliot, a family seat of the Earl St Germans, the lineal descendant, we believe, of Sir John, testifies; but the tameless spirit was as vigorous and triumphant as ever. He died on the 27th November 1632. His son sent a petition to the king, a very humble one, praying for his father's body. He wished to give it honourable sepulture in the family mausoleum. 'Let Sir John Eliot be buried in the parish in which he died,' was the king's reply, written at the foot of the son's petition.

The slovenly, ungainly-looking member for Huntingdon was at this time, 1632, a farmer at St Ives, a place about five miles eastward of that borough,

and was, according to Mr Hume, in the constant habit of pouring forth long prayers before his friends, neighbours, and labourers, to the great waste of his time, says the same authority, and consequent detriment to his estate. His hand, we may be sure, as the recital of the close of the tragedy we have just related fell upon his ear, most probably from Hampden's lips, closed upon the hilt of his sword with convulsive force, and the prayer that ascended that night to Heaven from the stern Puritan's lips—'How long, O Lord?—how long, O Lord, holy and true?'—sounds to us distinctly audible through all the tumult and uproar of intervening centuries.

Immediately after the dissolution of the celebrated third parliament, a course of government began which, for illegality and violence, has no parallel in our annals of regular administration. Patents conferring monopolies in every article of consumption were publicly and unblushingly sold. There was scarcely an article which the hands of monopoly did not grasp: salt, starch, coals, iron, wine, pens, cards and dice, beavers, felt, bone-lace, meat dressed in taverns, tobacco, brewing and distilling, kelp and seaweed, linen cloth, hops, butter, hats, spectacles, combs, tobacco-pipes, saltpetre, gunpowder, down to the privilege of rag-gathering. Next, a commission issued for 'curing defects in titles to land,' from whom any one, for a money consideration, could purchase a title good against all claimants. 'For the better support,' says my Lord Clarendon, 'of these extraordinary ways, to protect the agents and instruments, and to suppress all bold inquirers and opposers, the Council table and Star Chamber enlarged themselves to a vast extent—holding for honourable that which pleased, for just that which profited.' According to the same high and loyal authority, Finch, the lord-keeper of the Great Seal, declared that whilst he was keeper no man should dispute the orders of the Council: the wisdom of that board should be always ground enough for him to make a decree in Chancery! And yet the noble historian who testifies to these iniquities, avers that one of the reasons which induced the people to welcome the Restoration was, that it promised to restore 'the old course of justice!'

The common-law courts were not a whit behind the equity jurisdiction in subserviency to the crown. Richard Chambers, a highly-respected London merchant, having refused to pay the illegal tonnage and poundage demanded of him, had his goods seized and sold. He applied to the courts for summary redress, and was refused. He then sued out a writ of replevin to recover his property: the Court of Exchequer superseded that writ! Chambers was next summoned before the Star Chamber, and commanded to make submission: he refused, and was committed to prison, from which, twelve years afterwards, he was released by the Long Parliament—a beggar!

The ingenuity of Mr Attorney-General, Noy, afterwards devised a new and very profitable expedient. 'A writ,' says Lord Clarendon, 'was framed in a form of law, and directed to the sheriff of every county in England, commanding them to provide a ship of war for the king's service, and to send it amply fitted such a day to such a place, and with that writ were sent to each sheriff instructions that instead of a ship he should levy upon his county such a sum of money, and return the same to the treasurer of the navy, in his majesty's name.' This device, enforced by threat and inflic-

tion of fine and imprisonment, brought in the king full £200,000 per annum. This was indeed a windfall, or rather lawyer-fall, for his majesty knowing that the writ was deemed illegal by the great body of the nation, consulted the judges, for the relief of the royal conscience, upon, in substance, the two following points:—1st, Could the king, in case of necessity, lawfully issue writs to sheriffs of inland and other counties commanding them to levy the money value of ships of war? 2d, Was the king the sole judge of such necessity? To these queries their lordships, who delivered their opinions in the hall of Sergeant's Inn, answered in the affirmative, by a majority of ten to two. This decision of course mightily pleased the court. It was immediately promulgated in the Council and Star Chambers, and the judges were ordered to read and enforce it at the assizes.

The fraudulent illegality of the writ, whatever the judges might say, was nevertheless so plain to common sense, that it was resisted by every man possessed of sufficient energy and courage to do so. Amongst many others less celebrated, by Mr John Hampden, who had already, the reader is aware, suffered imprisonment for refusing to subscribe to the 'voluntary' loan. He was of an ancient Saxon family, dating from beyond the Confessor, and possessed extensive estates in Buckinghamshire. Nothing daunted by previous imprisonment, he firmly refused to pay the twenty shillings demanded of him as 'ship-money.' With leave of the king—for without Mr Attorney's concurrence the learned judges would hear nothing impugning his majesty's prerogative—Lord Say and Sele for one, vainly endeavoured to be heard by counsel against 'ship-money.' Hampden brought the matter before the Court of Exchequer. It was said that the king, sure of his judges, preferred having a man of the 'rare temper and modesty' of Hampden as plaintiff to any other person. The case was elaborately argued; on the part of Hampden with consummate talent by Mr St John. It was learning and labour thrown away. Judgment was given for the crown by nine out of the twelve judges; and of the three dissentients—Hutton, Croke, and Denham—the first-named, Hutton, afterwards excused his unwonted uprightness in a cringing letter to the Earl of Strafford, with whom he was apparently on terms of intimacy. The faltering courage of Croke was sustained by his wife, a lady of great piety and resolution, who urged her husband to do his duty, regardless of the consequences either to himself or to his family.

This result threw the court party into ecstasies; and in very truth, as far as the lawyers were concerned, the liberties of England were surrendered. The Earl of Strafford saw at a glance the legitimate consequence of the judgment. 'This decision,' wrote the noble earl, 'well fortified, will for ever vindicate the royalty at home from under the conditions and restraints of subjects.' Then arguing that the same principle manifestly applied to land as well as sea forces, his lordship emphatically added—'This decision of the judges will therefore make the king absolute at home and formidable abroad.'

As far, then, as legal resistance to usurping power went, the matter was concluded; and no one, except it might be that praying farmer of St Ives, seemed as yet to contemplate any other mode of settlement. But beaten down as resistance was in England in the year of grace 1637, there was still hope in the north, where Janet Geddes, backed by a large and furious

congregation, was seen to throw a footstool at the head of one of Laud's deans or bishops in the cathedral church of Edinburgh. How this came about, and what it portended, we shall presently briefly relate; but first we must conclude our summary of prerogative doings in England.

William Laud, now archbishop of Canterbury, a man of the paltriest intellect and narrowest views, as his diary abundantly testifies, was a church reformer in the 'high' sense of the term—that is, he was zealous for surplices, prayings towards the east, and other formalities very repugnant and disagreeable to many even of the established parochial clergy. Those who did not conform to the archbishop's teachings were mercilessly hunted out of their livings, banished the country, and many of them very happy to escape so. Nonconformists, lay as well as clerical, he held in supreme abhorrence, and the Star Chamber was the ever-ready instrument of his cruel rage. We have only space to enumerate a few instances of his mode of propagating the religion of the Saviour. Leighton, a Scotch divine, for having libelled Laud and his coadjutors, was fined £10,000, publicly whipped in Palace-Yard, Westminster, had one ear cut off, one nostril slit open, and one cheek branded with the letters S. S.—Sower of Sedition. At the expiration of a week, the same operations were performed on the other ear, nostril, and cheek! The sufferer was then thrown into jail, from which he did not emerge till ten years afterwards, and then by grace of the Long Parliament. Prynne, Bastwick, and Burton were pilloried, and had their ears cut off, for similar offences; and indeed scarcely a week passed but some spectacle of human suffering was exhibited in the public streets. The terror of the people at these atrocities had risen to such a pitch, that vast numbers, in utter despair of England, embarked for the new states of America. But even this refuge was after a while denied by Laud and his helpers to the oppressed. An order was issued, that no person should embark for the New World without leave of the king; and on the 1st of May 1638 eight vessels bound for New England were arrested in the Thames. It has been said that Hampden, Pym, Cromwell, and Haselrig were on board these vessels. There is no truth in this generally-accredited story; though there is no doubt that subsequently to this time, but for a lucky and promising turn of public affairs, most of those persons, and many others of the same position and opinions, would have emigrated to America. Archbishop Laud and the Earl of Strafford mutually supported and encouraged each other in the tyrannous proceedings we have but very partially disclosed. The earl's favourite expression was, that he would be 'thorough and thorough in the matter,' no scruple or remorse should check him; and 'thorough and thorough' was echoed back to the noble lord by the archbishop.

During these doings there was little heard of Farmer Cromwell. He had, however, manifested his quality very distinctly in his own locality and neighbourhood. The Bedford Level in the fen county was in process of reclamation, when the king's commissioners quarrelled, not only with the Earl of Bedford, a popular nobleman, but with a number of small proprietors, relative to the spoil accruing to the crown from the drainage that was going on. Matters looked badly, when Oliver struck in, and by his fierce, restless energy, agitating here, haranguing there, so scared the trusty and well-beloved commissioners, that they gave over the business in despair,

and Oliver was unanimously decreed the title of 'Lord of the Fens.' He was by this time the father of a somewhat numerous family, three sons and four daughters, besides two boys who died in their infancy. Hampden, whose *vade mecum* during those long years of government without parliaments was, we are told, a history of the civil wars, frequently visited his farmer-kinsman. It may be doubted whether the marching and counter-marching of York and Lancaster much interested Cromwell. How, rather, soldiers should be obtained, disciplined, made *really* soldiers, would be his thought. *That* once well accomplished, to lead and wield them efficiently would not, he must have felt instinctively, prove very difficult to a man of swift eye, bold heart, and ready arm!

We can only so far glance at the uprising of the Scottish people against Charles, as may be necessary to render the current of events in which the leaders of the Commonwealth became involved intelligible and clear. The king of England was, our readers are aware, also king of Scotland; but the two kingdoms, except being under one monarch, remained essentially distinct from each other till the passing of the act of Union. Laud, the primate of England, would also try his hand on the Episcopal Church of Scotland. His service-book was carefully prepared, and the virtual subjugation of the Scottish clergy to English prelatie rule or influence seemed imminent, when in Edinburgh, on the 23d July 1637, the dean who read the new service, and the bishop who attempted to address the people, were assaulted by the people, stimulated by the example of Janet Geddes—indignant that they should be 'saying mass at her lug!'—and driven forth of the sacred edifice amidst a storm of vituperation. The feeling against the attempted innovation, as far as regarded the Lowlands, was a national one; and finally, after many fruitless attempts to patch up a reconciliation, an army was raised, which in 1639 marched southward to maintain the ecclesiastical independence of the Scottish Church, and what the Covenanters deemed its spiritual purity. The words, 'For Christ's Crown and Covenant,' were conspicuously displayed at the entrance of each captain's tent. Those sturdy Presbyterians encountered no real opposition. The king advanced to meet them, it is true, at the head of what seemed a splendid army—got together by tyrannies and oppressions manifold—and the Marquis of Hamilton was despatched by sea to the Firth of Forth with a force of 5000 men. It was all a vain show. For the first time in English history an English army refused to fight—positively retreated before the Scottish skirmishers! and the king, finding how matters stood, was fain to consent to what was called the 'Pacification of Berwick.' A good understanding had been early arrived at between the Scotch and English malcontents. At the London meetings of the Scottish conveners, headed by Lords Loudon and Dumferling, it is well known that not only Pym and Hampden took an active part, but also the Earls of Essex, Holland, Bedford, and Lord Say and Sele; and that it was to the sagacity and genius of Sir Harry Vane that we owe the subsequent union between the English and Scottish peoples, which had so important an effect in the armed struggle against Charles. This natural alliance the crown lawyers denounced as high treason. Sensible men called it a measure of common sense, suggested by a feeling of common danger.

The Earl of Strafford was in the meanwhile getting on prosperously in

Ireland. He established the linen-trade there, and by various high-handed measures put down all opposition to his will. He had got together a considerable army, with which he suggested to the king his majesty 'might subjugate *this* kingdom.' This was the grave and fatal charge urged against him by the Commons in support of their impeachment; and his defence of it was, that '*this* kingdom' referred not to England, but to Scotland!—a merely technical quibble, as it seems to us, and certainly leaving the essential iniquity of such counsel untouched.

The Scottish disorders were skinned and filmed only—not healed; and the king eagerly longed to inflict exemplary vengeance on the insolent rebels to his will. But his exchequer was empty—his credit naught; and no resource was left, after all his expedients, but the distasteful and dangerous one of a—parliament! And now we come, passing over as immaterial the short-lived fourth parliament, to the famous one which met in November 1640, ultimately overthrew the monarchy, and remained supreme rulers of the nation till the day on which they, in their turn, were compelled to yield to masterful violence. In this great assembly Hampden was member for Buckinghamshire; Cromwell represented Cambridge, where he had been elected by a majority of one over Wheatfield the poet, or rather, not to profane that name, the rhymer—a defeat which Wheatfield afterwards revenged by exceedingly bad verses on the Protector. Coke and Eliot were dead, but Pym, Sir Harry Vane, Holles, Denzil, Valentine, had again been returned. The hour was come, and the men were ready! The king opened the session with a threat, though he in the same scornful breath said 'he disdained to threaten any but his equals;' and the chiefs of the opposing parties were at last fairly in presence of each other. The Earl of Strafford had come over from Ireland, where he had summoned a parliament, and not only procured from them a supply of money, but a declaration that they were ready to aid his majesty with their lives and fortunes in all eventualities. The earl, it was rumoured, had obtained written, incontestable proofs of the collusive 'treason' of the Scotch and English leaders, and meant in a few days to make efficient use of them. On the 11th of November, the day on which he was expected to open his charge, the House of Commons was observed to be sitting with closed doors. Four hours the House remained in secret conclave, then the doors were suddenly thrown open, and forth issued the Commons of England, nearly four hundred in number, headed by Pym, with their great weapon of impeachment boldly drawn, and flashing in their front. 'The Commons of England,' pealed forth the firm, sonorous voice of Pym, 'impeach Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, of high treason!' The astounded peers could not, after the recent examples of Bacon and Middlesex, refuse or delay to entertain the accusation; and my Lord Strafford, ignorant of what had passed, was suddenly arrested as he walked gravely into the House with his hands full of official papers, and immediately hurried off in custody to the Tower. His carriage was not in attendance, and he would have waited for it. 'You must go in mine,' said Maxwell the usher. There was no help for it, and the so lately haughty lord passed forth—'no man,' says Baillie, 'capping to him, before whom that morning the greatest in England would have stood discovered.' This blow for a time paralysed

the court. Mr Secretary Windebanke and the Lord-Keeper Finch fled at once—one to France, and the other to Holland. Archbishop Laud was next impeached. His Grace began explaining, protesting. 'Order! order!' exclaimed Lord Say and others. No defence could be permitted at that stage of the proceedings. His Grace must to prison, and ultimately to the Tower—next, unhappy old man, to Tower-Hill! The sheriffs who had executed the writs of ship-money and other vexatious exactions, were passed over in this retributive visitation; not so the judges who, through corruption or cowardice, had pronounced manifestly false judgments. They were subjected to the full penalty of their misdeeds. Sir Robert Berkeley, one of the most forward of them, was dragged from his seat in the King's Bench to prison, and the others were obliged to find heavy bail to answer the charges to be brought against them. The Commons soon afterwards declared their sittings permanent, and the revolution might be said to have fairly begun. One significant circumstance occurred early in the spring of this year, 1641—a large number of long, heavy swords, marked in the hilt with the letters O. C., arrived at St Ives, and were distributed as ordered.

The Earl of Strafford was convicted, and the king, with great pain and reluctance, gave his formal assent to the bill of attainder, which sent the ablest, the most devoted, and the most unscrupulous of his friends and servants to the scaffold—partly, it appears, induced to do so by a romantically-generous letter from the prisoner, absolving him from his promise to save his, the Earl of Strafford's, life, and requesting that no thought or care for the attainted victim should be permitted to interfere with the chances of a reconciliation between the king and his people! That the earl never for a moment believed the monarch he had unhesitatingly served would take him at his word, is manifest from his indignant and reproachful exclamation when the news of the king's assent was brought to him—'Put not your trust in princes nor in the sons of men, for in them there is no salvation.' The unfortunate earl, a man perhaps as much sinned against as sinning, soon recovered his usual sad equanimity. He died calmly, almost heroically. Nothing in his life, it may with perfect truth be said, became him like the leaving it.* Pym's vindictive threat was fulfilled.

There is not much else of importance to be noted till the beginning of January 1642, when the attorney-general preferred a criminal information before the Lords against Lord Kimbolton and five members of the House of Commons—Hampden, Pym, Haselrig, Halden, and Stroud—and warmly requested their lordships would order their immediate arrest. The peers, all aghast, hesitated—knew not what to do: they would, however, search for precedents, and report thereon. The next day the king, having, we suppose, no faith in precedents, went personally to the House of Commons, accompanied by a large number of feather-headed swash-bucklers, all of them armed, and many, it was said, intoxicated, to demand the five members. His majesty entered the House, but the birds were flown: they had

* The eloquent passage in Lord Strafford's defence, wherein he alludes to his children as pledges left him by a saint in heaven, is familiar to most readers. Unhappily there is little reason to doubt that the wife so affectingly alluded to died of a blow on the breast, inflicted when she was in an advanced stage of pregnancy, by the noble lord in a moment of strong irritation—very bitterly repented of, there can be no doubt.

taken refuge in the city. The king seated himself in the Speaker's chair—endeavoured to assume an air of ease and dignity—excused himself—protested, as usual, his excellent intentions—and went away amidst ominous murmurs of 'Privilege! privilege!' Four days afterwards the five members returned to the House by water, escorted by the civic authorities and two thousand armed seamen. Four thousand horsemen came up from Buckinghamshire to receive and greet their representative, and it was evident to the duller eyes that the decision of the question had passed from the men of the gown to the men of the sword. The king retired, first to Hampton Court, next to York, and finally set up his standard at Nottingham—as nearly as may be the centre of the kingdom—on the 22d of August 1642. To your tents, O Israel!

The commissions of array were not yet issued; the parliamentary commander-in-chief, the Earl of Essex, had not received authority to levy forces and do battle, in the legal jargon of the time, for the king *and* parliament, when Cromwell was at work down there at St Ives and Huntingdon, getting his long-since morally-disciplined troopers into something like order and practical soldiery. The friends, neighbours, with whom he had so long held spiritual communion, eagerly enrolled themselves to fight what they deemed the 'battle of the Lord' under his guidance. They formed the nucleus of the world-famous Ironsides, so called from the long, heavy swords they wore; and their leader was indefatigable in his exertions to train them for efficient and decisive service. Incessantly active also was that leader in other matters besides drilling. He promptly stopped the plate of the Cambridge university from being sent off to be melted down for the king's use, then waited upon his uncle, Sir Oliver, a stanch Royalist, accompanied by a few troopers—craved his blessing, would by no means be covered in his presence, but at the same time respectfully and positively insisted that Sir Oliver's plate must be delivered up, as security merely, that it might not be misappropriated—nought else! At Lowestoffe in Suffolk, where a considerable amount of arms and stores had been collected, a meeting of persons of influence and distinction, partisans of the king, was held to devise plans for his majesty's sustainment. Thirty-two gentlemen attended, and so did Cromwell with a sufficient number of his half-drilled troopers, and carried the meeting unanimously off, not forgetting the stores and weapons. This was esteemed a great piece of service by men who could appreciate its value. The next act of this terrible farmer was to seize the stately person of Sir Thomas Coningsby, high-sheriff of Herts, who, one market-day at St Albans, was reading to the shouting populace a proclamation of the king, which declared the Earl of Essex, the parliamentary general, and all who should aid or abet him, to be traitors. Six of Cromwell's troopers first dived into the mob after the high-sheriff, but were repulsed; then twenty, and Sir Thomas was effectually secured, proclamation and all, and trundled up to London. Cromwell was rewarded for these services by the commission of a colonel of cavalry, and the independent command of a thousand horse, which he was to raise, arm, and train, as speedily as possible. He set to work at once, and with a will. Night and day he drilled and exercised his stalwart yeomen, nearly all freeholders or the sons of freeholders—preaching, exhorting, instructing, with tameless activity and zeal, and fully determined to undertake no

work of importance till his men sat in their saddles as if they grew there, and handled their long, heavy swords as freely as if they had been willow-wands. Whilst the future Lord Protector is thus engaged, let us glance at what was going on elsewhere.

Every county, city, village, and hamlet of England resounded with the din of warlike preparation. The queen, Henrietta of France, was sped to Holland to pawn the crown jewels for arms and ammunition. The great mass of the nobility, gentry, and populace, except that of London, were gathering, or preparing to gather, round the king. The burgess class and the yeomanry, especially of the south, west, and midland counties, were arming for the parliament. In London, four thousand men enlisted in one day. Hampden was down in Buckinghamshire at the first signal, and soon got together two thousand men, dressed in green coats, and waved over by smart flags, on which their leader's motto, *Vestigia nulla retrorsum*, was gaily blazoned. The Earl of Essex, Sir William Waller, the Earl of Manchester (Lord Kimbolton), held chief commands in the parliamentary army. Hampden served as colonel in the forces under the Earl of Essex. Neither of the parliamentary generals were possessed of military talent, though individually as brave as most men. The opposing armies first met, it is well known, at Edge Hill, and fought an indecisive battle there. The king's nephew, Prince Rupert—or Prince Robber, as he was popularly called, from his inveterate propensity, as soon as he had overthrown the forces opposed to him, to go scampering off in search of the baggage—was met, pursuing his favourite object, at Keyning, three miles from the field of battle, by Hampden, at the head of his green-coats, and Grantham's regiment, and sent quickly to the right about. Hampden, however, it seems, could not follow. It is unnecessary to enumerate the marchings and countermarchings of Essex, Waller, Rupert, Newcastle, and others. Their victories, when they gained any, were indecisive. Neither the fate of Charles nor that of England lay with *them*.

At last Cromwell had got his thousand troopers ready. They were disciplined to perfection, and every man of them was brimming over with enthusiasm for 'the good old cause.' One more test applied to ascertain if there were perchance any cravens amongst them, and then for action. He posted, Heath tells us, a number of trusty men in ambush, who, as his soldiers trotted by at exercise, were to suddenly burst forth upon them with blare of trumpet and war-shoutings. It fell out as Cromwell desired; and his keen eye marked about twenty men affected by panic. Men liable to panic were not fit soldiers for him; and having called them together, he mildly pointed out that, willing and zealous as they might be, they were not fitting instruments for the required service, and they would not, therefore, he trusted, object to transfer their horses and accoutrements—their own property, be it remembered—to men more capable of fighting the battle of the Lord. They acquiesced with as good a grace as, under the circumstances, was possible; and now, all being ready, the men drawn up in iron array, and awaiting the signal for departure, Cromwell, in order that there might be no misunderstanding upon essential points, thus addressed them:—He would not, he said, seek to perplex them as others did, about fighting for the king *and* parliament. He was a plain man like themselves, and did not understand such subtleties. It was for parliament

alone, for the liberties of the lanc, for the establishment of God's righteous rule on earth, that they were about to fight. For himself, he declared that if he met King Charles, he would as soon discharge his pistol upon him as upon any private man; and any soldier present who was troubled with a conscience that might not let him do the like, he would advise to retire at once from the ranks. A fierce shout from the Ironsides was the expected and welcome answer; the trumpet sounded, and away went the first levy of that astonishing cavalry, the most decisive soldiers the world has perhaps ever seen—men who never hesitated before any odds however great, or any enterprise however perilous, and with whom the day of battle was invariably that of victory.

On they swept through Lincolnshire, overawing, disarming malignants as they passed. Stamford and Burleigh House were taken, and they at length came up, near Grantham, with young General Cavendish, in our histories said to be son of the Marquis of Newcastle, but in reality his cousin only, and second son to the Earl of Devonshire. Cavendish was at the head of a large body of cavalry, '21 colours of horse and 4 of dragoons'—rather more than double the number commanded by Cromwell. He had been despatched to secure Lincolnshire for the king. After some slight skirmishing, Cromwell gave the order to charge; and the Ironsides, commencing with 'a pretty round trot,' burst furiously upon the Royalists, and overthrew them with prodigious slaughter. Many prisoners, colours, horses, and arms, were the result of the action. 'I believe,' says Cromwell in his letter—'I believe some of our soldiers slew two or three men a-piece.'

Cromwell's next considerable exploit—for the sleepless man rested not by day, and scarcely, it should seem, by night, and numerous services, small, singly considered, but of immense general result, must be omitted from this brief summary—was the relief of Gainsborough, unprovided against the attack of Newcastle's army, who, having beaten Fairfax at Atherton Moor, was advancing against it. When Cromwell's cavalry arrived in sight of Gainsborough, they found they had been anticipated by the advanced division of Newcastle's army, which, in thrice the numbers of the Ironsides, were drawn up upon an eminence commanding the town, and the only means of approaching which was through a narrow gap in a high, impassable fence. Cromwell did not pause a second. Regardless of a plunging fire of artillery, he passed his men through the gap, drew them up section by section, and then charged at their head *up the hill* upon the opposing force, pushed them fiercely over the ridge, and pursuing them into a bog, slew them without mercy! Young Cavendish was slain—'killed,' says Cromwell's letter, 'by a thrust under the short ribs by my captain-lieutenant.' Gainsborough was provisioned with powder and other stores, and then it behoved Cromwell to retire, for the main body of Newcastle's victorious army was coming swiftly on. The Ironsides retreated slowly, disdainfully, before that overwhelming force, halting occasionally in defiance, and to pour forth, in unwavering chorus, a verse of a psalm, and then again slowly, leisurely retiring. Newcastle, it appears, thought it better to let them go quietly—was very glad, indeed, that they *did* go, slowly as it might be. This exploit not only flashed the name of Cromwell vividly before the eyes of the nation, but procured the victorious colonel a distinguished associate: Ireton, once a B.A. of Oxford, and at the breaking out of the

war an embryo barrister, eating his terms in the Middle Temple, but now a captain in Thornhaugh's regiment, 'was so charmed,' Mrs Hutchinson says, 'with Colonel Cromwell's conduct in the Gainsborough affair, that he immediately exchanged into the Ironsides, and two or three years afterwards married Bridget, Cromwell's eldest daughter.' Ireton, a valiant and sagacious soldier, saw at a glance where the true hope of the revolution lay, and very wisely associated himself with the rising fortunes of the farmer of St Ives.

The successes of Cromwell were gratefully recognised by the parliament, and he was empowered to increase his cavalry to three thousand men, or as many more as he could contrive to mount and discipline—a permission of which he actively availed himself. Recruits, attracted by the commander's growing fame, were numerous; but none but God-fearing men, and of them only the strong-limbed and bold-hearted, were accepted. The drilling of these men, as heretofore, was incessant. Cromwell prayed with them, exhorted them, showed them especially how a cavalry soldier should always have his horse well fed and in good condition, himself a secure seat, his sword sharp-edged and freely-handled, his powder always dry, his trust in God perfect and unchangeable.

The campaign of 1643 was disastrous to the parliamentary armies, and one death-note especially, which rang through the heart of the nation in June of that year, awakened emotions of the deepest sympathy and grief. Hampden had fallen!—had perished, too, in consequence of the sluggish incapacity of the Earl of Essex. It happened thus-wise:—After the fall of Reading in Berkshire, so loose a discipline was maintained by Essex, and so uncareful a watch was kept on the enemy's movements, that Prince Rupert, in a marauding expedition from Oxford, surprised two regiments at Portcombe and Chinnor, and slew them almost to a man. Colonel Hampden was indignant, for some time before he had remonstrated against the exposed position of the troops. A few days after this disaster, news was brought him that Rupert had attacked a detachment posted at Wallingford. First despatching a hasty message to the Earl of Essex to occupy Chiselhampton Bridge, which would have effectually intercepted the prince's retreat, Hampden threw himself on horseback, and hastened, at the head of Captain Sheffield's horse, to engage Rupert till a sufficient force could be collected to bar his return to Oxford. Hampden encountered the prince at Chalgrove, and in the unequal fight which ensued was struck by two carbine balls, mortally; and Rupert ultimately got safely back to his quarters unmolested by the parliamentary general. Hampden withdrew slowly from the fight, with bridle ungrasped and loose, and his arms dropped nervelessly upon his horse's neck. It is said that he was seen to turn for a moment wistfully towards the house of his father-in-law, Sir Richard Symeon, visible from Chalgrove, from whence in his youth he had borne his first wife, Elizabeth, as if he would fain die there; but Rupert's troopers ranging between him and the desired haven forbade the attempt. Very slowly, and in great agony, he continued on his way towards Thame, reached at last the house of one Ezekiel Browne, and was there assisted off his horse, and carried to his deathbed. Several days of extreme anguish were patiently endured, and then with the words 'O Lord, save my country! O Lord, be merciful to'—trembling from his choked and

fainting voice, the noble spirit fled, which, if permitted to remain a few years more on earth, might have saved the Commonwealth from perishing by its own excesses, and converted the brute victory of the sword into a moral and lasting triumph of justice, moderation, and peace. He was buried amid the Chiltern woods with military funereal honours: his sorrowing soldiers followed with reversed arms and craped banners; the melancholy strains of the forty-third psalm mingled and alternated with the lonely wail of the trumpet and the muttered rolling of the muffled drums, and all felt, as they left him to the hallowed slumber of the good and brave,

——— ‘Who sink to rest
By all their country’s wishes blest,’

that a true hero had departed—that a great light had been extinguished!

The news of his great kinsman’s death found Cromwell still busy with the organization of his new levies, and he must have felt on hearing it—knowing, as no man better than he did, the military incapacity and half-heartedness in the cause of the chief parliamentary generals—that a greater burthen, a still heavier responsibility than ever had devolved upon himself—upon him upon whose skill and vigour he well knew the country now entirely depended for bringing the terrible conflict in which it was engaged to a successful issue. Is it not also very probable that amidst the natural regret excited by the sudden taking away of an intimate friend and wise counsellor, a feeling of something like relief, as from the removal of a restraint, would sweep through his mind?—for it can scarcely be doubted that by this time there mingled with his earnest enthusiasm for the civil and religious liberties of his country, and the aspirations of his thoroughly-sincere, if fanatical piety, evil suggestions, pointing towards personal eminence, and unchallenged supremacy and command.

In the fall of the year, the Earl of Manchester was ordered to join Cromwell with about 7000 infantry, and Sir Thomas Fairfax’s horse. The junction was effected on the 9th of October, and on the 11th the earl, urged into activity by the restless zeal of Cromwell, commenced the campaign. On the 12th, Sir John Henderson, at the head of a considerable body of troops, intercepted Fairfax and Cromwell’s march at Waisby Field near Horncastle. Slow-moving Manchester was several hours behind with the infantry, and the royal troops greatly outnumbered Cromwell’s force. It is said that both he and Fairfax hesitated for a moment, for Henderson was an experienced leader, and his troops tried soldiers. The keen eye of Cromwell glanced eagerly along the serried ranks of his troopers: there was no hesitation there, and his own vanished in an instant! The words ‘Peace and Hope’ were passed along the line, the triumphant psalm pealed forth, and as its last accents died on the ear, the swords of the Ironsides flashed in the sun, the piercing tones of Cromwell, as he galloped along their front, bade them charge home, ‘in the name of the most High God!’—the trumpet rang forth its signal-peal, and away they went, a destroying whirlwind! A close volley, fired in their very faces, did not for an instant check their speed; they closed upon the astonished Royalists, and resistance soon became as hopeless as it was desperate. Cromwell’s horse was killed, and he himself wounded, it was

said by Sir Ingram Hopton : luckily he caught the 'sorry horse' of a slain soldier, and was again in the *mêlée*, massacre rather, for Henderson's troops gave way in utter confusion and hopeless rout; pursued with terrible slaughter for upwards of six miles. Those who escaped did not, it was said, cease their headlong flight till they had reached the gates of Lincoln. The epithet of 'Slash Lane' still marks the locality or neighbourhood of this murderous fight. Many prisoners, stores, and other trophies rewarded the victors, who at last, turning from the pursuit, wiped their red swords, dripping with brothers' blood, on their horses' manes, sheathed them, and again uplifted the triumphant psalm to the God of mercy and compassion! So nearly allied sometimes is fanaticism with impiety.

This success threw a gleam of triumph over the otherwise unfortunate campaign, and taught Charles that his absolute crown was yet to win. 'I would,' exclaimed the king, when he heard of Henderson's defeat—'I would that some one would do me the good service of bringing me this Cromwell, alive or dead.' Bring him Cromwell! They could as easily have brought him the Tower of London or the Peak of Derbyshire! Soon after this combat the Earl of Manchester persisted, after the fashion of those times, in going into winter quarters, and Cromwell was compelled to acquiesce. He was soon, however, busy in the Isle of Ely and other places in various modes preparing for the next campaign.

Early in the following year the arrangements of Vane with the Scottish leaders bore fruit. Twenty thousand troops of that nation, chiefly veteran soldiers, under the command of Lord Loudon and General Leslie, entered England in aid of the parliamentary cause. As far, however, as numbers were concerned, this timely reinforcement was counterbalanced by the arrival of numerous detachments of the Irish army to the assistance of the king, the troubles in that country having been appeased. Indeed Ireland remained devoted to Charles throughout the struggle: it was his great recruiting field; and this accounts for, though it in nothing excuses, the revengeful animosity afterwards displayed by Cromwell and others towards that country. One of the Irish detachments, consisting of about 3000 men, under the command of Lord Byron, laid siege to Nantwich. They were attacked by Fairfax, and utterly routed. Monk, afterwards Duke of Albemarle, was amongst the prisoners. After a short confinement as a prisoner of war, he purchased his liberty by abandoning the king's service, and obtained, as the price of his desertion, a commission in the army of the parliament. This is believed to have been Monk's first treason.

The main body of the Scottish army laid siege to York, numerous garrisoned by the forces under the Marquis of Newcastle. They were soon joined by the admirably-disciplined soldiers, in number about 14,000, under the command of Manchester and Cromwell, now Lieutenant-general Cromwell, and the siege was pushed with vigour. The armies of Essex and Waller were at this time marching and countermarching in the vicinity of Oxford and Worcester, marking time with that of the king, who in this playing-at-soldiers' game seems to have possessed considerable talent. At all events he puzzled and out-bothered the parliamentary generals; and Essex, tired of the exercise, went off with his forces to the west, leaving Waller to try conclusions with his majesty as he best might alone, and

Waller got of course very roughly handled. But before this happened, the king had sent off a pressing order to Prince Rupert, who was successfully engaged in Cheshire and Lancashire, where he had been powerfully reinforced from Ireland, to hasten to the relief of York, and in conjunction with Newcastle, attack and disperse the English and Scottish forces. Rupert obeyed, and at his approach the siege of York was raised, and the investing army—much to the disgust of Cromwell and Fairfax, who, it is said, vainly opposed Loudon and Manchester—instead of fighting, retreated. Prince Rupert, with his characteristic impetuosity, determined, spite of the remonstrances of Newcastle, to pursue the retiring forces, and compel them to an action. It was necessary, he said, ‘to disperse—annihilate’ those audacious rebels. Newcastle had seen at Gainsborough some of the troops whom the prince had determined to ‘disperse and annihilate,’ and he smiled derisively. Stung, however, by an implied taunt on his personal courage, he gave way to Rupert’s counsels, and the combined Royalists marched in pursuit of the Scotch and English forces. They soon overtook them, drawn up in grim array on Marston Moor, in a position excellent as a defensive one, but not suitable for attack. Along the front of the parliamentarians ran a deep, wide drain; their left, where Cromwell commanded, was protected, and at the same time held back, by an extensive tract of broken and difficult ground. The right was free and clear. Rupert hesitated to attack men so strongly posted, and the two armies, together perhaps about 60,000 men, stood gazing at each other till a quarter past seven o’clock in the evening of the 4th of July 1644. Cromwell could remain inactive no longer, and with a brief, passionate address to his Ironsides, he went off to make a circuit on the left, in order to fall upon the flank of the ‘dissolute Goring.’ Manchester and Loudon, seeing this, advanced their infantry, and the battle on the right commenced at the same time. The fight in the centre was terrific: the infantry and cavalry of Newcastle and Goring sweeping the men as they emerged from the drain they were compelled to pass with fiery destruction. Accounts vary with respect to this attack of the main body of the Scotch and English infantry. Some writers assert that the parliamentary troops were, after prodigious efforts, thrown into irretrievable confusion, and that Manchester, Loudon, Fairfax, and others, abandoned, or were about to abandon the field. Others say that the fight in the centre was obstinately and equally disputed. It is, however, quite certain that the right, where Fairfax commanded, was broken through, defeated, and dispersed. It was more than half-past eight o’clock when the dark squadrons of the Ironsides, having at last extricated themselves from the broken and tangled ground, were seen charging upon Newcastle’s flank. In brief space the aspect of affairs changed, and the royalist infantry were either dispersed or slain. But the victory was not yet won. There was Rupert’s triumphant cavalry returned from victorious pursuit, and far more numerous than Cromwell’s horsemen, to encounter. The ranks of the Ironsides, slightly disordered by victory, closed sternly up at the call of their chief, and again his piercing tones, echoed by thousands of voices, rang along the line—‘The sword of the Lord and of Gideon!’—and Prince Rupert was literally swept from the field, with frightful carnage. Cromwell, in his letter to the Speaker of the Commons, dated July 5, 1644, says—‘God made them as stubble to our

swords;' and of the large army the prince brought into the field, Oliver, though he was too hurried at that moment to give the particulars, is of opinion 'that Rupert has not more than 4000 men remaining with him.' It was ten o'clock before the battle and pursuit had ended, and the summer moon, as she arose, threw her pale, melancholy light upon the white death-faces of 5000 Scotch and Englishmen, slain there by kindred hands!

The Scotch and English forces soon separated, the former remaining in the north, whilst Manchester and Cromwell turned to encounter the king, who was strongly posted at Newbery. The left of the royalist forces was protected by the castle of Dennington, and the centre and right were held by numerous troops, masked and shielded from attack by the nature of the ground, and the numerous buildings by which it was dotted. An attack was, however, determined on, and that on the left, by Cromwell, was thoroughly successful. Spite of an obstinate resistance, supported by the fire of the castle, the king's position was forced, and the royalist troops driven into the town. Manchester's attack on the right failed, and it was a drawn battle. The king, however, finding that, from the success of the Ironsides, his position was no longer tenable, withdrew silently in the night. The sleepless vigilance of Cromwell detected this movement, and hurrying to Manchester's tent, he urged him to throw himself at once upon the king's flank. The earl refused. 'A forward movement of the horse then?' 'No.' The commander-in-chief would not permit it, and in gloomy discontent Oliver returned to his quarters, not, we may be sure, to sleep. What was perhaps worse, Manchester refused to assault the castle of Dennington; and the king, reinforced by Prince Rupert, returned in little more than a week, and carried off the heavy guns and stores he had left in that fortress, in the face of the parliamentary troops.

What was to be done? must have been the incessant self-questioning of Cromwell. Waller had been beaten all to pieces at Devizes; Essex had got cooped up in Cornwall, and though his cavalry, bursting through the royalist lines, had escaped, the infantry had surrendered, and the earl had narrowly saved himself from capture in a fishing-boat, which had landed him at Plymouth; and now this Earl of Manchester was refusing to fight, or to allow others to do so! A sad termination this to a campaign that had witnessed Marston Moor! Oliver's mind was soon made up. He was off to London, and was immediately in close conference with Sir Harry Vane. The result of their counsels was the proposition to the Commons of what was called the 'Self-Denying Ordinance,' which enacted that no member of either House should be competent to hold any civil or military commission. The proposal had all the gloss of high-flying patriotism; and it apparently aimed at Cromwell himself as member for Cambridge, as well as the military earls. After much opposition in both Houses, the ordinance passed, and the noble commanders were in consequence deprived of their commissions and authority—a measure which perhaps could not have been effected in any other manner. The army generally was also remodelled—weeded of all whom the party of 'Independents' deemed untrustworthy or faint-hearted. The king appears to have been much pleased with the new arrangements that were going on in the army of his foes. The new commander-in-chief, Sir Thomas Fairfax, although as brave

as steel, was a general of slight capacity; and the royal forces had never been so numerous, so completely equipped, or in higher spirits. His majesty opened the campaign of 1645 by taking Leicester, garrisoned by 1500 men; and he wrote to the queen, on whom he appears to have literally doted, 'that his affairs were never in so hopeful a way.' The dreaded Cromwell was no longer in his path, and the crown appeared once more within his reach. He little knew the men with whom he had to cope. If he could have perused the resolutions of the Commons '*permitting* Sir Thomas Fairfax to confer the command of the horse upon Lieutenant-general Cromwell as long as the House should be pleased to dispense with that honourable member's services,' it might have enlightened him as to the fatal significance of the recent changes. The welcome resolution was instantly communicated to Fairfax, and he the same day wrote to Cromwell soliciting his immediate presence with the army, menaced by the king with an overpowering force. The letter reached Cromwell on the 9th of June, and on the 11th he had joined Fairfax at Northampton with 1000 chosen horse. 'Well! where was the king—the king's army?' Fairfax did not quite know—but certainly in the neighbourhood. Cromwell suggested that this material point should be ascertained at once. Fairfax acquiesced, and Ireton, taking a few colours of horse with him, drove in one or two of the king's outposts; and from the prisoners he brought in, it was ascertained that Charles was posted in strong and splendid array a few miles distant on a rising ground, not far from Harborough, or Haverbrowe, as it was then called. Cromwell at once decided for battle—decisive, thorough battle on the next day. Fairfax agreed, and the generals, with Ireton, immediately surveyed the ground in the neighbourhood, and selected a fallow-field about a mile and a-half in width, about half-way between Harborough and Naseby, as an eligible spot whereon to intercept and encounter the king's numerous and formidable forces. There, accordingly, the parliamentary army drew up at sunrise the following morning. Cromwell was on the right with his Ironsides; Fairfax and Skippon commanded the infantry in the centre; and Ireton, with a strong body of horse, was posted on the left. They lay there motionless for several hours, singing psalms at intervals—their swords thoroughly sharp, their powder perfectly dry, and their confidence in the triumph of the righteous cause unbounded.

Charles, yielding to Rupert's impatience, advanced to battle. The main body of the king's infantry, more than 15,000 men, was commanded by Lord Ashley; and Rupert on the right, Sir Marmaduke Langdale on the left, headed his fine and numerous cavalry. The King's Life-guards, Prince Rupert's regiment, and the Royal Horse-guards, formed the reserve, commanded by the king in person. Rupert's impetuous charge on the king's right, spite of Ireton's fierce and valiant resistance, was completely successful. Ireton himself was wounded, and taken prisoner, but rescued during the subsequent rout. Rupert, as usual, went off in search of the baggage, from which, however, he was driven back by a few smart discharges of the strongly-posted baggage-guard. The fight in the centre was bloody and obstinate. Fairfax and Skippon, forgetting, in the growing confusion and thickening danger of defeat, their position as generals, fought desperately in the ranks. Spite, however, of their frenzied efforts, their troops were manifestly giving way

before the terrible odds opposed to them, when decisive help came as ever from that astonishing farmer of St Ives. He had pushed Langdale completely off the field, and leaving one or two squadrons to hinder him from rallying, now wheeled with the mass of his Ironsides full upon the flank of the almost victorious royal centre. The shock was decisive; the king's infantry gave way at once, and the reserve shared the same fate: one regiment, more obstinate than the rest, was destroyed almost to a man. Rupert returned to the field; but his exhortations, aided by the prayers and commands of the king, failed to induce his cavalry to encounter that of Cromwell. They had made acquaintance with those gentlemen at Marston Moor, and nothing could induce them to renew it. They fled, and with them the last hope of King Charles. The victory was thoroughly decisive. 8000 prisoners, a hundred colours, the royal standard, the king's carriage and his cabinet of letters—sad but incontestable evidence of his majesty's utter want of sincerity—remained in the hands of the victors; and all effectual resistance on the part of the Royalists was over. 'Honest men,' said Cromwell, writing from the field to the Speaker of the Commons—'honest men served you faithfully and well. Sir, they are trusty. I beseech you, in the name of God, not to disturb them.' They were not disturbed; and Cromwell, sometimes with Fairfax, but more frequently alone, swept like a destroying tempest through the land. Taunton, besieged by the 'dissolute' Goring, and defended by Blake, afterwards the great admiral, was relieved. Leicester had been instantly retaken. Bristol, into which Rupert had thrown himself, surrendered upon terms after one assault. Devizes, Cromwell carried by storm. Berkeley Castle and Winchester surrendered to him. Basing House, held by the Marquis of Winchester, and in those days esteemed almost impregnable, was carried by assault. 'Sir, I thank God,' wrote Oliver on the 14th October 1645—'I thank God I can give you a good account of Basing.' Sweeping westward, he overthrew Lord Wentworth at Bovey Tray almost without an effort, capturing 500 prisoners and six standards. Lord Hopton he routed at Torrington. The last English force in the field for the king was about 3000 cavalry, commanded by Sir Jacob Astley. These were overthrown, and Sir Jacob himself made prisoner. 'Your work is done,' said the baronet to his captors, 'unless, indeed, you choose to fall out and fight among yourselves.'

Cromwell was now approaching Oxford, where the king had sought refuge. His majesty could not but perceive that he had lost the game. The defeat of Montrose at Philiphaugh had quenched the hopes raised by the meteor successes of that remarkable man in Scotland, and by the advice of Montreuil, the French envoy, the king left Oxford, disguised as a groom following his master Ashburnham, and surrendered himself to the Scottish forces at Kelham. We have no space for any details of the complicated negotiations which ensued—of the deceptive, and, for himself, fatal game which Charles attempted to play, not only when with the Scots, but for nearly three years afterwards, persisting to the last as he did in his efforts to deceive and play off one party against another. The English parliament at length claimed the custody of the king, and the Scottish generals reluctantly surrendered him for, it has been said, a sum of money—£200,000. This statement is not borne out by the facts; for the whole of the £200,000 was voted, as appears by the Commons' Journals, on the

21st, 27th August, and 1st of September, though the final settlement of the vote did not take place till the 8th of December, being arrears of pay due under contract to the Scottish army; and it was not till after the last date (December the 8th) that negotiations for the surrender of the king commenced. Whether, however, the parliament would have actually paid them if they had persisted in retaining Charles, is another matter. Neither is it needful to dwell upon the seizure of the royal person by Colonel Joyce, his subsequent escape from Hampton Court, recapture by Colonel Hammond, and confinement in the Isle of Wight. The catastrophe, a sad and melancholy one however viewed, it was evident, in the beginning of 1648, would not be long delayed. Events were occurring which convinced the victorious chiefs of the army and parliament that some decisive step ought to be taken without delay, and showed Cromwell, who had been received in London with extraordinary honours, and had had a pension of £2500 per annum settled on him, that his work was as yet but half performed.

Captivity and misfortune, especially of fallen greatness, appeal strongly to the sympathies and imaginations of mankind, and thousands of persons who had strenuously resisted Charles the despot, were moved with compassion for Charles the humble captive. An insurrection in his favour, headed by Colonel Poyer, broke out in Wales: the English fleet, consisting of six ships of war fully equipped, mutinied, and sailed for Helvoetsluys, to place themselves under the command of the young Duke of York; and worse than all, the Scotch government, having secretly concluded a treaty with the king to restore him upon conditions, for the due performance of which they were to hold certain of the English northern towns, sent an army across the Tweed under the Duke of Hamilton, a nobleman who does not appear to have possessed one quality fitting him for such a command. The Scottish army, reckoning the four thousand cavaliers under Langdale that were with them, did not exceed two or three-and-twenty thousand men—a force altogether inadequate to contend against the veterans of Cromwell, when he should have done with the Welsh outbreak. Hamilton appears to have been conscious of this, for he came on with such timidity that in forty days he had only marched eighty miles, though opposed only by Lambert with inadequate forces, that slowly retired as he advanced. At length Cromwell, having finished with Colonel Poyer and the Welsh insurgents, hastened with rapid strides to the north. Hamilton was near Preston, on the left bank of the Ribble, when Cromwell joined Lambert at Otley Park; but his rearguard under Munroe were miles off, at Kirby Lonsdale. Cromwell, as usual, attacked at once, and Hamilton and Langdale were overthrown with immense loss. Except stragglers, only the regiments commanded by Munroe regained their native land, and when Baillie surrendered at Warrington he had but three thousand men with him. Hamilton escaped with the cavalry to Uttoxeter, where his men mutinied, and the duke took refuge with Lord Grey of Groby. Cromwell marched northward. The defeat of the Scottish Royalists induced the Covenanters of that kingdom to rise in arms again; and headed by Lords Loudon and Eglington, the Whiggamores marched on Edinburgh. They could not, however, have successfully withstood the disciplined forces under Lanark and Munroe, and Cromwell proffered his assistance. It was

accepted, and Oliver marched to Edinburgh: matters were arranged, and the English general turned slowly towards the south. So slowly indeed did he, usually so fiery-active, march, that he contrived not to arrive in London till the 'purification' of the parliament, by the expulsion of every Presbyterian or other member opposed to the designs of the prevailing party, had been effected by military violence—by Colonel Pride's purge, as it is called—that officer professing to act under the orders of Sir Thomas Fairfax.

The army, through its officers, now openly demanded judgment on the king; and the 'purified' Commons sent up a declaratory vote to the Peers, 'that it is high treason in the king of England to make war upon his people.' The Peers' House, consisting of but twelve members, negatived the proposition. They would, however, make it treasonable in any future king to do so. On the next day they again met, to the number of six, disposed of some formal business, and adjourned till the morrow. That morrow was the 25th of April 1660, for a few hours after their adjournment the Commons voted their Lordships' House 'useless and dangerous,' and abolished it.

With the particulars known of the trial and execution of Charles I. for high treason every reader must be abundantly familiar. That in those days, when a divinity did really hedge a king, it was a deed of unexampled boldness may be readily admitted; and it is perhaps true, as Mr Carlyle expresses it, that it struck a chill to the heart of universal flunkeyism from which it has not since recovered; but it seems impossible to coincide in that writer's apparently unqualified admiration of the act. In the first place—and this surely ought to have excited Mr Carlyle's indignation—all that solemn preparation and apparatus for trying the king was a huge sham—an unreal simulation of a grave investigation! The men who presided there were executioners—righteous ones some may hold—but certainly not *judges* met to inquire into the guilt or innocence of the prisoner, and to decide calmly and impartially according to the evidence. It was previously determined to execute the king; and better far—more manly and honest at all events would it have been—to have pronounced his doom without going through all that hideous and mocking formality. The palpable hypocrisy of the whole affair makes even the king's assumptions of divine irresponsibility appear respectable. And if the putting the monarch to death under the pretext set up was a crime, it was far more conclusively a blunder: the instant the head of Charles I. rolled on the scaffold, Charles II., who was beyond the reach of parliament, started into life. The dramatic dialogue at the place of execution between the king and the bishop, true or false, or partly true and partly false, as it may be, gained thousands of partisans to the cause of trampled royalty; and occasion for the publication or invention of such a scene should have been carefully avoided by wise statesmen. Few can read the account of the last moments of the king without emotions of sorrow and compassion; and only that the pale face and wasted form of Eliot obtrude before that sadly-proud complaining eye, and the broken petition—'A little air, your majesty, that I may gather strength to die'—drowns the sonorous tones of the king and his prelate, it would seem impossible not only to forbear pronouncing the execution of the monarch to have been an act of unjust

tifiable vengeance, but that the king himself was a victim deserving the profoundest respect, pity, and compassion.

There was much work yet to be done by Cromwell. The royal cause was again in the ascendant in Ireland. The revolted fleet under Prince Rupert rode triumphantly along the coast, for Sir Harry Vane had not yet had time to organize the dreaded fleets which afterwards won England the sovereignty of the seas. Inchiquin in Munster, the Scottish regiments in Ulster, and the great body of the Catholic population, had proclaimed the king. Cromwell, armed with the highest civil and military authority, must go over with his Ironsides, and quench that mischief. He did so effectually and remorselessly. We cannot, after a careful perusal of the pleas put forward in defence of those Irish massacres, find any, the slightest valid excuse for them. They appear to have been as unnecessary as they were frightful, hideous. It is, however, right to give the lord-general's own defence of them. Here it is. He is writing of the slaughter at Tredagh:— 'I am persuaded this is a righteous judgment of God upon those barbarous wretches who have imbrued their hands in so much innocent blood, and that it will tend to prevent the effusion of blood for the future, which are the satisfactory grounds to such actions, which otherwise cannot but work remorse and regret.'

Scotland again rose for the king. Charles II. was invited over and crowned there. This was esteemed a declaration of war against England, and Cromwell hastened from his Irish command to meet the new danger. He crossed the Tweed at the head of 20,000 veterans, before the raw levies of the Scots were in any condition to encounter him. The battle of Dunbar followed; Cromwell was once more in Edinburgh; and although his military measures were vigorously directed to put down armed resistance to the parliament, he appears to have treated the Scottish people with respect and consideration. Some years afterwards, in his correspondence with New England in America, he expressed to the Puritans there—whom, by the way, he strengthened and supported in every possible manner—the deep regret he felt at fighting against the Scottish Covenanters. 'He was afraid he had slain many of the godly at Dunbar.' In the next campaign his flag waved over Perth; and further resistance seemed hopeless, when the young king, seeing that the country was clear towards the south, prevailed upon his Scottish army to march upon England. A wilder project, with such a general as Cromwell in his rear, was perhaps never conceived. Oliver, as soon as he heard of the king's march, which was not till three days after it had commenced, despatched letters to the parliament to be under no alarm at the southward movement of the king; and to Harrison he sent directions to press on the flank of the Scottish forces from New-castle. Lambert he at once despatched from Fifeshire to hang upon the king's rear, and as speedily as possible followed himself with 10,000 veterans along the east coast towards Yorkshire. Charles was overtaken at Worcester, and spite of the gallant resistance offered by the Scottish troops—'five hours of the hottest fighting he had known'—Cromwell obtained a complete victory on the 3d of September 1652, the anniversary of the battle of Dunbar, and thenceforth called his 'lucky day.' The young king, at the head of a brigade of cavalry, burst out of the city by the

northern road, and escaped. This event Cromwell called 'a crowning mercy.' It was the last military resistance offered in England to the Commonwealth whilst he lived.

The next important page in this eventful history records the dissolution of the remaining members—the Rump, as they were called—of the Long Parliament by the Lord-General Cromwell, who, with the aid of his soldiers, turned them unceremoniously out of the House, locked the doors after them, and walked home to Whitehall with the keys in his pocket. The parliament had just before been debating, and were about to pass a 'reform bill,' of which one of the provisions was, that the present members should continue to sit without re-election.

The only possible justification of this act of violence would have been to immediately assemble a new, full, and legal House of Commons. But that course was opposed to the lust of power which now, whatever his excusers may say, dominated the mind of Cromwell. A parliament of a certain sort was, it is true, summoned. Gospel ministers were directed to take the sense of congregational churches in the several counties, and return the names of 'faithful men, fearing God and hating covetousness;' and out of these the Council, in the presence of the lord-general, selected 139 for England, 6 for Wales, 6 for Ireland, and 5 for Scotland. These men assembled, only two being absent, on the 4th of July 1653, and set about reforming the common law and abolishing the Court of Chancery, until one fine day Colonel Sydenham proposed, that as they evidently had no talent for government, they should resign their authority into the hands of the lord-general. This was accomplished by the aid of a little gentle violence, and the 'Little Parliament,' as it was termed, was dismissed. Others followed of various patterns and devices, none of which, however, suited Cromwell, now Lord Protector, with a civil list of £200,000 per annum. In 1658, the last new constitution had extemporised two Houses, and we find his Highness addressing the new parliament as 'My Lords and Gentlemen!' To further show how power had corrupted, dwarfed, vulgarised, shrunk up, this once great, vigorous-minded man, we make one quotation from the 'Court Circular' of that day:—'Yesterday afternoon, his Highness went to Hampton Court; and this day the most illustrious lady, the Lady Mary Cromwell, third daughter of his Highness the Lord Protector, was there married to the most noble the Lord Fauconbridge, in the presence of their Highnesses and many noble persons.'—*Merc. Pol. Nov. 19, 1657.*

The old fire had not yet burned out; but its flashes were visible only in the Puritan-farmer's foreign policy. 'I will make the English name more terrible than ever the Roman's was,' was Cromwell's vaunting expression; and had life been granted him, he appeared likely to have gone nigh to realise the vainglorious boast. The till then undisputed maritime supremacy of the Dutch, supported as it was by the genius and bravery of Van Tromp, De Ruyter, and De Witte, was destroyed during his protectorate chiefly by the skill and valour of Blake. Prince Rupert, who had been roving the seas at the head of the revolted English fleet, took refuge from the pursuit of that admiral in the Tagus. Blake demanded permission to pursue and attack 'that pirate' there. Don John, king of Portugal, refused, and Blake made reprisals upon the Portuguese commerce. Don John was forced ultimately to submit, paid a large sum of money for

the expenses of the war, and conceded a commercial treaty which secured great and unexampled privileges to the merchants of Britain. The piratical powers of Barbary were humbled; Spain was crippled on the sea, and despoiled not only of wealth, but of territory. Jamaica was wrested from her; and the last exploit of Blake was the destruction of the Spanish fleet in the harbour, and defended by the batteries, of Vera Cruz. France courted the Protector's alliance, and four thousand of his veterans co-operated with Turenne in the reduction of Dunkirk.

But the bright page in the Protector's foreign policy was the firm and resolute stand he made in defence of the Vaudois, persecuted by the Duke of Savoy 'for conscience' sake.' The Princes of Piedmont were hunting them down like animals of prey, when the stern voice of Cromwell echoed amidst those Alpine wastes, and the persecutor turned in terror and dismay from his work of blood. The reader familiar with Milton's invocation beginning with—

'Avenge, oh Lord! thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold,'

may conceive the excitement of the Ironsides, eager as bloodhounds on the start, to fight 'the battle of the Lord' against the partisans of Rome. The Protector informed the Vaudois through Stoupe that they might count upon his instant help; eager preparations were commenced; the pope was plainly told that if the persecution of 'the people of God' continued, the English cannon should be heard in St Angelo—when the Duke of Savoy, wisely counselled by France, abandoned his violent measures, and restored to the Vaudois their religious privileges and immunities. Cromwell is said to have heard the announcement of the Duke of Savoy's submission, conveyed through the French ambassador, with grim discontent. He would rather have effected his object by the sharp swords of his valiant soldiers. Perhaps, too, he thought he might have recovered in that 'holy' war, as he would have deemed it, a portion of the moral health and vigour lost to him since he had dwelt in the perfumed atmosphere of palaces, and amidst the glittering shows of a court.

It was not to be. The once lion-hearted man, betrayed from the high path he had once so firmly trod by the enticements of power, and vainly struggling in the mires of intrigue and fair-seeming falsehood, visibly declined in mind and body; became even personally afraid of the miserable Royalists who threatened him with private assassination. Cromwell afraid! What miracle is this? No miracle, reader! True courage dwells not with usurping violence; and how could he be otherwise than afraid as the names of Eliot, Hampden, gleamed through his troubled brain, and he felt that he had betrayed the great cause for which they died; brought it in the eyes of the unreflecting into derision and contempt? Albeit as the Lord Protector, after patient watching by the lingering deathbed of his favourite daughter, the Lady Elizabeth Claypole, came himself visibly within the shadow of the tomb, his old spiritual strength seemed to return again. The world with its vain shows was vanishing, and as it rolled away, the Heaven of his youth and healthy manhood flashed, with its awful and unspeakable splendours, light upon his soul. They read to him, at his own request, a passage of St Paul to the Philippians—'Not that I speak

in respect of want, for I have learned in whatsoever state I am therewith to be content. I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me.' As these words fell upon his ear, he ejaculated in broken accents, 'This Scripture did once save my life when my eldest son—died; which went as a dagger to my heart: indeed it did.' He alluded to his son Oliver, slain in the civil war, but at what place or under what circumstances remains unascertained. He is supposed to have served in Harrison's troop. The day before the Protector died, when his wife and children were weeping round his bed, he exclaimed, speaking of the Covenant of God with man—'It is holy and true—it is holy and true—it is holy and true! Who made it holy and true? The Mediator of the Covenant! The Covenant is one. And even if I do not, He remains faithful. Love not the world,' he continued, addressing his family: 'no, my children, live like Christians. I leave you the Covenant to feed upon.' 'Yea, my true one,' adds Mr Carlyle, commenting on this scene. 'Even so: the Covenant, and the eternal soul of Covenants remains sure to all the faithful: deeper than the foundations of this world—earlier than they—more lasting than they.'

The tempest of the night of the 2d of September 1658, extending to the shores of the Mediterranean, and strewing land and sea with wreck, was the appropriate death-dirge of that great, stormy being; and on the morrow—his fortunate day, the 3d of September—the mighty, reverential, erring—for he was human—spirit passed from earth, its last aspiration a prayer for the country he had strongly loved and bravely served.

Of the brief Protectorate under Richard Cromwell which followed, and of the subsequent restoration of the king, we have not here to speak. We may merely notice, in conclusion, that in the first year of the restored monarch's reign, the bodies of Cromwell, Ireton, and Blake were dug out of their graves, dragged on hurdles to Tyburn, exposed on the gallows, and then huddled into a pit amidst the shouts of a brutal populace—and, hark!—there is an echo to those shouts! It is the thunder of De Ruyter's Dutch cannon in the Thames!

The widow of the Protector died at the house of her widowed son-in-law, Claypole, October 8, 1672; his daughter Mary, Lady Fauconbridge, died 14th of March 1712; Frances, first Mrs Rich, then Lady Russel, December 27, 1720; Bridget, married first to Ireton, then to Fleetwood, on the 11th September 1681, at Stoke-Newington, near London. His successor in the Protectorate, Richard, died at Cheshunt, July 12, 1712; Henry on the 23d March 1673.



EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

THE recent abolition of the laws which gave our landed proprietors a monopoly in the supply of food for the teeming millions of these islands is not a subject to which we would willingly allude in the language of exultation. The event is past, and let it go: all of us, we suppose, would now gladly bury the remembrance of the struggle in oblivion. And yet the subject of the late corn-laws cannot be so tossed aside; for if they did nothing else, they gave birth to sentiments which survive in the literature of the nation, and will not soon be forgotten. The bread-tax, as it was emphatically called, had many expositors among the middle classes; beginning of course cautiously and reverently, walking gingerly among the 'vested interests' of the aristocracy, and professing much respect for a monopoly, which they wished to curtail only so far as would enable the people to live and work. But among the people themselves it commenced with a man whose part it was not to expound, but to feel—not to reason, but to sing. The prophetess Poetry is ever sure to make her appearance in troublous times; and her voice is ever heard the richest and wildest amid the clash of arms. Her words are truth: for a feeling is a fact, and her direct action is upon the heart, moving through that the mind and the will. Her knowledge is intuitive, her convictions inspirations, and she will therefore hear of no compromise: caution with her is a coward, and expediency a knave. The people had not by this time begun to submit to other influences. The winged ministers of civilisation had not yet commenced their flight, scattering a cheap and wholesome literature, like vivifying dew, throughout the land. Lecturers were few, mechanics' institutions none; and the sons of poverty and toil would not have comprehended any other than the voice which spoke to them, as of old, in songs and ballads. But the voice came: it always comes when wanted. It is born of nature and necessity; for it is a cry from a stricken breast—so true it is that men (whether they understand the cause of the befalling evil or not)—

'Are cradled into poetry by wrong,
And learn in suffering what they teach in song.'

It was the voice of Ebenezer Elliott, an individual who was specially born and bred for the occasion. If in another class of society, he would have been heard with suspicion; if possessing more refinement, he would have been unintelligible. Coarse in the external coarseness of his degree, wrathful, bitter, presumptuous, intolerant, and unreasoning, he was exactly the man to

be listened to by the working-classes of his own generation; but soft, gentle, and kindly—because a poet—in everything without the pale of political warfare, elevated by noble aspirings and humanising sympathies, and full of the taste of nature and the fire of genius, his rhymes will now command a wider audience. The life of this person has no interest in its events—not even the interest arising from the struggles of abject poverty and seemingly hopeless ignorance. He is merely a Voice crying in the wilderness of the undistinguished world—a Light rising in the obscurities of society, and throwing illumination upon everything but its own source. Yet, in obedience to what seems a natural craving of humanity, we must try to draw from the scanty materials that come in our way some portraiture or outline of the individual man, and ascertain, if possible, by what process of circumstances he was shaped into a poet of the people. We are enabled to do this chiefly by an autobiographic sketch of the earlier part of his life, which Elliott placed in the hands of Mr William Tait, the bookseller of Edinburgh; embodying the substance of a series of letters addressed by the Rhymer to his friend Dr Holland, expressly with the view of their serving as the basis of a posthumous memoir in the event of such being wanted.*

Ebenezer Elliott was born on the 17th March 1781 at the New Foundry, Masborough, in the parish of Rotherham, where he was probably baptized by a tinker of Barnesly, a co-religionist of his father, who belonged to the Berean denomination. This father was a brave man, come of a line, as the poet loved to believe, of stout Border thieves, although he was himself apprenticed, with a premium of £50, to the house of Landell and Chambers, wholesale ironmongers of Newcastle-on-Tyne. The grandsire who provided so well for his son was a tinsmith, married to a Scotchwoman of the peaceful and pastoral name of Sheepshanks—a person of vigorous and self-willed character, but yet whom her husband lamented with tears long after her death, and even until his own—‘especially when he was drunk.’ Miss Sheepshanks appears in history as the first of her race; for her ancestry never could be ascertained—a circumstance which the poet regretted, his great difficulty in drawing up the memoir being a want of materials. When his father left Landell and Chambers, he became a clerk at Masborough, where he first saw his destined wife, one of the daughters of a yeoman at Ozzins, near Penistone, where his ancestors had lived time out of mind on their fifty or sixty acres of land. ‘I think, then,’ quoth the autobiographer, ‘I have made out my descent, if not from very fine folks, certainly from respectables, as (getting every day comparatively scarcer) they are called in these days of ten dogs to one bone.’

Ebenezer was first sent to a dame’s school, and then to the Hollis School, where he learned little more than to write, partly, it would seem, owing to the nervous temperament and constitutional awkwardness he derived from his mother. The life of this poor woman was a continuous disease, although she reared eight out of her eleven children to adult age. The father, however, is a more interesting character, and he conferred upon

* This sketch has been printed in the ‘Athenæum,’ but only partially, the editor omitting (and generally with good taste) such passages as the critic would require to condemn, but which furnish pregnant materials for the biographer.

that of his son a tone which, working upon the maternal timidity, made him eventually a poet and a politician. In the memoir he makes his first appearance in a vision related to her son by the mother, who was a first-rate dreamer, and a firm believer in dreams. 'I had placed under my pillow,' she said, 'a shank-bone of mutton to dream upon; and I dreamed that I saw a little, broad-set, dark, ill-favoured man, with black hair, black eyes, thick stob nose, and tup shins: it was thy father.' This father was a fanatic in religion and politics, but a brave, strong-minded man. In bathing his children in the canal, he made it a rule to duck them three times, and to keep them the third time some seconds under the water, which produced in Ebenezer a horror of suffocation that only increased with his years. To avoid this infliction, the boy bathed without his father's assistance, and in consequence was on one occasion nearly drowned—'the more the pity, I have often said since.' His father, he tells us, had much humorous and satiric power, and would have made a good comic actor; yet his political sagacity was such that he was popularly known as 'Devil Elliott.'

The family changed their abode at Masborough, Mr Elliott having obtained a clerkship in the employment of Messrs Walker of the New Foundry, with a salary of £60 or £70 a year, and house, candles, and coal. 'Well do I remember some of those days of affluence and pit-coal fires—for glorious fires we had: no fear of coal bills in those days. There, at the New Foundry, under the room where I was born, in a little parlour like the cabin of a ship, yearly painted green, and blessed with a beautiful thoroughfare of light—for there was no window-tax in those days—he used to preach every fourth Sunday to persons who came from distances of twelve and fourteen miles to hear his tremendous doctrines of ultra-Calvinism (he called himself a Berean), and hell hung round with span-long children! On other days, pointing to the aquatint pictures on the walls, he delighted to declaim on the virtues of slandered Cromwell, and of Washington the rebel; or, shaking his sides with laughter, explained the glories of "The glorious victory of His Majesty's forces over the Rebels at Bunker's Hill!" Here the reader has a key which will unlock all my future politics.' Mr Elliott became eventually nominal proprietor of the foundry, the partners having sold him their shares on credit; but the new dignity was far from being attended by pecuniary advantage.

Touching the 'bravery' of Elliott senior an absurd story is told, in which he is represented as thrashing a cavalry officer with a stick, his antagonist being at the time on horseback, sword in hand! After receiving his chastisement, the officer took to flight, and never afterwards met the victor without touching his hat, and saying, 'How do you do, Mr Elliott?' The affairs of the stout iron-founder, however, went wrong, and he died in poverty, yet self-sustained, and not in distress.

During his father's scene with the dragoon, Ebenezer, then in his fifteenth year, was 'terribly frightened,' although he must have been sufficiently familiar with such disturbances, it being the custom of the cavalry to back their horses so as to break the windows of the Jacobin's shop. 'But I, alas!' says he, 'am the son of my mother; yet on emergencies, and in the hour of calamity, the single drop of northern blood which my father put into my heart has more than once befriended me.'

His poetical education, however, commenced long before this, and perhaps was not uninfluenced by the results of the smallpox, which he had in his sixth year, and which left him frightfully disfigured. In a year or two after we find him constructing in the foundry-yard an imitation of the natural scenery on which poets feed. This he contrived by sinking in a stone heap in the midst of a little wilderness of magwort and wormwood a shallow iron vessel, which he filled with water. This served as a fountain, in which the solitary child saw the reflection of the sky and clouds, and of the surrounding weeds, and which he seldom failed to visit at noon when the sun was over it. In a few years more came of course the Egeria of the place, a young woman 'to whom I never spoke a word in my life, and the sound of whose voice, to this day, I have never heard; yet if I thought she saw me as I passed her father's house, I felt as if weights were fastened to my feet.'

He had another taste, however, of a less pleasing kind. He not only loved to look upon fountains and sweet faces, but felt a horrible impulse to gaze upon the features of those who had met a violent death—why, he knew not, for they made his life a burthen, following him wherever he went, sleeping with him, and haunting him in his dreams. The sight of a dead body which had been six weeks in the canal cured him of this monomania by its surpassing horror: it never left him for months, sleeping or waking, and ever after he shrunk with terror from spectacles he had before sought as an indulgence. At this time he was alone, even in a neighbourhood swarming with children. He had no companions, and was not only considered to be somewhat wanting in intellect, but might have really been deficient in his stock of ideas from his holding no intercommunication with other children. He was, however, a capital kite-maker and ship-builder; and he constructed, while still a boy, a model of an eighteen-gun ship, which passed into the possession of the present Earl Fitzwilliam.

Then came one of those escapades by which the headlong spirit of boyhood so frequently seeks to anticipate the adventures of life. His father having constructed a pan weighing several tons for his brother at Thurlestone, Ebenezer considered that it would be a convenient vehicle in which to visit the world. He accordingly crept into it unperceived, after it had been hoisted on a truck, and hiding himself under some hay which it contained, set out soon after sunset; and travelling all night beneath the solemn stars, arrived at his destination on the following morning. 'It is remarkable,' says he, 'that I never in after-life succeeded in any plan which I did not accomplish in a similar way: if I ask advice, either the plan is never executed, or it is unsuccessful.' At Thurlestone he was soon home-sick; but it was a difficult thing to attempt to retrace a route which he had passed in the night-time, having merely to place himself in a moving machine, and allow himself to be carried wherever the fates willed. He made no effort to get back to his mother, for whom he pined; but on returning from the school, to which his uncle sent him, he used to spend his evenings in looking from the back of the house in the direction where he was told Masborough lay; and when the sun went down, he turned indignantly away, feeling himself to be the victim of some great wrong. In this exile he spent a year and a-half, when at length he was taken home by his father; and so ended his first irruption into the great world. 'Is it

not strange,' says he, moralising on this event in his history, 'that a man who from his childhood has dreamed of visiting foreign countries, and yet at the age of sixty believes that he shall see the Falls of Niagara, has never been twenty miles out of England, and has yet to see for the first time the beautiful scenery of Cumberland, Wales, and Scotland?'

He was again sent to Hollis School, but with no better result than before—employing, as he did, a comrade to do his tasks for him in the simpler rules of arithmetic, and thus arriving at the Rule of Three while still profoundly ignorant of multiplication, addition, subtraction, and division. His parents growing desperate at his apparent stupidity, transferred him to Dalton School, at two miles' distance; and although his memory did not serve him for letters, he recollected distinctly half a century afterwards the kingfisher shooting along the Don, as he traversed the Aldwark meadows on his way. The schoolmaster was 'one of the best of living creatures—a sad-looking, half-starved angel without wings,' who probably never suspected that the dunce who stood for hours beside his desk, with the tears running down his face, had never learnt the preliminary rules. Ebenezer, in fact, did not know that these were necessary, and he 'looked on a boy who could do a sum in vulgar fractions as a sort of magician.' During the summer months of the second year he played truant, roaming, vagabond-like, about the neighbourhood, and on one occasion stealing duck-eggs in mistake for the eggs of wild birds. This was a miserable time, for the sense of his indolence preyed upon him like guilt, and he was terrified to meet his father's eye. The father, however, set him to work in the foundry, as a punishment either for his stupidity or stubbornness; but this, so far from acting as it was intended, restored the culprit to his self-respect, by proving that he was as capable as other lads of at least manual labour. Then came the other weaknesses of an idle and truant disposition, brought into everyday contact with vulgar spirits; and the attractions of the village alehouse rivalled those of the woods and fields, of the birds and flowers.

But they did not outbalance them. The impression was laid. The beauty of nature had entered the soul of the future poet; and his thoughts and his footsteps often wandered away from the coarse enjoyments of the alehouse to the banks of the canal, which were golden with the 'yellow ladies' bed-straw.' His religious impressions likewise contributed to keep pure his inner soul, notwithstanding the crust of vulgarity that had gathered on the surface; and he seldom missed attending chapel, sometimes under the ministry of a Dominie Sampson, and sometimes of 'one of the most eloquent and dignified of men.'

It was probably at this time that the political tendencies of Ebenezer Elliott were developed, under the united influences of ale, poetry, and religion. 'When I look back,' says he, 'on the days of rabid Toryism through which I have passed, and consider the then almost universal tendency to worship the powers that be and their worst mistakes, I feel astonished that a nerve-shaken man, whose affrighted imagination in boyhood and youth slept with dead men's faces—a man whose first sensation on standing up to address a public meeting is that of his knees giving way under him—should have been able to retain his political integrity without abjuring one article of his fearless father's creed!' The rationale of this creed is a little obscure, since

it adhered alike to free-trade and trade-strikes; but Ebenezer, though a hot politician, knew no more of politics than of the Rule of Three. An instance he gives of the terrible criminality of the law exhibits in a half amusing half painful manner the wrongheadedness of a man of genius.

'I will relate the circumstances,' says he, 'precisely as they were related to me by an eye-witness. A youth called Yates, a native of Masborough, but apprenticed at Sheffield, instigated by his master, stole a fowl, for which crime he was tried at Rotherham, and convicted on clear evidence. The chairman of the court, in passing sentence, gave him his choice of transportation or the army. He chose the former. Down, black as thunder, came the frown of authority! "No; you shall be flogged!"—and he was flogged. But why? For stealing a fowl, or for refusing to enter the army?'

Dreadful tyranny! But what would Ebenezer have said if the lad, instead of being flogged for a petty theft, had, even in compliance with his own desperate desire, been actually transported? The sentence was obviously intended as a mercy; and accordingly, although one of the blows through accident fell upon the culprit's mouth, when the whole were inflicted, he put on his shirt and jacket, and darted away through the crowd! 'So barbarous,' continues he, 'were the deeds done in that time under the name of law, and so painful was the impression they made upon me when I was about sixteen years old, that I should certainly have emigrated to the United States had I possessed sufficient funds for that purpose; nor should I, I fear, have been very scrupulous as to the means of obtaining them—so fully had the idea of emigration obtained possession of me, so passionately had my mind embraced it, and so poetically had I associated with it Crusoe notions of self-dependence and isolation. It is not improper to blush for uncommitted offences. Even now, when forty-five years have been added to my previous existence, I shudder if I chance to meet an expedience-monger, who tells me "that the end justifies the means"—a false doctrine and fatal faith, that have wrought the fall of many an all-shunned brother, and of ill-starred sisters numberless, once unstained as the angels.'

But we come now to the circumstance which appears to have first developed the poetical tendencies which lay smothered in the breast of this wayward and ungainly young man. He had an aunt of the name of Robinson, a widow, who lived respectably on £30 a year, and gave her two sons an education which even in that Tory-ridden time made them both gentlemen. On this respectable person he called one evening, awkward and suspicious from the consciousness of having been intoxicated the night before; but whether cognisant of the fact or not, she made no mention of it. 'After a minute's silence, she rose and laid before me a number of "Sowerby's English Botany," which her son Benjamin, then apprenticed to Dr Stainforth of Sheffield, was purchasing monthly. Never shall I forget the impression made on me by the beautiful plates. I actually touched the figure of the primrose, half convinced that the mealiness on the leaves was real. I felt hurt when she removed the book from me, but she removed it only to show me how to draw the figures, by holding them to the light with a thin piece of paper before them. On finding that I could so draw them correctly, I was lifted at once above the inmates of the alehouse at least a foot in mental stature. My first effort was a copy from the

primrose, under which (always fond of fine words) I wrote its Latin name, *Primula veris vulgaris*. So thenceforward, when I happened to have a spare hour, I went to my aunt's to draw. But she had not yet shown me all the wealth of her Benjamin. The next revealed marvel was his book of dried plants. Columbus, when he discovered the new world, was not a greater man than I at that moment; for no misgiving crossed my mind that the discovery was not my own, and no Amerigo Vespuccius disputed the honour of it with me. But (alas for the strength of my religious impressions!) thenceforward often did Parson Allard inquire why Eb. was not at chapel?—for I passed my Sundays in gathering flowers, that I might make pictures of them. I had then, as now, no taste for the science of botany, the classifications of which seemed to me to be like preparations for sending flowers to prison. I began, however, to feel manish. There was mystery about me. People stopped me with my plants, and asked what diseases I was going to cure? But I was not in the least aware that I was learning the art of poetry, which I then hated, especially Pope's, which gave me the headache if I heard it read aloud. My wanderings, however, soon made me acquainted with the nightingales in Basingthorpe Spring, where, I am told, they still sing sweetly; and with a beautiful green snake, about a yard long, which on the fine Sabbath mornings, about ten o'clock, seemed to expect me at the top of Primrose Lane. It became so familiar, that it ceased to uncurl at my approach. I have sat on the stile beside it till it seemed unconscious of my presence; and when I rose to go, it would only lift the scales behind its head, or the skin beneath them, and they shone in the sun like fire. I know not how often this beautiful and harmless child of God may have "sat for his picture" in my writings; a dozen times at least; but wherever I might happen to meet with any of its brethren or sisters—at Thistlebed Ford, where they are all vipers, black or brown; or in the Aldwark meadows, on the banks of the Don, with the kingfisher above, and the dragon-fly below them; or on Boston Castle ridge; or in the Clough dell, where they swarm; or in Canklow Quarry; or by the Rother, near Hail-Mary Wood—whatever the scene might be, the portrait, if drawn, was sure to be that of my first snake-love.'

Ebenezer now called his book of specimens his 'hortus siccus;' and, ravenous of unaccustomed praise, permitted the wondering neighbours to suppose that his figures of plants were not copied at second-hand, but from nature. The spark smouldering in his mental constitution had been kindled. 'Thomson's Seasons,' which he heard his wondrous brother Giles read, 'who was beautiful as an angel while he was ugliness itself,' gave him the first hint of the eternal alliance between poetry and nature; and in fine the smitten rock opened, and the Rhymer rhymed!

The change was a revolution, and it was not effected without a struggle and a shock which affected his bodily health. He became pale and thin. But he had work to do. He was ignorant and illiterate, yet beyond the age when school learning of the ordinary kind is attainable in his station. It was necessary to learn his own language without being taught, and he purchased a grammar. An English grammar! He might as well have purchased a Greek one. He tried to learn the rules, and always failed. Subsequently he obtained a 'Key,' but it would not unlock; and it was

only 'by reflection, and by supplying elisions'—meaning, no doubt, by making a grammar for himself by the study of the language in books—that he fathomed the mystery. 'At this moment,' says he, 'I do not know a single rule of grammar; and yet I can now, I flatter myself, write English as correctly as Samuel Johnson could, and detect errors in a greater author—Samuel Bailey.' Flushed with success, he thought the whole world of learning lay before him, and to the great delight of his father he proceeded to French. But it would not do. The indolent habits of his mind were not to be conquered by the desire of a mere accomplishment: he could not remember what he learnt, and, as he informs us with great *naïveté*, after a few *weeks*' study, he gave up the attempt in despair.

A legacy of a few books which his father received coming in at this juncture was very serviceable, and they paved the way for better ones. According to his own account, he was nourished only on strong meats. 'I never could read a feeble book through: it follows that I read masterpieces only, the best thoughts of the highest minds—after Milton, Shakespeare; then Ossian; then Junius, with my father's Jacobinism for a commentary; Paine's "Common Sense;" Swift's "Tale of a Tub;" "Joan of Arc;" Schiller's "Robbers;" Bürger's "Leonora;" Gibbon's "Decline and Fall;" and, long afterwards, Tasso, Dante, De Staël, Schlegel, Hazlitt, and the "Westminster Review." A man of genius, whose daily literary food consisted exclusively of masterpieces, might have been expected to grow into something extraordinary! But all seemed wonderful in the confined sphere of our Rhymer, who knew nothing, and could imagine nothing of the mighty space beyond.

'From my sixteenth to my twenty-third year,' says he, 'I worked for my father at Masbro' as laboriously as any servant he had, and without wages, except an occasional shilling or two for pocket-money: weighing every morning all the unfinished castings as they were made, and afterwards in their finished state, besides opening and closing the shop in Rotherham when my brother happened to be ill or absent. Why, then, may I not call myself a working-man? But I am not aware that I ever did so call myself; certainly never as an excuse for my poetry, if bad; or if good, as a claim for wonder. There are only two lines in my writings which could enable the reader to guess at my condition in life. I wrote them to show that, whatever else I might be, I was not of the genus "Dunghill Spurner," for in this land of castes the dunghill-sprung with good coats on their backs are not yet generally anxious to claim relationship with hard-handed usefulness. But as a literary man I claim to be self-taught; not because none of my teachers ever read to me, or required me to read, a page of English grammar, but because I have of my own will read some of the best books in our language, original and translated, and the best only—laboriously forming my mind on the highest models. If unlettered women and even children write good poetry, I, who have studied and practised the art during more than forty years, ought to understand it, or I must be a dunce indeed.'

All this is a tissue of mistakes. Elliott was not a working-man because he served his father for pocket-money; he was not a poet because he studied the art for forty years; and he was not self-taught because he read voluntarily a few of the best books in the language. A working man, in

the true and noble sense of the word, lives by his wages, battling stoutly with the world, without being indebted to favour or affection; a poet pours forth his numbers, because the numbers come without being called; and a self-taught genius is one against whom the schools are shut, and books sealed, either by poverty or position, or some other material circumstance, but who nevertheless attains to the hidden treasures through industry, energy, and indomitable will. There was nothing peculiar in Elliott's position. He was not thrown into the battle of life without friends and backers. He was merely an indolent-minded boy, who neglected his opportunities at school, but made up manfully for his folly afterwards. We have all a germ of usefulness within us—we have all some business to do in the world; but till the spark is kindled, till the chord of our governing sympathy is struck, our minds are dark and silent. Some of us work with the head, some with the hand; some sing for the amusement of those who toil; some apply the lessons of the past; some prophesy of the future; some elevate the souls of their fellows above their daily employments, seeking to identify the spirit of man with the spirit of universal nature. These last be the poets; and of these was Ebenezer Elliott. But just as he overrates his doings he underrates his havings. 'My thoughts,' quoth he, 'are all exterior; my mind is the mind of my own eyes. A primrose is to me a primrose, and nothing more; I love it because it is nothing more. There is not in my writings one good idea that has not been suggested to me by some real occurrence, or by some object actually before my eyes, or by some remembered object or occurrence, or by the thoughts of other men, heard or read. If I possess any power at all allied to genius, it is that of making other men's thoughts suggest thoughts to me which, whether original or not, are to me new.' Why, this is just what all poets did and do. This is the work of genius in the world. Our very dreams are but pieces, travestied though they be, of our waking experience; and the loftiest creations of mind are built of materials supplied by the senses. Poetry reaches to the firmament, but her foot is upon the earth.

Another mistake of the Rhymer is of more consequence: it pervades his whole works, and goes at least a certain length in neutralising the good they are otherwise calculated to effect. 'When a labourer writes a poem,' says he, 'the fact is an incident in the history of poets—a class of persons proverbially unable to earn their bread; but if there is merit in the poem, why marvel at the slave-driver's wonder-cry? I never felt any respect for the patrons of inspired milkmaids and ploughmen, for milkmaids and ploughmen, if inspired, cannot long need patronage; but I know that, *unwilling to believe aught good of the poor, the rich, when a poor man's deed shames theirs, transform the individual into a marvel at the expense of his class; because, having wronged, they hate it.*' This is pithily expressed, as it is so likewise by Burns and a multitude of other poets and prose writers; but it is one of those originalities whose beginnings are lost in the shades of antiquity. That it had its foundation in truth there can be no doubt; and indeed it is at this day applicable as a truth to societies exhibiting the legal distinctions of hereditary freedom and slavery: but its point is not so easily seen with reference to the ever-undulating masses of a population like ours. In this country wealth and poverty are not prescriptive conditions. The poor man waxes rich, and the rich man poor; the heir of thousands of acres

sinks into destitution, and his estate becomes the property of the man of yesterday. Under such circumstances there may be antagonism of individuals, but there can be no rational antagonism of classes. The poor, smarting under the evils of poverty, may hate the rich to-day; but if the poor become rich to-morrow, are they to enter upon the inheritance of hatred along with the wealth their industry or good fortune has acquired? What is there in riches more than in poverty to make their possessor an object of detestation? Is not the presumption rather in favour, than otherwise, of the man of knowledge and refinement? Do we not, for instance, know it to be a fact established by statistics that crime diminishes in proportion to the diffusion of education? But this mischievous error, luckily, is all on one side. In the upper ranks of society people repel the charge of underrating their poorer brethren as they would that of some mean and base vulgarity; in the lower ranks they pique themselves on their rabid hostility to a class from which they are separated by mere social accidents, but by no legal or prescriptive disqualification. The cause of this difference is knowledge on the one side and ignorance on the other; and the difference will continue till the elevation of the lower level enables all to see that philosophical meaning which Burns himself missed in his own verses: 'The rank'—that is, the condition, external and adventitious, whether high or low—

'The rank is but the guinea stamp;
The MAN's the gowd for a' that !'

We have now come to the end of that portion of Elliott's life on which some light is thrown by his autobiography. 'The history of my manhood and its misfortunes,' says he ' (your famous people have a knack of being unfortunate, and of calling their faults misfortunes), remains to be written. It would not, I have said, even if honestly written, be more instructive than an honest history of almost any other man; but when I said so, I forgot that it would be, in part, a history of the terrific changes of fortune, the alternations of prosperity and suffering, caused by over-issues or by the sudden withdrawal of inconvertible paper-money, in those days "when none but knaves throve, and none but madmen laughed—when servants took their masters by the nose, and beggared masters slunk aside to die—when men fought with shadows, and were slain—while, in dreadful calm, the viewless storm increased, most fatal when least dreaded, and nearest when least expected." I am not yet prepared—not yet sufficiently petrified in heart and brain by time and trouble—to tell a tale, in telling which I must necessarily live over again months and years of living death.'

But even if the tale were told, we have no mind to repeat it; for the circumstances of commercial disaster are neither interesting nor conclusive in the cases of individuals, in each of which, if closely examined, there may exist some extraneous influence. All that is necessary to say of the fortune of the Corn-law Rhymer is very little. He made two trials of business in Sheffield, in one of which he failed. The second commenced in 1821, when he had reached the ripe age of forty; but even then the struggle must have been great, as he is said to have started with a borrowed capital of £150. He never allowed his intellectual pursuits to interfere with business. He was a close shopkeeper, and an

acute buyer and seller; and the trade of the place being then in a prosperous state, he succeeded as a matter of course. Mr Howitt describes his warehouse as a dingy place, full of bars of iron of all sizes, standing in heaps everywhere around, so that there was only just room for passage—and in the midst a large cast of Shakspeare. A small room opening from this, but crowded likewise with iron bars, was at once the study and the counting-house of the Corn-law Rhymer; and there the scene of dirt and confusion was presided over by plaster casts of Achilles, Ajax, and Napoleon. Mr Howitt did not visit this home and haunt of the poet till Elliott had retired from business and from Sheffield; but Mr Stanton, an American writer, was more fortunate.

‘I inquired,’ says he, ‘of a young man dressed in a frock besmeared with iron and coal for the head of the establishment. “My father,” said he, “is just gone: you’ll find him at his house yonder.” I repaired thither. The Corn-law Rhymer stood on the threshold in his stocking feet, holding a pair of coarse shoes in his hand. His frank “Walk in” assured me I was welcome. I had just left the residence of Montgomery. The transition could hardly have been greater—from James Montgomery to Ebenezer Elliott. The former was polished in his manners, exquisitely neat in his personal appearance, and his bland conversation never rose above a calm level, except once, when he spoke with an indignation which years had not abated of his repeated imprisonment in York Castle for the publication—first in verse, and then in prose—of liberal and humane sentiments, which offended the government. And now I was confronted with a burly ironmonger, rapid in speech, glowing with enthusiasm, putting and answering a dozen questions in a breath; eulogising American republicanism, and denouncing British aristocracy; throwing sarcasms at the Duke of Wellington, and anointing General Jackson with the oil of flattery; pouring out a flood of racy talk about church establishments, poetry, politics, the price of iron, and the price of corn; while ever and anon he thrust his damp feet in the embers, and hung his shoes on the grate to dry.’ This was indeed a strange study, not for a political rhymer, but for a true poet, a worshipper of nature, full of grace and sweetness, and with a heart (apart from the accursed politics) overflowing with the milk of human kindness. His associates all his life were rude unsophisticated men, and flowers, birds, woods, waters, winds, and sunshine. These could teach him none of the hypocrisies of society, and accordingly, in his look and conversation, you saw the man as he was. You saw a man of gentle manners, and an expression of tender and compassionate feeling; yet if roused by political discussion, every muscle of his countenance evinced the excitement; his cold blue eye fired with indignation, resembling, as a visitor said, a wintry sky flashing with lightning, and his dark bushy brows writhing above it like the thunder-cloud.

In Sheffield he grew and flourished exceedingly. He could sit in his chair and make his twenty pounds a day without even seeing the goods he dealt in, which were sold from the wharf as they arrived. In these prosperous days he built a handsome villa in the suburbs, at a place where he could mount the hills by a footpath at the back of his house, and see all Sheffield smoking or blazing at his feet, and then dive down by the opposite declivity into the valley of the Rivelin, made famous in his songs. Then came, as Mr

Howitt reports from his own lips, the operation of the corn-laws, and then the great panic and revulsion of 1837, which swept away a considerable portion of his little fortune. On this subject he himself writes to Mr Tait from Argill Hill near Barnsley:—

‘In 1837, when the commercial revulsion began, I ought to have retired from all business, as I then intended, being aware that without free trade no tradesman could be safe. But my unwillingness to lead an idle life (which, being interpreted, means my unwillingness to resign the profits of business) tempted me to wait for the crash—a crash unlike all other crashes in my experience. . . . I lost fully one-third of all my savings, and after enabling my six boys to quit the nest, got out of the fracas with about £6000, which I will try to keep. Had I built my house on my land at Foxley, three miles from Sheffield, as I proposed to do in 1836, I should now have been liable to be dragged into public meetings, subscriptions, &c. and deluged with the visits of casual strangers, as I was at Upperthorpe. Here, out of the way of great temptations, and visited only by persons who respect me (alas, by how few of them!), I can perhaps live within my reduced income.’

Here, then—we mean at the beginning of his commercial disasters—we have reached the origin of the corn-law rhymes. They are no amusement of a poet’s imagination, but stern and bitter realities. The flourishing days of Sheffield were gone by, and the reaction had come. Small dealers in bar-iron could no longer make £20 a day sitting on their chairs. The profits became smaller, and the competition more hungry and desperate. Credit received a daily shock from daily failures: suspicion, anger, and dismay were in every face, and envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness in every heart. The name Elliott gave to this complication of disorders was Bread-tax; and since a name was necessary, it was the best possible name that could be devised. To prevent an impoverished people from purchasing bread wherever they can obtain it cheapest, because a class of that people—dealers in bread themselves—suppose it would militate against their pecuniary interest, is Monopoly in its most unpopular phase. It is true the question was industriously mixed up with the complications of our highly-artificial system of society; but rough common sense, throwing aside the refinements of dialectics, went straight to the visible, tangible, practical point.

But Bread-tax, although a poetical subject in the abstract, is anything but that when it comes home to men’s business and bosoms in the form of hunger, and environed by the names of its abettors. It is then to poetry what politics is to political philosophy, and instead of the higher order of feelings supposed to be peculiar to the lofty rhyme, it leads to personal animosities and vulgar abuse. Elliott did not sing, but scream; he did not lament, but blaspheme: his verses were curses showered right and left with indiscriminate frenzy. No matter: they stirred the heart of the multitude, and roused the curiosity of the refined; and at length it was all on a sudden discovered that this Corn-law Rhymer—an unknown but voluminous author before then—was a true poet! The Corn-law Rhymer is the name by which he is known, just as Bread-tax is the name he gave to the complicated rottenness in our state of Denmark; but if he had written nothing

else than corn-law rhymes, the world would not come to his grave, as it does now, to question with eager sympathy, 'What manner of man was this?' Even in the Corn-law Rhymes, however, coarse and vulgar as many of them are, there is a touch of true poetic fire. We extract three specimens, all original, and all powerful—although the last we give merely as a grotesque curiosity:—

SONG.

Child, is thy father dead ?
 Father is gone!
 Why did they tax his bread ?
 God's will be done !
 Mother has sold her bed ;
 Better to die than wed !
 Where shall she lay her head ?
 Home we have none !

Father clamm'd * thrice a week—
 God's will be done !
 Long for work did he seek,
 Work he found none.
 Tears on his hollow cheek
 Told what no tongue could speak:
 Why did his master break ?
 God's will be done !

Doctor said air was best—
 Food we had none;
 Father, with panting breast,
 Groaned to be gone :
 Now he is with the blest—
 Mother says death is best!
 We have no place of rest—
 Yes, ye have one!

CAGED RATS.

Ye coop us up, and tax our bread,
 And wonder why we pine;
 But ye are fat, and round, and red,
 And filled with tax-bought wine.
 Thus twelve rats starve while three rats thrive,
 (Like you on mine and me,)
 When fifteen rats are caged alive,
 With food for nine and three.

Haste! Havoc's torch begins to glow—
 The ending is begun;
 Make haste! Destruction thinks ye slow;
 Make haste to be undone!
 Why are ye called 'my Lord,' and 'Squire,'
 While fed by mine and me,
 And wringing food, and clothes, and fire,
 From bread-taxed misery?

* Hungered.

CHAMBERS'S PAPERS FOR THE PEOPLE.

Make haste, slow rogues! *prohibit* trade,
 Prohibit honest gain;
Turn all the good that God hath made
 To fear, and hate, and pain;
Till beggars all, assassins all,
 All cannibals we be,
And death shall have no funeral
 From shipless sea to sea.

ARTHUR BREAD-TAX-WINNER.

Who is praised by dolt and sinner?
 Who serves masters more than one?
Blucherloo, the bread-tax-winner;
 Bread-tax-winning Famineton.

Blucherloo, the bread-tax-winner!
 Whom enriched thy battles won?
Whom does Dirt-grub ask to dinner?—
 Bread-tax-winning Famineton.

Whom feeds Arthur Bread-tax-winner?—
 All our rivals, sire and son,
Foreign cutler, foreign spinner,
 Bless their patron, Famineton.

Prussia fattens—we get thinner!
 Bread-tax barterers all for none:
Bravo! Arthur Bread-tax-winner!
 Shallow half-brained Famineton!

Empty thinks the devil's in her:
 Take will grin, when *Make* is gone!
Bread-tax teaches saint and sinner,
 Grinning flint-faced Famineton!

The writer of these strange and original rhymes was an author of twenty years' standing before he emerged from obscurity; and when at length he did so, it appeared to have been by the accident of his volumes falling into the hands of one or two persons who had the means of giving their opinions publicity. In 1832 he was noticed by Southey in the 'Quarterly Review,' by Carlyle in the 'Edinburgh Review,' by Bulwer in the 'New Monthly Magazine,' and by Miss Jewsbury in the 'Athenæum;' but yet, *six* years afterwards, he writes to Mr Tait, 'the poor, you are aware, can neither buy nor understand my writings; and the rich, for whose salvation they were written, despise both them and me.' He was even then, however, on the flowing tide; and in 1840 a cheap collection of his works appeared, the success of which stamped him at once as a popular poet.

When the merit of the more serious poems is considered, there seems to be something remarkable in their history; but there can be no doubt that the social position of the individual influences, at least for some considerable space, the fate of his writings. If Elliott had been really a working-man, his literary fortune would have been made long before: but he was simply an ironmonger in a small but respectable business, carried on in a provincial town; and thus an idea of *vulgarity* was associated with his writings.

This is a terrible thing in a superfine society like ours. It takes genius of a very high order to overcome it in any reasonable time: unless, indeed, there is something grotesque and uncommon about the man himself, or his language and style. Let a respectable ironmonger, however, write with the pen of an angel, and if he has the misfortune to acquit himself in the performance like an educated person, and to have in society the reputation of an amiable man and a good husband and father, he will find it desperately uphill work. For our own part, we are not sure that those enviable rogues the ploughmen and blacksmiths have so much to boast of in their non-education. Southey makes the pregnant remark, that 'the greater number of those who are called uneducated poets in the present age have actually received more education in their favourite art than those upon whom the utmost pains of regular culture were bestowed fifty years ago.' By this he means that they have almost unlimited access to the best books, which could by no means be said of any former generation. It was not the grammar, or even its *key*, which made Elliott an author, but Shakspeare, Shelly, Byron: he was better educated than Shakspeare, because he had Shakspeare to read at will.

But we have still to complete our picture of the man before coming to the poet, and the following delightful letter to Mr Tait will assist us greatly:—

'I chose this place (as poets choose) for its beauty, which, as is usual in affairs of the heart, is invisible to all but the enamoured. Rising very early one morning, I took a beautiful walk of eighteen miles, through parks, wild lanes, and footpaths, reached the place, liked it, and returning the same day, resolved to buy it. Supposing the cottage which stood upon it, and which now forms a part of my house, to be worth £60, I gave £180 for the land, say £18 per acre. It was a wild land, having been a wood and fox cover; called on the maps Argilt Hill or Wood. I have laid out upon it (land and all) about a thousand guineas. If I am reasonable in expecting it to bring in £30 per annum clear, I shall not stand at more than twenty guineas rent; which cannot be said by every sage who perpetrates domestic architecture for his own particular inconvenience; and I have the poetical advantage of living in a house wretchedly planned by the bard. The advantages of the situation are—pure air and water, good roads without toll-bars, and the best and cheapest coal. It is true I cannot see the periodicals, read new books, buy a pork-chop or a fish by crossing the road, or get to a railway station without walking or riding three miles, or thence to Sheffield in less than three-quarters of an hour; but I have reason to believe that there will soon be a station within a mile and a-half of me, from which I shall be able in eight minutes to reach Barnsley, a town of fifteen thousand inhabitants. I claim the merit of having no bad neighbours; and, on the whole, it is just possible that I have not been quite so unwise in coming hither as I sometimes imagine.

'My family here consists of Mrs Elliott, my two daughters—or rather one daughter, for they keep house for one of my sons in Sheffield, month by month, in turn—a servant-maid, and a man who works for me occasionally: rid the corn-laws, and I shall not be without dim visions of a flunky. My establishment is illustrious for a St Bernard dog, and a Welsh pony, the

observed of all observers, which, in its green old age of twenty years, draws a small gig, both untaxed. I also run my only Sheffield carriage, the wheelbarrow, besides a pony cart; and I have set up a grindstone. Conceive of me, then, possessed of a mare, gig, and harness, which, with repairs, cost altogether £8, 10s.; a dog almost as big as the mare, and much wiser than his master; a pony cart; a wheelbarrow; and a grindstone—and turn up your nose if you like!

‘My eldest son Ebenezer, whom you saw at Sheffield, is a clergyman of the establishment, being at Lothedale, near Skipton, on a salary of about £140 per annum, and a house, better far than mine, rent free. He has married a lady of great merit, who has a fortune of a hundred a year, made safe to herself, and which is in Chancery. Perhaps a more simple-mannered, unassuming man never lived. He is no poet, and yet there is a touch of the poetic in all he does or suffers. If he opens his snuff-box to a stranger, he spills the snuff of course; and he gets on best when he stumbles. His mother thinks he has some resemblance to me.

‘My son Benjamin, unwarned by his father’s losses, is carrying on a steel trade at Sheffield in my old premises, where (as he thinks, poor fellow! for he is a greater hopper) he has some prospect; in any other country he would already have made an independency. He endures privations such as no man of his pretensions ought to endure anywhere, and such as no man will here endure if free trade be obtained before all is lost. He is a fine young man, upwards of six feet high, of superior abilities, and the highest moral worth—but, alas! not unindebted to his grandmother!

‘My sons Henry and Francis (as I wish them to do) are living as bachelors on the interest of money earned and saved by themselves, and increased by gifts from me. Henry is tall, handsome, and mechanical; he ought to have been apprenticed to engineering. Francis is tall and good-looking, but he has the misfortune to be a born poet; for my mother has transmitted to him through me her nervous constitution and body-consuming sensibilities. Is poetic genius, then, a disease? My seventh son Edwin is a clergyman of the established church, for which he may be almost said to have educated himself, and into which he has won his way by his own efforts. Less assisted by me than any of my other sons, he is now a rector in the West Indies, where he has, I am told, a better income than I have been able to secure after all my toils. He is a Lytton-Bulwer-looking person, not unlike a well-grown young clergy-justice, with forehead enough for three. At school he was remarkable for laughing hostility into kindness—a favourite wherever he went. We always called him the gentleman of the family. Having observed, when quite a youth, that fine folks ride, he broke upon his thrift-box, and with the contents (after drawing tears and kisses from his mother) bought an ass of a Tory’s son (all his associates were Tories), who sold it because it was starving. Edwin knew that he had nothing for it to eat; but the ass, accustomed to hope in despair, had expectations. It commenced business at my place in Burgus Street, by thrusting its lean neck through the kitchen window and eating a pound of butter. The servant lass, suspecting it to be a thief, kicked it into the street. From the street it got into the fields, and thence into the pin-fold. To prevent the lad’s heart from breaking, I paid 7s. 4d. for trespass, and released the famished creature. What then was to be done?

Mark the difference between the Tories and the toried! At last, after vast efforts in stockfeeding, I made a present of it to a small manufacturing freeholder who always voted blue. He fattened it by night in his neighbour's field, and then sold it to him for two guineas.

'My poor son John, the weakling—kind-hearted, intelligent, five feet four inches high, and almost blind—is druggisting at Sheffield in a sort of chimney called a shop, for which he pays £40 a year. He is engaged, almost without a moment's pause, from seven in the morning until ten at night in dealing out halfpennyworths of drugs; yet I, who have been accustomed to sell goods by tons, think that he is as likely to thrive as most of his neighbours, and believe that there are thousands of persons in Sheffield who would gladly change places with him. But what can our institution be worth, if it should turn out at last that my sons Henry and Francis living poorly on the interest of their earnings, are wiser in their generation than the trade-troubled? The worst I wish the Dukes of Richmond and Buckingham is, that they may be forced in my time to earn their living as my sons Benjamin and John earn theirs. Old as I am, I would engage to hop a mile without changing leg, or die rather than not, to see them at it; for their unholy legislation, I impute it, that of my six sons, the only two who could afford to marry may be said to be maintained by the labour of others.

'Of my thirteen children, five are gone—William, Thomas, Charles, and the two unchristened ones. They left behind them no memorial, and the inscription has departed from the grave of Charles. But they are safe in the bosom of Mercy, and not yet quite forgotten even here.'

When Mr Elliott became well known, he lectured occasionally on poetry and other subjects. The following is his frank estimate of his own powers as a lecturer:—'You ask if I am eloquent? Yes, when I have got the steam up. But I cannot manage details well, and consequently am not fit to lecture on the corn-laws. I have more thoughts than words; but I can condense long arguments into short phrases, and give, like a blow from a whip of fire, the result of thinking without the cold process.'

The first notice of serious illness we find in his letters is dated May 1838. 'I have been lately troubled,' says he, 'with a disease which the doctors tell me is not dangerous, although it may become so, unless I remove some of the causes of it. It is a spasmodic affection of the nerves, caused or exasperated by over-excitement of any kind, and particularly public speaking. Even lecturing, I am told, is injurious. I must then lecture no more.

'21st December 1839.—I am warned that I cannot speak at public meetings without great danger of sudden death. You are not aware, perhaps, that I have been for two years or more liable, after excitement of any kind, to dreadful breathlessness—a sensation of being hanged without a rope—resulting, I suppose, from a change at *head-quarters*. I have been better, however, since the great Chartist meeting here, when the hustings fell. Something gave way in my left side, or rather towards it, as if two fingers had been thrust down it inside.

'Great Houghton, near Barnsley.—If you print this article, I will accept

nothing for it. It is quite unworthy of the subject, and yet I have done my best. My mind is gone.'

This continued to torment him at intervals for six years, when a more serious complaint took its place.

'*Argill Hill, near Barnsley, 9th May 1849.*—Four years ago I had got rid of the breathlessness which often frightened me at Sheffield, and I thought I never was stronger; but I have since been two and a-half years ill of a bowel complaint, suffering intense pain by day and night, except when dozed with laudanum. About a month ago the disease was discovered to be that of which Talma died—stricture of the great gut, threatening enclosure. For some days I have been rather better; and if I recover, I shall certainly bestow my tediousness upon you in a Highland tour. *19th September.*—I have been for some months *very, very* ill. Here these letters stop suddenly; and in little more than two months—that is, on the 1st December 1849—the struggles of their writer, first with ignorance, then with fortune, then with bread-tax, then with disease—touched and elevated throughout by gleams of poetry, and of pure, gentle, and beautiful feeling—terminated in death. This event took place on the 1st December 1849, at his own villa, Argill Hill, near Barnsley.

We have already given some specimens of the lyrical bitterness of Elliott, which a quarterly critic supposes to embody the vehemence of Churchill and the wit and point of Béranger. But this bitterness is only one element of his genius. The same writer who stings and curses all who differ from him in political sentiment, and who pursues them in fancy with a vengeance that extends to the other world, devotes his energies with equal earnestness to the task of refining and elevating the character of the poor and ignorant! This will appear a strange inconsistency if we do not bear constantly in mind that to his ardent imagination bread-tax was not simply a duty on the importation of corn, but social evil in the abstract. It was ignorance, tyranny, sloth, drunkenness, baseness of every kind; and its abettors trode with iron heel upon the very heart of industry, knowledge, and worth. Thus, when a visitor ventured to remark to him in his old age, that notwithstanding the faults of the landlords as a class, there were amiable individuals among them, the latent fire of the Corn-Law Rhymer blazed up, and starting from his chair, he paced the room in agitation, exclaiming, 'Amiable men!—amiable robbers, thieves, and murderers! Sir, I do not like to hear robbers, thieves, and murderers called amiable men. Amiable men indeed! Who are they that have ruined trade, made bread dear, made murder wholesale, put poverty into prison, and made crimes of ignorance and misery! Sir, I do not like to hear such terms used for such men!' The gentler and nobler element, then, of his genius which we have mentioned is not an inconsistency. It is a holy compassion for the oppressed, a yearning after the welfare of the poor, an earnest longing to raise up those who have been cast down.

In the following singular piece we have a key to many of the Rhymer's rhymes. It is the complaint of a heart breaking for want of human sympathy, and taking hold, in the yearnings of its tender nature, upon household pets where there are no home companions:—

POOR ANDREW !

The loving poor !—So envy calls
 The ever-toiling poor;
 But oh ! I choke, my heart grows faint,
 When I approach my door !
 Behind it there are living things,
 Whose silent frontlets say
 They'd rather see me out than in—
 Feet-foremost borne away !
 My heart grows sick when home I come—
 May God the thought forgive !
 If 'twere not for my cat and dog,
 I think I could not live.

My cat and dog, when I come home,
 Run out to welcome me—
 She mewling, with her tail on end,
 While wagging his comes he.
 They listen for my homeward steps,
 My smothered sob they hear,
 When down my heart sinks, deathly down,
 Because my home is near.
 My heart grows faint when home I come—
 May God the thought forgive !
 If 'twere not for my dog and cat,
 I think I could not live.

I'd rather be a happy bird,
 Than, scorned and loathed, a king;
 But man should live while for him lives
 The meanest loving thing.
 Thou busy bee ! how canst thou choose
 So far and wide to roam ?
 Oh blessed bee ! thy glad wings say
 Thou hast a happy home !
 But I, when I come home—oh God !
 Wilt thou the thought forgive ?
 If 'twere not for my dog and cat,
 I think I could not live.

Why come they not ? They do not come
 My breaking heart to meet !
 A heavier darkness on me falls—
 I cannot lift my feet.
 Oh yes, they come !—they never fail
 To listen for my sighs;
 My poor heart brightens when it meets
 The sunshine of their eyes.
 Again they come to meet me—God !
 Wilt thou the thought forgive ?
 If 'twere not for my dog and cat,
 I think I could not live.

This heart is like a churchyard stone ;
 My home is comfort's grave;
 My playful cat and honest dog
 Are all the friends I have;

CHAMBERS'S PAPERS FOR THE PEOPLE.

And yet my house is filled with friends—
But foes they seem, and are.
What makes them hostile? IGNORANCE;
Then let me not despair.
But oh! I sigh when home I come—
May God the thought forgive!
If 'twere not for my dog and cat,
I think I could not live.

In the following piece we see the hostility of ignorance overcome: the cat and dog are replaced by human beings; and the home of taste is the home of happiness:—

THE HOME OF TASTE.

You seek the home of taste, and find
The proud mechanic there,
Rich as a king, and less a slave,
Throned in his elbow-chair!
Or on his sofa reading Locke,
Beside his open door!
Why start?—why envy worth like his
The carpet on his floor?

You seek the home of sluttery—
'Is John at home?' you say.
'No, sir; he's at the "Sportsman's Arms;"
The dog fight 's o'er the way.'
Oh lift the workman's heart and mind
Above low sensual sin!
Give him a home! the home of taste!
Outbid the house of gin!

Oh give him taste! it is the link
Which binds us to the skies—
A bridge of rainbows thrown across
The gulf of tears and sighs;
Or like a widower's little one—
An angel in a child—
That leads him to her mother's chair,
And shows him how she smiled.

Another of these pictures, exquisite in their simplicity, may be supposed to be drawn for the same home of taste, although in reality we have culled them all from different portions of the miscellaneous poems:—

SATURDAY.

To-morrow will be Sunday, Ann—
Get up, my child, with me;
Thy father rose at four o'clock
To toil for me and thee.

The fine folks use the plate he makes,
And praise it when they dine;
For John has taste—so we'll be neat,
Although we can't be fine.

Then let us shake the carpet well,
And wash and scour the floor,
And hang the weather-glass he made
Beside the cupboard-door.

And polish thou the grate, my love;
I'll mend the sofa arm;
The autumn winds blow damp and chill;
And John loves to be warm.

And bring the new white curtain out,
And string the pink tape on—
Mechanics should be neat and clean:
And I'll take heed for John.

And brush the little table, child,
And fetch the ancient books—
John loves to read; and when he reads,
How like a king he looks!

And fill the music-glasses up
With water fresh and clear;
To-morrow, when he sings and plays,
The *street* will stop to hear.

And throw the dead flowers from the vase,
And rub it till it glows;
For in the leafless garden yet
He'll find a winter rose.

And lichen from the wood he'll bring,
And mosses from the dell;
And from the sheltered stubble-field
The scarlet pimpernell.

All this preparation is made for the father of the family, the poor mechanic who has got to the end of his week of toil, and is coming home—*home!*—not only to look like a king, but to be a king for two nights and a day. Do we say the *poor* mechanic? Why, there is no king in Europe so rich! He has earned his 'otium cum dignitate;' it is his *right*, not inherited from dead men, but the achievement of his own power and will; and for the bows, and grimaces, and lip service of hollow courtiers, he is surrounded by loving looks, and sympathising hearts, and willing hands. But let us see this poor mechanic in his summer-house in the garden, where he receives visitors on state occasions:—

THE SUMMER-HOUSE.

Go, Mary, to the summer-house,
And sweep the wooden floor,
And light the little fire, and wash
The pretty varnished door;
For there the London gentleman,
Who lately lectured here,
Will smoke a pipe with Jonathan,
And taste our home-brewed beer.

Go, bind the dahlias, that our guest
 May praise their fading dyes ;
 But strip of every withered bloom
 The flower that won the prize !
 And take thy father's knife, and prune
 The roses that remain ;
 And let the fallen hollyhock
 Peep through the broken pane.

And sponge his view of Blacklowscar,
 Till bright on moor and town,
 The painted sun and stormy crest,
 O'er leagues of cloud look down.
 He rose at three, to work till four—
 The evenings still are long—
 And still for every lingering flower
 The redbreast hath a song.

I'll follow in an hour or two ;
 Be sure I will not fail
 To bring his flute and spying-glass,
 The pipes and bottled ale ;
 And that grand music which he made
 About the child in bless,
 Our guest shall hear it sung and played,
 And feel how grand it is !

But John, or Jonathan, or Tom, or Harry, whatever his name may be, is not alone in such sovereignty. There are plenty of true kings in the ranks of labour, and, alas ! plenty of slaves. The difference lies in taste and knowledge, and as these increase, the very meanest mounts, and mounts, till he ascends the social throne. On the occasion of a holiday, all are apparently equal, for all are exposed to the same influences ; but even the enjoyment here is proportioned to the condition of the mind that tastes it. A holiday, however, that gives the children of labour, not to the public house, but to the hills and fields, is a blessed thing. It is to many of them the beginning of good ; and the light of the sky, the freshness of the air, the song of the birds, the fragrance of the flowers, enter into and reanimate their withered hearts. What would Elliott have been without the ministering of these angels of nature ? A mere brawling demagogue—a fierce, factious, bloodthirsty malignant ! Well may *he* sing of the holiday which gives the mechanic to the influences of heaven !—

HOLIDAY.

Oh blessed ! when some holiday
 Brings townsmen to the moor,
 And in the sunbeams brighten up
 The sad looks of the poor.
 The bee puts on his richest gold,
 As if that worker knew—
 How hardly (and for little) they
 Their sunless task pursue.
 But from their souls the sense of wrong
 On dove-like pinion flies ;
 And, throned o'er all, forgiveness sees
 His image in their eyes.

Soon tired, the street-born lad lies down
 On marjoram and thyme,
 And through his grated fingers sees
 The falcon's flight sublime;
 Then his pale eyes, so bluely dull,
 Grow darkly blue with light,
 And his lips redden like the bloom
 O'er miles of mountains bright.
 The little lovely maiden-hair
 Turns up its happy face,
 And saith unto the poor man's heart,
 'Thou'rt welcome to this place.'
 The infant river leapeth free
 Amid the bracken tall,
 And cries, 'FOR EVER there is ONE
 Who reigneth over all;
 And unto Him, as unto me,
 Thou'rt welcome to partake
 His gift of light, His gift of air,
 O'er mountain, glen, and lake.
 Our father loves us, want-worn man!
 And know thou this from me,
 The pride that makes thy pain his couch,
 May wake to envy thee.
 Hard, hard to bear are want and toil,
 As thy worn features tell;
 But Wealth is armed with fortitude,
 And bears thy sufferings well.'

But leisure is born of work : no man knew that better than Ebenezer.
 Not a walk did he indulge by the banks of the Rivelin, but was bought
 by a commensurate number of hours of steady application in the murky
 den of iron we have described ; and from the staple of his trade he has
 drawn a poetical image that suggests an important practical lesson :—

RUB OR RUST.

Idler, why lie down to die?
 Better rub than rust.
 Hark ! the lark sings in the sky—
 'Die when die thou must !
 Day is waking, leaves are shaking,
 Better rub than rust.'

In the grave there's sleep enough—
 'Better rub than rust :
 Death perhaps is hunger-proof,
 Die when die thou must ;
 Men are mowing, breezes blowing,
 Better rub than rust.'

He who will not work, shall want ;
 Nought for nought is just—
 Wont do, *must* do, when he *can't* ;
 'Better rub than rust.
 Bees are flying, sloth is dying,
 Better rub than rust.'

We now present a morçeau of another and a more poetical kind, but still of a cognate nature with the foregoing, and we shall then turn to a new element of the genius of the Corn-Law Rhymers:—

A GHOST AT NOON.

The day was dark, save when the beam
Of noon through darkness broke;
In gloom I sat, as in a dream,
Beneath my orchard oak;
Lo! splendour, like a spirit, came,
A shadow like a tree!
While there I sat, and named her name,
Who once sat there with me.

I started from the seat in fear;
I looked around in awe;
But saw no beauteous spirit near,
Though all that was I saw;
The seat, the tree, where oft in tears
She mourned her hopes o'erthrown,
Her joys cut off in early years,
Like gathered flowers half-blown.

Again the bud and breeze were met,
But Mary did not come;
And e'en the rose which she had set
Was fated ne'er to bloom!
The thrush proclaimed in accents sweet
That winter's rain was o'er;
The bluebells thronged around my feet;
But Mary came no more.

I think, I feel—but when will she
Awake to thought again?
A voice of comfort answers me
That God does nought in vain:
He wastes nor flower, nor bud, nor leaf,
Nor wind, nor cloud, nor wave;
And will he waste the hope which grief
Hath planted in the grave?

We come now, as we have said, to a new element, although one at least hinted at in the 'Holiday.' But let not the sequence and coherency of the whole be lost sight of, or you break up the genius of our friend Ebenezer into small inconsequential bits, incapable of great results. The political rhymers—the poet of taste and of the affections—and the worshipper and prophet of nature—these three are one. The three great qualities, the three great capacities, are molten into a single great quality, a single great capacity, each one, when largely considered, acting upon the others, infusing power into mere will, and giving energy to mere beauty, and grace to mere strength. Many there be in these last days (and some who assume higher rank than Elliott) who raise their voices in wrath or lamentation, and fancy they have done their errand when they have shown that there are things over which we ought to rave or grieve. But the heart of the brave Rhymers, though bitter as gall, was true and tough as

the steel he bought and sold. His teaching is of self-reliance, self-emanipation. His philosophy declares that there is an inborn leaven in the human mind fit to elevate and expand—to dignify and crown it, as it were—beyond the control of mere material circumstances; and his poetry—of the kind we are now to consider—opens out to us a rich and gorgeous world, where the lord and the mechanic meet on terms of as perfect equality as they will do in the world beyond the grave. The kingdom of nature is a misnomer: nature is a republic. The sunshine, the sky, the stars, the clouds, the winds, the murmur of waters, the perfume of flowers—the innumerable sights and sounds in which God reveals himself to the human soul—all these are the inheritance of the very meanest among us. And they are an inheritance which consoles us for the want of every other, for it restores us to a sense of our own dignity, cast down by the buffetings and contumelies of the world. A mechanic in the crowded town plays his part as a drudge—proudly, it may be independently, as conscious of merely giving one thing in exchange for another: but still as a drudge. In communion with nature, his position changes. He is there the co-heir of his employer, and there he feels instinctively as a substantive fact that which philosophy has striven, with many words and in many tomes, to demonstrate—the natural equality of mankind. He who assists the working-classes to take possession of this inheritance—for it is not bestowed, but merely offered—is the benefactor of his species; and on this point Ebenezer Elliott is supremely worthy of our love and admiration. We have seen him teaching the mechanic that it is in his power, by the mere cultivation of *taste*, to elevate his position, and become an object of love and respect to all around him; and we shall now see developed in himself the highest of all tastes—the perception of the beautiful in the things of nature—and observe how it elevates and glorifies the being of the man to be able to discern and hold communion with the living soul of the universe.

The longer poems, in which alone this faculty is observable to any remarkable extent, are those on which his fame as a poet will depend. The finest of these, to our thinking, is the ‘Village Patriarch,’ and the ‘Ranter’ next. The ‘Splendid Village’ is a satire, but it has likewise its beauties; and the drama of ‘Bothwell and Kirhonah’ has some fine pictures and some energetic feeling. But from ‘Spirits and Men,’ a piece, as a whole, of comparatively inferior merit, we extract the following, as it will exhibit our Rhymers in a new light as a poet, and at the same time recall to the reader the associations of those earlier years we have so rapidly run through:—

‘Flowers, ye remind me of rock, vale, and wood,
Haunts of my early days, and still loved well:
Bloom not your sisters fair in Locksley’s dell?
And where the sun, o’er purple moorlands wide,
Gilds Wharcliffe’s oaks, while Don is dark below?
And where the blackbird sings on Rother’s side?
And where Time spares the age of Conisbro’?
Sweet flowers, remembered well! your hues, your breath,
Call up the dead to combat still with death:
The spirits of my buried years arise!
Again a child, where childhood roved I run;
While groups of speedwell, with their bright blue eyes,
Like happy children, cluster in the sun.

Still the wan primrose hath a golden core;
 The millfoil, thousand-leaved, as heretofore,
 Displays a little world of flow'rets gray;
 And tiny maids might hither come to cull
 The wo-marked cowslip of the dewy May;
 And still the fragrant thorn is beautiful.
 I do not dream! Is it, indeed, a rose
 That yonder in the deepening sunset glows?
 Methinks the orchis of the fountained wold
 Hath, in its well-known beauty, something new.
 Do I not know thy lofty disk of gold,
 Thou, that still woo'st the sun, with passion true?
 No, splendid stranger! haply, I have seen
 One not unlike thee, but with humbler mien,
 Watching her lord. Oh lily, fair as aught
 Beneath the sky! thy pallid petals glow
 In evening's blush; but evening borrows nought
 Of thee, thou rival of the stainless snow—
 For thou art scentless. Lo! this fingered flower,
 That round the cottage window weaves a bower,
 Is not the woodbine; but that lowlier one,
 With thick green leaves, and spike of dusky fire,
 Enamoured of the thatch it grows upon,
 Might be the house-leek of rude Hallamshire,
 And would awake, beyond divorcing seas,
 Thoughts of green England's peaceful cottages.
 Yes, and this blue-eyed child of earth, that bends
 Its head on leaves with liquid diamonds set,
 A heavenly fragrance in its sighing sends;
 And though 'tis not our downcast violet,
 Yet might it, haply, to the zephyr tell
 That 'tis beloved by village maids as well.'

This 'burly ironmonger' had a passion for flowers—of all passions the most elegant and innocent. They glow in every page of his works, and perfume the very book. His picture of a mechanic's garden is delightful in its homely simplicity; but when the poor blind patriarch of the village comes to the spot where his early loves used to bloom, and bends fondly over them, and bids them

'Speak to a poor blind man. And thou *canst* speak
 To the lone blind. Still, still thy tones can reach
 His listening heart, and soothe, or bid it break?'—

we—that is, if we be in good moral health and true manliness of nature—are startled into tears.

This Village Patriarch is not a narrative poem; it is rather a kind of Childe Harold—with a difference. The village is not the 'lone mother of dead empires,' but of dead friends, lost loves, withered feelings, forgotten customs, and neglected graves. Hear how the music swells from that group of women engaged in unwomanly toil:—

'Hark! music still is here! How wildly sweet,
 Like flute-notes in a storm, the psalm ascends
 From yonder pile, in traffic's dirtiest street!
 There hapless woman at her labour bends,
 While with the rattling fly her shrill voice blends;

And ever, as she cuts the headless nail,
 She sings—"I waited long, and sought the Lord,
 And patiently did bear." A deeper wail
 Of sister voices joins, in sad accord—
 "He set my feet upon his rock adored!"
 And then, perchance—"Oh God, on man look down!"

We are glad to break away from these melancholy voices; and lo, what is before us!—

'Five rivers, like the fingers of a hand,
 Flung from black mountains, mingle, and are one
 Where sweetest valleys quit the wild and grand,
 And eldest forests, o'er the sylvan Don,
 Bid their immortal brother journey on,
 A stately pilgrim, watched by all the hills.
 Say, shall we wander where, through warriors' graves,
 The infant Yewden, mountain-cradled, trills
 Her Doric notes? Or where the Locksley raves
 Of broil and battle, and the rocks and caves
 Dream yet of ancient days? Or where the sky
 Darkens o'er Rivelin, the clear and cold,
 That throws his blue length, like a snake, from high?
 Or where deep azure brightens into gold,
 O'er Sheaf, that mourns in Eden? Or where rolled
 On tawny sands, through regions passion-wild,
 And groves of love, in jealous beauty dark,
 Complains the Porter, Nature's thwarted child,
 Born in the waste, like headlong Wiming? Hark!
 The poised hawk calls thee, Village Patriarch!
 He calls thee to his mountains! Up, away!
 Up, up to Stanedge! higher still ascend,
 Till kindred rivers, from the summit gray,
 To distant seas their course in beauty bend,
 And, like the lives of human millions, blend,
 Disparted waves in one immensity!'

But this fine poem, ennobling in its very sadness, does not want for a certain stern humour as well as personal interest. The rude grinder, for instance, is one of the most poetical of vagabonds; and the hasty, dashing, careless way in which the author alludes to his blackguard life, and the *certainty* of his untimely doom, if not the result of pure accident and long familiarity with the subject, is one of the finest things in literature:—

'Where toils the mill, by ancient woods embraced,
 Hark how the cold steel screams in hissing fire!
 But Enoch sees the grinder's wheel no more,
 Couched beneath rocks and forests, that admire
 Their beauty in the waters, ere they roar,
 Dashed in white foam, the swift circumference o'er.
 There draws the grinder his laborious breath;
 There, coughing, at his deadly trade he bends.
 Born to die young, he fears nor man nor death;
 Scorning the future, what he earns he spends;
 Debauch and riot are his bosom friends.
 He plays the Tory, sultan-like and well:
 Wo to the traitor that dares disobey
 The Dey of Straps! as rattan'd tools shall tell.
 Full many a lordly freak by night, by day,
 Illustrates gloriously his lawless sway.

Behold his failings ! hath he virtues too !
 He is no pauper, blackguard though he be.
 Full well he knows what minds combined can do—
 Full well maintains his birthright—he is free !
 And, frown for frown, outstares monopoly !
 Yet Abraham and Elliot, both in vain,
 Bid science on his cheek prolong the bloom ;
 He *will* not live ! he seems in haste to gain
 The undisturbed asylum of the tomb,
 And, old at two-and-thirty, meets his doom !'

A grinder sits on a block of wood, which he calls his grinding-horse, and his grindstone is before him, turned on an axle by steam or water. To this he applies the article to be ground, and a spray of fire rises at every touch. But the fire is not the worst. The grindstone itself wears away in foam-like surges that fill the lungs, and in a certain number of years, calculated by statistics to a nicety, kill the principle of life. A dry-grinder does not reach thirty-five, but a wet-grinder may defy death for nearly ten years more. Of the former is the grinder of table-forks—of the latter the grinder of table-knives. See what a trifle involves ten years of a man's life ! We do not think, while sitting at table, that the knives and forks before us are guilty of more human blood than swords and spears ! Why should we ? The men themselves—and they number between two and three thousand in Sheffield—*like* their fate rather than otherwise. This is a fact proved by the Report of Government Commissioners, and alluded to in the poem ; for the Abraham and Elliot named there were the inventors of a preservative which the grinders will not use, although it is nothing more than a flue introduced into the wheel to carry off the dust. The men insist on their trade retaining its fatal noxiousness, because, if this were removed, there would be a greater competition of hands, their high wages would come down, and their deep drinking be cut short. Did Ebenezer include *this* in his Bread-Tax ? Did he not feel that there are deeper depravities, more sickening horrors, in the very midst of us than can be amended by any political or fiscal reforms ? Yes ; the poet felt what escaped the rhymers ; and he sought for the class of mechanics that moral emancipation without which no other can be of any avail.

But in the meantime the Patriarch waits. We must allow the blind old man to depart in peace ; and here is an ending to his life and to the poem, to which an equal will not readily be found even among the finest masterpieces of genius :—

' And when the woodbine's clustered trumpet blows ;
 And when the pink's melodious hues shall speak,
 In unison of sweetness with the rose,
 Joining the song of every bird that knows
 How sweet it is of wedded love to sing ;
 And when the fells, fresh-bathed in azure air,
 Wide as the summer day's all golden wing,
 Shall blush to Heaven, that nature is so fair,
 And man condemned to labour, in despair ;
 Then the gay gnat, that sports its little hour ;
 The falcon, wheeling from the ancient wood ;
 The redbreast, fluttering o'er its fragrant bower ;
 The yellow-bellied lizard of the flood ;
 And dewy morn, and evening—in her hood

Of crimson, fringed with lucid shadows grand—
 Shall miss the Patriarch; at his cottage door
 The bee shall seek to settle on his hand,
 But from the vacant bench haste to the moor,
 Mourning the last of England's high-souled poor,
 And bid the mountains weep for Enoch Wray!
 And for themselves!—albeit of things that last
 Unaltered most; for they shall pass away
 Like Enoch, though their iron roots seem fast
 Bound to the eternal future, as the past;
 The Patriarch died! and they shall be no more.
 Yes, and the sailless worlds, which navigate
 The unutterable deep, that hath no shore,
 Will lose their starry splendour soon or late!
 Like tapers, quenched by Him whose will is fate!
 Yes, and the Angel of Eternity,
 Who numbers worlds, and writes their names in light,
 Ere long, oh Earth, will look in vain for thee!
 And start, and stop, in his unerring flight,
 And, with his wings of sorrow and affright,
 Veil his impassioned brow and heavenly tears!

The 'Village Patriarch,' after all, has not enough of the definite to take a firm hold of the mind. It is remembered only like broken strains of suggestive music, all seeming to tend to some articulate and intelligible whole, but fainting, as it were, in their purpose, and at last dying away in lofty but indistinct wailings, and leaving behind an impression rather than a conception, a dream more than a memory. The 'Ranter' has been more popular, because it is shorter, and more easily grasped; but it is nothing more than a corn-law sermon, introduced by some exquisite touches of character and description that have nothing to do with the piece. The Ranter is a mechanic, who preaches on Sundays 'beneath the autumnal tree,' and the widow in whose house he lodges rises betimes on the particular day to light her fire, and spread her board

'With Sabbath coffee, toast, and cups for three.'

The third is her son, whom she climbs the narrow stair to awake, but hesitates before rousing 'the poor o'er-laboured youth,' on

'Whose forehead bare,
 Like jewels ringed on sleeping beauty's hands,
 Tired labour's gems are set in beaded bands.'

But he would chide her if she failed on an occasion like this, and the lad wakes up:—

'Up, sluggards, up! the mountains one by one
 Ascend in light; and slow the mists retire
 From vale and plain. The cloud on Stannington
 Beholds a rocket—No, 'tis Morthen spire!
 The sun is risen! cries Stanedge, tipped with fire;
 On Norwood's flowers the dew-drops shine and shake;
 Up, sluggards, up! and drink the morning breeze.
 The birds on cloud-left Osgathorpe awake;
 And Wincobank is waving all his trees
 O'er subject towns, and farms, and villages,

And gleaming streams, and wood, and waterfalls.
 Up! climb the oak-crowned summit! Hooper Stand
 And Keppel's Pillar gaze on Wentworth's halls,
 And misty lakes, that brighten and expand,
 And distant hills, that watch the western strand.
 Up! trace God's foot-prints, where they paint the mould
 With heavenly green, and hues that blush and glow
 Like angel's wings; while skies of blue and gold
 Stoop to Miles Gordon on the mountain's brow.'

This is all. Miles Gordon delivers his sermon; and at the conclusion his congregation disperse in tears, seeing in his wan and wasted features the token of swift-coming death. It is strange the fascination exercised by this simple piece; but the 'Ranter' follows us like the memory of a man, while the 'Patriarch' only haunts our slumbrous reveries like a spirit.

But let it not be supposed, from the inability of Elliott to do more than shadow dimly forth (as in the 'Patriarch') the majestic form of an epic, that there is anything vague or misty in his genius. On the contrary, he is pre-eminently practical. He is a copyist, as he tells us himself—but a copyist from nature. His pictures, characters, incidents, feelings, all are local; and *therefore* are they true, not only in individual truth, but as poetical generalities. He is 'an earnest, truth-speaking man,' as the 'Edinburgh Review' acknowledged, though with something of an air of condescension. 'No theoriser, or sentimentaliser, but a practical man of work and endeavour, a man of sufferance and endurance.' The same character is distinctly traceable in his personal history. His political misgivings never made him doubt his business. He amassed a pecuniary independence out of less than nothing, and died at last in a house of his own, on his own land. His whole life was a struggle. He conquered success in literature just as he did in trade, and after the scornful neglect of twenty years, became a popular author.

Perhaps the genius of the Rhymer may have received its peculiar tone and determination from the character of the scenery which surrounded him. Some notion of that may be gathered from the view from the Gospel-tree, described in our extract from the 'Ranter.' This is an ash-tree on the ridge of the hills to the east of the town. The Rivelin, so frequently alluded to, is one of five moorland streams that meet near Sheffield. With here and there steep banks and overhanging woods, brown in colour, as showing its peat origin, and impeded by masses of rock peculiar to the mountain-born, it would be in itself a striking feature in a striking landscape; but the forges starting suddenly out from the wooded nooks as you advance, with flames darting from their chimney-tops, and the blast roaring and the hammer resounding within, superadd a wild and extraordinary, but not inharmonious character. Here and there among the forges are the grinding-wheels we have alluded to: low buildings, provided with a huge external wheel turned by steam. Before the introduction of steam, these mills were met with among the hills wherever there was a stream of force enough to turn them; but now they form a principal feature only where the waxing river approaches the town, while further away, towards the moorland, their picturesque ruins are seen falling to decay.

Such was the picture that met habitually the eyes of the Rhymer. But to comprehend it fully, you must people these murky forges with the 'red sons of the furnace,' and these rushing mills with the desperate grinders, spurning with wild gaiety the means of life, mingling the groans of pain and the cough of oppressed lungs with Bacchanalian songs, and meeting deliberately the death to which they had deliberately sold themselves. Such was the pabulum of Elliott's poetic genius; and it is no wonder that it should have been impressed with a wild and swarthy character, solemnising his gentlest thoughts, and taming his most fervent hopes—all save the hopes which point to that world where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

We may be thought to have passed over his political songs too lightly; but in an estimate of his character as a poet, they are in reality of little importance, while they are absolute contradictions to his character as a man. At the same time we are by no means insensible to the influence they exercised in that great question which still stirs in the minds of men, as the sea continues to heave after the storm is laid. Elliott was the pioneer of the Corn-Law League. For seven years before the organisation of that remarkable body, he saturated the people with his songs and diatribes, provoking everywhere scorn, anger, fury—but still discussion. He after all roused but a portion of the toiling classes, amongst whom some other objects became paramount to the exclusion of this grand question; and it was in the middle classes, who were not readers of corn-law rhymes, that the war against monopoly raised its first effective cries. The Rhymer lived to see the early dream of his life accomplished, but he did not live to see the results his poetical enthusiasm had predicted. The bread-tax repealed was not *his* bread-tax: it was only one devil cast forth out of a legion! There is no regenerating society by wholesale: nay, if all our political wrongs together were set right, it would do nothing more than prepare a clear stage for reform to begin.

This reform must come from within. Good men must and will have good institutions; but good institutions bestowed upon the mean, the ignorant, and the depraved, are of little worth. To refine and elevate this meanness, to enlighten this ignorance, and to amend this depravity, are a far higher task than that of the Corn-Law League; and Elliott's delightful poetical lessons to the mechanics will thrill through their hearts and ennoble their natures long after his political rhymes are forgotten. And these simple lessons will not be confined to their simplicity; for through this preparation his true and lofty poetry will steal into their souls—a consolation, a hope, and a joy for ever.

Elliott's publications, so far as they are known to the reading world, are as follows:—I. Corn-Law Rhymes. II. Love, a poem. III. The Village Patriarch, a poem. IV. Poetical Works. V. More Verse and Prose by the Corn-Law Rhymer, in two volumes. The last, though prepared by the poet himself, is a posthumous publication, and exhibits the prevailing merits as well as defects of the other volumes. In the 'Year of Seeds,' more especially, there are passages not surpassed in his best works.

We have now, in the confined space allotted to us, shown something of the consanguinity between the poet and the man—almost as it is painted by himself in the subjoined epitaph. It was for that we have thus dis-

quieted thee to bring thee up. And now, stout Elliott! brave Ebenezer! return to your rest, and may the flowers you loved in life perfume your grave!—

A POET'S EPITAPH.

Stop, Mortal! Here thy brother lies,
The Poet of the Poor.
His books were rivers, woods, and skies,
The meadow and the moor;
His teachers were the torn hearts' wail,
The tyrant, and the slave,
The street, the factory, the jail,
The palace—and the grave!
The meanest thing, earth's feeblest worm,
He feared to scorn or hate;
And honoured in a peasant's form
The equal of the great.
But if he loved the rich who make
The poor man's little more,
Ill could he praise the rich who take
From plundered labour's store.
A hand to do, a head to plan,
A heart to feel and dare—
Tell man's worst foes, here lies the man
Who drew them as they are.



LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

IT is now fully a century and a half since Lady Mary Wortley Montagu first flashed before the admiring eyes of her contemporaries, adorning with her beauty, and enlivening with her most rare wit, the very highest platform of English aristocratic society.

In looking back through this long vista of years, thronged though it be with many graceful forms of the good and the gifted, that social luminary seems to suffer no eclipse. We see her, in conjunction with all the notabilities of her day, almost worshipped in foreign countries, and the object of universal interest in her own. We hear her conversing sagaciously with statesmen and philosophers; or addressing a *bon mot*, sparkling as the glances of her bright eye, to some admiring poet or wit of her train; or we readily conjure up that peculiar smile, at once playful and recklessly mischievous, with which she is detailing, in one of her matchless letters, some new bit of scandal, or satire, or *double-entendre*, so racy, and sharp, and sparkling, that it must undoubtedly have too often dyed the cheeks of the alarmed yet amused correspondent. But whatever the circumstance, mood, attitude, or occupation, in it we are at once able to recognise her as she stands prominently out in the high relief of her singular individuality. And we are as little apt to confound her, in the intellectual beauty of her prime, with the Eastern houris of Constantinople, as we are with anybody else in the world, while we picture her in her old age and mysterious exile, expatiating with the keen epicurean relish which never deserts her among her violets and nightingales, her bees and her silkworms, her fifteen bowers, with different views, and dining-room of verdure; at the same time that she tells us she has not glanced into a looking-glass for eleven years, because the last look was not a pleasant one.

It will not, therefore, be matter of wonder, that much should have been both spoken and written about so remarkable a personage. Several notices of her life have been long before the world. In 1803 Dr Dallaway published, from original documents, her correspondence, poems, and essays, prefaced by a memoir, in five volumes. In 1836 her great-grandson, the late Lord Wharnccliffe, republished the works in a much more complete form, in three large octavo volumes, still prefixing Dr Dallaway's memoir, but with notes in explanation and correction, and supplying the interesting addition of an ample introduction in the form of biographical anecdotes, well known to be from the pen of Lady Louisa Stuart, the only surviving

daughter of Lord and Lady Bute. This lady, though only five years old at the death of her celebrated grandmother, could remember having seen her; having had many conversations about her with Lady Bute; and having been shewn by her part of a journal kept by Lady Mary throughout her whole life, but which delicacy towards people still alive, and probably a prudent regard for her mother's reputation, induced the scrupulous Lady Bute to destroy before her death.

Lady Mary was too satirical and formidable a person not to have made many and bitter enemies among her contemporaries. It is to be feared, moreover, that there are passages in her life ill calculated to stand the test of a very severe scrutiny. Lord Wharncliffe's work revived much discussion of her character by the periodical press of the day; and singularly candid and impartial as the biography was on all sides allowed to be, as a whole, some of the statements were controverted and cavilled at; while others were maliciously perverted, and held as admissions in corroboration of the most scandalous of the stories circulated against her.

Without pretending to fathom the depths of all the vexed questions involving the reputation of Lady Mary, it is the purpose of this Paper to give, from the most authentic sources, as full a sketch of her life, writings, and character, as its limits will allow—drawing chiefly upon Lord Wharncliffe's book, and the notices to which it gave rise, for the materials of the memoir—and being guided in our estimate of her character by the indications of it that appear in her own works, and the testimony of numerous contemporary writers—making due allowance always for the boldness and freedom which universally characterised the modes of expression in her day. No one who has been endowed by the Creator with large faculties, whether they have been used for evil or for good, will be found, when properly viewed, to have lived altogether in vain. His outward manifestation may only arrest the eye, as a beacon to deter; or it may sound gratefully on the ear like a friendly cheer from the gained shore, reviving the sinking heart of the still tossed mariner; but of such a one it may be confidently affirmed, that he has fulfilled his destiny in the ever-progressing development of the species. It cannot, then, be either an uninteresting or an uninstrusive task for our readers to glance briefly with us over the life and conversation of one who played so important a part in the great world-drama of her own day; who, besides leaving behind her in her writings many monuments of her genius, has a strong claim on the gratitude of posterity for having saved the lives of thousands by the introduction into England of the Turkish method of modifying the dreadful scourge of smallpox—shewing both moral and maternal courage in trying the experiment on her own son; of one, above all, who was so strong, and yet so weak; so flattered, and so reviled; so beloved, and so hated.

Lady Mary Pierrepont, eldest daughter of Evelyn, first Duke of Kingston, by the Lady Mary Fielding, daughter of William, Earl of Denbigh, was born at Thoresby in Nottinghamshire in the year 1690. She had two sisters by the same parents (for the duke had two more daughters by a second wife), and an only brother, who died of smallpox during his father's lifetime, and whose son became the second and last Duke of Kingston. The elder of her two sisters, Lady Frances—to whom some of

her best letters were addressed—was married to John Erskine, Earl of Mar; and the other, Lady Evelyn, to John, Earl of Gower.

It is interesting to note that, both by father's and mother's side, Lady Mary came of an active and energetic race. The Fieldings, as well as the Pierreponts, were deeply engaged in the civil war, and apparently from individual convictions—two brothers among the latter, and a father and son among the former, having chosen different sides. Lady Mary, in one of her letters, boasts of her great-grandfather having earned by his sagacity and prudence the surname of *Wise William*; and Leigh Hunt tells us these were not the highest qualities to which she might have laid claim by inheritance. Genius and wit had also manifested themselves in the family before her day—George Villiers, the witty Duke of Buckingham, having been her great-uncle; and Beaumont, the dramatist, also her relation, his mother being a Pierrepont of the same stock.

Lady Mary, to her great misfortune, lost her mother at the early age of four years; and though she speaks highly of her grandmother, the Countess-Dowager of Denbigh and Desmond, as having had a superior understanding, and having retained it to an extraordinarily advanced age, that lady appears to have done but little towards supplying to her the important maternal duties. Indeed the want of a certain delicacy of mind and feminine self-restraint, the usual results of careful training, caused in all probability much of the suffering which embittered her afterlife.

Though Lady Kingston died so early, her husband continued a widower till all his children were grown up and married. Lady Mary gives us the character of both her parents in one sentence, when she says that Richardson, without knowing it, drew their portraits in Sir Thomas and Lady Grandison. But though probably too much a man of pleasure to disturb himself with any overanxious concern for the best interests of his children, a little incident which Lady Mary loved to recall, proves that she was, at least in her childhood, the object of Lord Kingston's pride and fondness. As the scene is at once characteristic of the times and of the *dramatis personæ*, we shall give it entire in Lady Louisa Stuart's lively words, on whom, as Lord Wharnccliffe justly remarks, 'a ray of Lady Mary's talent seems to have fallen:—

'As a leader of the fashionable world, and a strenuous Whig in party, he (Lord Kingston) belonged to the Kit-cat Club. One day, at a meeting to choose toasts for the year, a whim seized him to nominate her, then not eight years old, a candidate, alleging that she was far prettier than any lady on their list. The other members demurred, because the rules of the club forbade them to select a beauty whom they had never seen. "Then you shall see her," cried he; and in the gaiety of the moment sent orders to have her finely dressed, and brought to him at the tavern, where she was received with acclamations, her claim unanimously allowed, her health drunk by every one present, and her name engraved in due form upon a drinking-glass. The company consisting of some of the most eminent men in England, she went from the lap of one poet, or patriot, or statesman, to the arms of another; was feasted with sweetmeats, overwhelmed with caresses, and, what perhaps already pleased her better than either, heard her wit and beauty loudly extolled on every side. Pleasure, she said, was too poor a word to express her sensations—they amounted to ecstasy:

never again throughout her whole future life did she pass so happy a day. Nor, indeed, could she; for the love of admiration, which this scene was calculated to excite or increase, could never again be so fully gratified. There is always some alloying ingredient in the cup, some drawback upon the triumphs of grown people: her father carried on the frolic, and, we may conclude, confirmed the taste, by having her picture painted for the club-room, that she might be enrolled a regular toast.'

True as it may be that the dawn of her genius opened auspiciously, there seems but little ground for Dr Dallaway's assertion, that Lady Mary's father had bestowed on her the best classical education. If it had been so, she would hardly, in afteryears, while so earnestly recommending a learned education for women, have spoken of her own as 'one of the worst in the world, being exactly the same as *Clarissa Harlowe's*.' Quick and ambitious as she was, she may have picked up 'small Latin and less Greek' by the side of her brother; but it could not be much, for Lady Bute expressly said that her mother understood little or no Greek; and we find Lady Mary herself writing to Mrs Anne Wortley in 1709, when she must have been nineteen years old, that she was then trying whether it was possible to learn Latin without a master.

No doubt the good homespun governess of whom she often speaks would lay the necessary foundation, and a beautiful girl of good parts is sure of finding, as she grows up, plenty of instructors in what may be termed masculine knowledge. Lady Mary acknowledges her obligations to Bishop Burnet for 'condescending to direct the studies of a girl;' and we find her corresponding with him on the subject of a translation she had made, under his eye, of the Latin version of Epictetus. But while she strengthened her mind by such exercises, she did not neglect to indulge and amuse it by the study of every work of fancy or fiction that came in her way. She delighted in the romances of the old French school, and possessed, and left behind her, the entire library of Mrs Lennox's *Female Quixote* '*Cassandra*,' '*Alice*,' &c.; on the blank leaf of a volume of which (the '*Astrea*') she had written out, in 'her fairest youthful hand,' the names and characteristic qualities of the chief personages, thus:—The beautiful Diana, the volatile Climene, the melancholy Doris, Celadon the faithful, Adamas the wise; and so on, to the extent of two long columns. Her earliest-known poetic effusion, which is an epistle from Julia to Ovid, written at the age of twelve, is quite in accordance with these tastes; and though not equal to some of Pope's at the same age, shews a remarkable power of harmonious versification.

At the age of fourteen, we find her lamenting, in a melodious couplet, that she has in vain sought truth either in town, court, or sanctuary; at fifteen, she is busy with the project of establishing a nunnery in England, of which she intends one day to be the lady abbess; and at twenty she translates the *Enchiridion*, and complains to her friend the bishop, in a sober and dignified strain, of the injustice and neglect shewn to women, supporting her views by a Latin quotation from Erasmus.

But what probably aided more than any other advantage could have done in the development of Lady Mary's genius, was the secluded leisure of her life during these important early years. They were passed partly at Thoresby, partly at Acton near London; but at both places in a retire-

ment unbroken except by a visit now and then from one of her few early companions, or when her father, Lord Dorchester, who appears not to have spent much of his time with his family, chose, as he sometimes did, to entertain a large party of his friends at home. The *dolce far niente* permitted now-a-days to a lady at the head of her own table, is curiously enough contrasted in the picture Lady Louisa Stuart draws of the custom of our ancestors on such occasions:—

‘Lord Dorchester, having no wife to do the honours of his table at Thoresby, imposed that task upon his eldest daughter as soon as she had bodily strength for the office, which in those days required no small share; for the mistress of a country mansion was not only to invite—that is, urge and tease—her company to eat more than human throats could conveniently swallow, but to carve every dish, when chosen, with her own hands. The greater the lady, the more indispensable the duty. Each joint was carried up in its turn to be operated upon by her, and her alone, since the peers and knights on either hand were so far from being bound to offer their assistance, that the very master of the house, posted opposite to her, might not act as her croupier: his department was to push the bottle after dinner. As for the crowd of guests, the most inconsiderable among them—the curate, or subaltern, or squire’s younger brother—if suffered, through her neglect, to help himself to a slice of the mutton placed before him, would have chewed it in bitterness, and gone home an affronted man, half inclined to give a wrong vote at the next election. There were then professed carving-masters, who taught young ladies the art scientifically; from one of whom Lady Mary said she took lessons three times a week, that she might be perfect on her father’s public days, when, in order to perform her functions without interruption, she was forced to eat her own dinner alone an hour or two beforehand.’

One of Lady Mary’s early companions was the thoughtless but beautiful Dolly Walpole, Sir Robert’s sister, whom she both liked and laughed at; and another was the Lady Anne Vaughan, afterwards Duchess of Bolton, the only child of Lord Carberry—the last of a family noted for having given that eloquent divine, Jeremy Taylor, an asylum at Golden Grove. But her most intimate and most beloved friend was Miss or (as it was then the custom to call unmarried ladies) Mrs Anne Wortley, the favourite sister of Mr Edward Wortley Montagu, whose father, one of the sons of the Earl of Sandwich, had prefixed the name of Wortley to Montagu—having married the heiress of the Wortley estate in Yorkshire.

We now approach the most important epoch of our heroine’s life—her courtship and marriage; and though love may be well said to be second only to death in its power of levelling, or bringing the whole world into kindred, it will be allowed that Lady Mary’s individuality of mind and feeling, as developed in her love-letters, must certainly rescue her from the fate of being mixed up and confounded with the common mass of lovers. This Mr Edward Wortley, the brother of her friend, who is described as a handsome, accomplished youth, of good sense, and much learning, the constant associate of Addison, Steele, Congreve, and other notable men of the time, happening to meet Lady Mary one day quite accidentally in his sister’s apartments, was immediately captivated by her surpassing beauty,

and on conversing with her, was scarcely less charmed with her sense and brilliant wit. Finding, to his infinite surprise, that she understood his favourite classics, he a few days afterwards presented her with a superb edition of 'Quintus Curtius,' which she had mentioned as not having read, accompanied by a copy of verses, which, though not strikingly good, were quite conclusive as to the impression her wit and beauty had made on his imagination. As may be supposed, Mrs Anne Wortley was quite as ready to fan her brother's flame as to transcribe to her friend his glowing encomiums; but she did not live long to be the medium through which the electric spark was to pass. A more direct communication begun during her life, was secretly carried on after her death; and fortunately for us, Mr Wortley and Lady Mary, after their marriage, agreed to put by or preserve, as mementos of their days of courtship, these singular love-letters, which give so much insight into the minds and dispositions of both.

It is at once apparent that her ladyship, though endowed with a lively imagination, was but little susceptible of tender emotions; that, with all her elevation of mind and splendid talents, she was quite incapable of that strong, true womanly devotedness of heart, the crowning glory and virtue of which is far more potent than either talent or beauty in investing human life with its brightest charms; and that Mr Wortley was from the first suspicious of this defect in her nature. Though captivated by her beauty and liveliness, he seems by no means so blindly in love as to take everything for granted in her reception of his addresses. On the contrary, he hesitates, and prudently sets before her his doubts of her affection for him, as well as the danger to their mutual happiness from her love of distinction and the admiration of other men; and her ladyship, though too honest to take credit for a degree of sensibility she neither possesses nor approves of, with much cleverness and power of reasoning endeavours thus to reassure him on the other points:—

..... 'I am surprised at one of the "Tatlers" you send me. Is it possible to have any sort of esteem for a person one believes capable of having such trifling inclinations? Mr Bickerstaff has very wrong notions of our sex. I can say there are some of us that despise charms of show, and all the pageantry of greatness, perhaps with more ease than any of the philosophers. In contemning the world, they seem to take pains to contemn it; we despise it, without taking the pains to read lessons of morality to make us do it. At least I know I have always looked upon it with contempt, without being at the expense of one serious reflection to oblige me to it. I carry the matter yet further: was I to choose of £2000 a year or £20,000, the first would be my choice. There is something of an unavoidable *embarras* in making what is called a great figure in the world; it takes off from the happiness of life. I hate the noise and hurry inseparable from great estates or titles, and look upon both as blessings which ought only to be given to fools; for 'tis only to them that they are blessings. The pretty fellows you speak of, I own, entertain me sometimes; but is it impossible to be diverted with what one despises? I can laugh at a puppet-show, and at the same time know that there is nothing in it worth my attention or regard. General notions are generally wrong. Ignorance and folly are thought the best foundations for virtue, as if not knowing what a good wife is was necessary to make one so. I confess that can never be

my way of reasoning: as I always forgive an *injury* when I think it not done out of malice, I can never think myself *obliged* by what is done without design. Give me leave to say it (I know it sounds vain), I know how to make a man of sense happy; but then that man must resolve to contribute something towards it himself. I have so much esteem for you, I should be very sorry to hear you was unhappy; but, for the world, I would not be the instrument of making you so; which (of the humours you are) is hardly to be avoided if I am your wife. You distrust me: I can neither be easy nor loved where I am distrusted. Nor do I believe your passion for me is what you pretend it; at least I am sure, was I in love, I could not talk as you do.'

In her next she hits still harder at his sentimental exactions:—

'Your letter is to tell me you should think yourself undone if you married me; but if I would be so tender as to confess I should break my heart if you did not, then you'd consider whether you would or no; but yet you hoped you shouldn't. I take this to be the right interpretation of "even your kindness can't destroy me of a sudden. I hope I am not in your power. I would give a good deal to be satisfied,"' &c. &c.

It is plain that Mr Wortley, though feeling himself no match for her in the encounter of wits, was not convinced by these lively banterings; indeed Lady Lousia tells us, 'they were perpetually on the point of breaking altogether; he felt and knew that they suited each other very ill; he saw, or thought he saw, his rivals encouraged, if not preferred; he was more affronted than satisfied with her assurances of a sober esteem and regard; and yet every struggle to get free did but end where it set out—leaving him still a captive, galled by his chain, but unable to sever one link of it effectually.' In other words, he was only a man of plain understanding, and she a brilliant wit; and as he was reasoning against his inclination, and she on the side of hers, it is plain where the victory would lie. Such letters as the following could not have been easily answered by him except in one way:—

'I will state the case to you as plainly as I can, and then ask yourself if you use me well. I have shewed, in every action of my life, an esteem for you, that at least challenges a grateful regard; I have trusted my reputation in your hands; I have made no scruple of giving you, under my own hand, an assurance of my friendship. After all this, I exact nothing from you; if you find it inconvenient for your affairs to take so small a fortune, I desire you to sacrifice nothing for me; I pretend no tie upon your honour; but, in recompense for so clear and so disinterested a proceeding, must I ever receive injuries or ill-usage?'

'Perhaps I have been indiscreet; I came young into the hurry of the world; a great innocence and an undesigning gaiety may possibly have been construed coquetry, and a desire of being followed, though never meant by me. I cannot answer for the observations that may be made on me. All who are malicious attack the careless and defenceless; I own myself to be both. I know not anything I can say more to shew my perfect desire of pleasing you and making you easy, than to proffer to be confined with you in what manner you please. Would any woman but me renounce all the world for one? or would any man but you be insensible of such a proof of sincerity?'

'One part of my character is not so good, nor t'other so bad, as you fancy it. Should we ever live together, you would be disappointed both ways : you would find an easy equality of temper you do not expect, and a thousand faults you do not imagine. You think, if you married me, I should be passionately fond of you one month, and of somebody else the next. Neither would happen : I can esteem, I can be a friend ; but I don't know whether I can love. Expect all that is complaisant and easy, but never what is fond, in me.

'If you can resolve to live with a companion that will have all the deference due to your superiority of good sense, and that your proposals can be agreeable to those on whom I depend, I have nothing to say against them. As to travelling, 'tis what I should do with great pleasure, and could easily quit London upon your account : but a retirement in the country is not so disagreeable to me, as I know a few months would make it tiresome to you. When people are tied for life, 'tis their mutual interest not to grow weary of one another. If I had all the personal charms that I want—a face is too slight a foundation for happiness—you would be soon tired with seeing every day the same thing. Where you saw nothing else, you would have leisure to remark all the defects ; which would increase in proportion as the novelty lessened, that is always a great charm. I should have the displeasure of seeing a coldness which, though I could not reasonably blame you for, being involuntary, yet it would render me uneasy ; and the more, because I know a love may be revived which absence, inconstancy, or even infidelity, has extinguished ; but there is no returning from a *dégout* given by satiety.'

After many disputes and lovers' quarrels, Mr Wortley was at last sufficiently convinced and reassured to resolve on making his proposals to Lord Dorchester, who received them graciously ; and all went on well till the momentous questions of portion and settlement came under consideration, when he suddenly broke off the match in a great indignation, the cause of which Lady Louisa thus explains :—'We see how the practice of a man's entailing his estate upon his eldest son while as yet an unborn child, an unknown being, is ridiculed in the "Tatler" and "Spectator," whose authors, it may be observed, had not estates to entail. Mr Wortley, who *had*, entertained the same opinions. Possibly they were originally his own, and promulgated by Addison and Steele at his suggestion ; for, as he always liked to think for himself, many of his notions were singular and speculative. However this might be, he upheld the system, and acted upon it, offering to make the best provision in his power for Lady Mary, but steadily refusing to settle his landed property upon a son who, for aught he knew, might prove unworthy to possess it—might be a spendthrift, an idiot, or a villain.

'Lord Dorchester, on the other hand, said that these philosophic theories were very fine, but his grandchildren should not run the risk of being left beggars ; and as he had to do with a person of no ordinary firmness, the treaty ended there. The secret correspondence and intercourse, however, went on as before ; and shortly Lady Mary acquainted her lover that she was peremptorily commanded to accept the offers of another suitor ready to close with all her father's terms ; to settle handsome pin-money, jointure, provision for heirs, and so forth ; and, moreover, concede the point most agreeable to herself—that of giving her a fixed establishment in London ;

which, by the by, Mr Wortley had always protested against. Lord Dorchester seems to have asked no questions touching her inclination in either instance; for a young lady in those days to interfere or claim a right of choice was almost thought, as it still is in France, a species of indelicacy. Lady Mary nevertheless declared, though timidly, her utter antipathy to the person proposed for her. Upon this her father summoned her to his awful presence, and after expressing surprise at her presumption in questioning his judgment, assured her he would not give her a single sixpence if she married anybody else. She sought the usual resource of poor damsels in the like case—begging permission not to marry at all; but he answered that then she should be immediately sent to a remote place in the country, reside there during his life, and at his death have no portion save a moderate annuity. Relying upon the effect of these threats, he proceeded as if she had given her fullest and freest consent: settlements were drawn, wedding-clothes bought, the day was appointed, and everything made ready, when she left the house to marry Mr Wortley!’ Lady Mary tells all this better, though at greater length, in her letters to Mr Wortley; and there is much more in this antenuptial correspondence illustrative of her masculine sense and strength of character, which we should gladly have quoted had our limits permitted. One more letter we shall give, which, though exhibiting her in a less favourable point of view, is remarkably characteristic of the mixture of prudent calculation and unwomanly boldness with which she misguided some parts of her future life. It is written on the eve of her elopement:—

‘Reflect now, for the last time, in what manner you must take me. I shall come to you with only a night-gown and petticoat; and that is all you will get by me. I told a lady of my friends what I intend to do. You will think her a very good friend when I tell you she proffered to lend us her house. I did not accept of this till I had let you know it. If you think it more convenient to carry me to your lodging, make no scruple of it. Let it be where it will: if I am your wife, I shall think no place unfit for me where you are. I beg we may leave London next morning, wherever you intend to go. I should wish to go out of England, if it suits your affairs. You may endeavour to make your father admit of seeing me, and treat with mine (though I persist in thinking it will be to no purpose.) But I cannot think of living in the midst of my relations and acquaintances after so unjustifiable a step—so unjustifiable to the world; but I think I can justify myself to myself.

‘You can shew me no goodness I shall not be sensible of. However, think again, and resolve never to think of me if you have the least doubt, or that it is likely to make you uneasy in your fortune. I believe to travel is the most likely way to make a solitude agreeable, and not tiresome: remember you have promised it.

‘Tis something odd for a woman that brings nothing to expect anything; but, after the way of my education, I dare not pretend to live but in some degree suitable to it. I had rather die than return to a dependency upon relations I have disobliged. Save me from that fear if you love me. If you cannot, or think I ought not to expect it, be sincere, and tell me so. Tis better I should not be yours at all, than, for a short happiness, involve myself in ages of misery. Do not imagine I shall be angry at anything

you can tell me. Let it be sincere: do not impose on a woman that leaves all things for you.'

Leigh Hunt mentions rather a curious account of Lady Mary's last unmarried days, given by Spence, who professes to have heard it from herself; and it seems so characteristic of her strange character, both in youth and middle age, that we cannot refrain from quoting it. Mr Spence makes her acquaintance at Rome in 1740, and thus writes of her:—

'She is one of the most shining characters in the world, but shines like a comet: she is all irregularity, and always wandering; the most wise, most imprudent; loveliest, most disagreeable; best natured, cruellest woman in the world—"all things by turns, and nothing long." She was married young, and she told me, with that freedom much travelling gives, that she was never in so great a hurry of thought as the month before she was married—she scarce slept any one night that month. You know she was one of the most celebrated beauties of her day, and had a vast number of offers, and the thing that kept her awake was who to fix upon. She was determined as to two points from the first—that is, to be married to somebody; and not to be married to the man her father advised her to have. The last night of the month she determined, and in the morning left the husband of her father's choice buying the wedding-ring, and scuttled away to be married to Mr Wortley.'

This very undignified account of an affair so important to her, though probably a little burlesqued, by her ladyship's desire to be witty, and to laugh, though at her own expense, seems not to be entirely without foundation, from some of her expressions to Mr Wortley at the time—such as, 'I wanted courage to resist at first the will of my relations—I have examined my own heart, whether I can leave everything to you; I think I can. *If I change my mind*, you shall know before Sunday,' &c.

There are no dates to any of these letters; but as their marriage, by special licence, which took place a few days after the ceremony which she describes herself as *scuttling* away to, bears the date of August 12, 1712, and as the correspondence lasted two years, they must have been written between Lady Mary's twentieth and twenty-second years. Her letters are certainly remarkable productions for a woman at that or any other age—so cool and wise, that they at once strike us as coming from the head rather than the heart. Mr Wortley, with his jealousies and vacillations, though often tiresome, and playing a very inferior part throughout the correspondence, has at least the merit of looking something like a lover. She tires of his sentimental doubts of her love, and reiterated wishes that he could 'only know what was passing in her heart;' and asks him at last in a tone of pique, 'Pray, which way would you see into my heart? You can frame no guesses about it from either my speaking or writing; and supposing I should attempt to shew it to you, I know no other way.' But if most of the love was on his side before marriage, it only makes the entire change which soon took place the more unaccountable. He was at that time member of parliament for the town of Huntingdon; and Lady Mary, for the next three years, resided sometimes there and sometimes in Yorkshire, where, in 1713, her only son Edward was born.

As if in full justification of the opinion with which she had all along

been endeavouring to impress him of the substantial excellency and moderation of her own character and views, she seems to have been ready at once to settle down into the quiet, domestic, affectionate wife he had never been able to picture her; while he, taking advantage of his parliamentary duties, appears to have been almost constantly away from home, keeping her in the country while he was in town, and often seeing neither her nor his son for five or six months together. Her letters to him at this time are alternately affectionate and upbraiding. The following are specimens:—

‘Your absence increases my melancholy so much, that I fright myself with imaginary horrors; there wants but little of my being afraid of the smallpox for you; so unreasonable are my fears, which, however, proceed from an unlimited love. If I lose you—I cannot bear that *if*—which I bless God is without probability; but since the loss of my poor unhappy brother, I dread every evil. I have been to-day at Acton to see my poor brother’s melancholy family. I cannot describe how much it has sunk my spirits.

‘Tis the most cruel thing in the world to think one has reason to complain of what one loves. How can you be so careless!

‘I am concerned I have not heard from you. I am in abundance of pain about our dear child: though I am convinced it is both silly and wicked to set my heart too fondly on anything in this world, yet I cannot overcome myself so far as to think of parting with him with the resignation I ought to do. I hope and beg of God he may live to be a comfort to us both.’

All this ought surely to have affected him; but there is no amendment, for her next takes even a more remonstrative tone:—

‘I know very well that nobody was ever teased into a liking; and ’tis perhaps harder to revive a past one than to overcome an aversion; but I cannot forbear any longer telling you I think you use me very unkindly. I don’t say so much of your absence as I should do, if you was in the country and I in London—because I would not have you believe that I am impatient to be in town; but I am very sensible I parted with you in July, and it is now the middle of November. As if this was not hardship enough, you do not tell me you are sorry for it. You write seldom, and with so much indifference, as shews you hardly think of me at all. I complain of ill health, and you only say you hope it is not so bad as I make it. You never inquire after your child. I would fain flatter myself you have more kindness for him and me than you express; but I reflect with grief that a man that is ashamed of passions that are natural and reasonable, is generally proud of those that are shameful and silly.’

In considering all these expressions of her affectionate regard for Mr Wortley, which are evidently genuine, as well as her tender and natural anxiety about her son, and which our knowledge of his subsequent career makes only the more affecting, we cannot help asking ourselves, whether Lady Mary might not have turned out a very different person from the hard, soured, sarcastic woman of the world we find her in afteryears, if she had met with the respectful, loving treatment she had reason to look for at the hands of one who had so often assured her of his passionate regard, and who had proposed to himself the ‘highest satisfaction from her, and from no other?’ We think she might. We have already said she had little of that womanly tenderness of heart and devotedness of nature which, almost without any other possession, have power to make life a

delight and a romance to the very humblest of her sex. But she had, what is scarcely second to these, at least for the respectable conduct of the outer life, the most exquisite good sense. And no one can read through her letters to Mr Wortley before marriage without seeing, from a thousand expressions, that her ideal of life was shaped out of some of the best elements of our nature. Speaking of her sentiments towards him, 'I rather choose,' she says, 'to use the word friendship than love; because, in the general sense that word is spoke, it signifies a passion rather founded on fancy than reason.' And then she explains—'By friendship I mean an entire communication of thoughts, wishes, interests, and pleasure; a mutual esteem, which naturally carries with it a pleasing sweetness of conversation, and terminates in the desire of making one another happy.'

But, with his ever-increasing alienation from her, these expressions on her part of fondness, or even of lively interest in his concerns, naturally diminish, and after a while change gradually into that peculiar tone of quiet, careful respect, with which she continues to write both of and to him to the end of his life. With all due deference to the high opinion Mr Wortley's descendants seem to entertain of him, we suspect him to have been one of those men, by no means rare in the world, who, though attracted by genius or brilliant qualities, and ambitious of entering into such relations with them as are likely to reflect honour and glory on themselves, are too essentially selfish ever to be able to identify themselves with the most intimate objects of their love; and having neither generosity enough to admire at their own expense, nor magnanimity to pardon in a companion, the very superiority which first attracted them, either live on in jealous uneasiness, or are glad to avoid being dwarfed in their own eyes, by keeping at a convenient distance. After a year or two of this unhappy manner of life, Mr Wortley, on his friends coming into power at the death of Queen Anne, was appointed one of the lords of the treasury. He was then of course obliged to bring Lady Mary to court, where her wit and beauty soon attracted all eyes towards her. The king (George I.) is described as not allowing her to leave one of his parties without 'complimentary remonstrances;' and the Prince of Wales cries out to his princess, 'in a rapture,' to look 'how becomingly Lady Mary was dressed.' 'Lady Mary always dresses well,' answers the princess dryly, and returns to her cards. At this time she was also the intimate associate of Addison, Steele, Congreve, Pope, and all the other noted men of letters of the day; but was ready, on the first opportunity, to relinquish without regret the caresses of crowned heads, as well as the flatteries of wits and poets, for the long-desired pleasure of travelling and seeing new countries and peoples.

In the year 1716 the embassy to the Porte became vacant; and as the war between the Turks and Imperialists was raging violently, the other powers of Europe were desirous of a mediation between them. Mr Wortley not having succeeded to his own satisfaction as a minister at home, had resigned his post, and was appointed ambassador to Constantinople, whither his wife accompanied him. They travelled through Holland, Germany, and Hungary, staying some time at Vienna, and presenting themselves at the various courts by the way in proper ambassador style. Lady Mary's beauty and tact secured them favour everywhere; and her letters to her sister Lady Mar, Pope, and others, which begin at Rotterdam, give a vivid

description of every novelty she saw. Cities and governments, men and women, and their modes and practices, seem always to have interested her lively fancy far more than the most striking or varied aspects of natural scenery; and as travellers who could describe well were very rare in those days, it may be supposed that such communications as hers were received at home with no ordinary degree of interest. She had, in return, constant letters from her noted associates in England; and a very few words from Pope's first epistle to her, dated the 18th of August 1716, only a fortnight after her departure, are quoted, to shew the style of his addresses to her, as well as to prepare the way for a discussion of what afterwards took place between them:—

‘You may easily imagine (he writes) how desirous I must be of a correspondence with a person who had taught me, long ago, that it was as possible to esteem at first-sight as to love, and who has since ruined me for all the conversation of one sex, and almost all the friendship of the other. I am but too sensible, through your means, that the company of men wants a certain softness to recommend it, and that of women wants everything else. How often have I been quietly going to take possession of that tranquillity and indolence I had so long found in the country, when one evening of your conversation has spoiled me for a *solitaire* too! Books have lost their effect upon me; and I was convinced, since I saw you, that there is something more powerful than philosophy; and since I heard you, that there is one alone wiser than all the sages.’

Nothing can be more like a kind woman and a lady than her ready answer to all these studied compliments:—

‘Perhaps you'll laugh at me,’ she says, ‘for thanking you very gravely for all the obliging concern you express for me. 'Tis certain that I may, if I please, take the fine things you say to me for wit and raillery, and it may be it would be taking them right. But I never in my life was half so well disposed to believe you in earnest; and that distance which makes the continuation of your friendship improbable, has very much increased my faith in it.’ Pity that anything less polite and cordial should ever have passed between them!

After having, for some political reason, not explained in the letters or biography, returned from Vienna to Hanover, where George I. then was, they again retraced their steps; and owing to these marches and counter-marches, only arrived at Adrianople on the 1st of April 1717, having been eight months on the road.

Lady Mary was enchanted with Turkey, as a paradise of the senses; and her letters from thence picture so vividly the luxurious life of that indolent and luxurious people, that we seem almost to feel the sunshine and smell the perfume. The portraiture is so exact, that Dr Dallaway, who followed in the same route eighty years after her, is not only ready to vouch for the truth of every description, but insists on seeing, in her thorough understanding of Turkish taste and feeling (although they told him to the contrary), the long-supposed fact, finally disproved by the biographical anecdotes, of her having been admitted inside the harem.

In one of her first letters from Adrianople, she thus describes the process of inoculation as she found it:—‘*Aprpos* of distempers, I am going to tell you a thing that will make you wish yourself here. The smallpox, so

fatal and so general among us, is here entirely harmless by the invention of *engrafting*, which is the term they give it. There is a set of old women who make it their business to perform the operation every autumn, in the month of September, when the heat is abated. People send to one another to know if any of their family has a mind to have the smallpox. They make parties for this purpose; and when they are met (commonly fifteen or sixteen together), the old woman comes with a nut-shell full of the matter of the best sort of smallpox, and asks what vein you please to have opened. She immediately rips open that you offer to her with a large needle (which gives you no more pain than a common scratch), and puts into the vein as much matter as can lie upon the head of the needle, and after that binds up the little wound with a hollow bit of shell, and in this manner opens four or five veins. The children or young patients play together all the rest of the day, and are in perfect health till the eighth. Then the fever begins to seize them, and they keep their beds two days—very seldom three. They have rarely above twenty or thirty on their faces, which never mark; and in eight days' time they are as well as before their illness. When they are wounded, there remain running sores during the distemper, which I don't doubt is a great relief to it. Every year thousands undergo this operation; and the French ambassador says pleasantly, that they take the smallpox here by way of diversion, as they take the waters in other countries. There is no example of any one that has died of it; and you may believe I am well satisfied of the safety of the experiment, since I intend to try it on my dear little son.

'I am patriot enough to take pains to bring this useful invention into fashion in England; and I should not fail to write to some of our doctors very particularly about it, if I knew any one of them that had virtue enough to destroy such a considerable branch of their revenue for the good of mankind. But that distemper is too beneficial to them not to expose to all their resentment the hardy wight that should undertake to put an end to it.'

We shall transcribe another letter from the Levant as a sort of *dulce* to this *utile*, and we give it not only for the charming subject, but as a specimen of the sparkling beauty of Lady Mary's best style. It describes her own visit to the young Sultana Fatima; which, as Leigh Hunt most happily says, 'is as if all English beauty, in her shape, had gone to compare notes with all Turkish:—'

'I was met at the door by two black eunuchs, who led me through a long gallery between two ranks of beautiful young girls, with their hair finely plaited, almost hanging to their feet, all dressed in fine light damasks, brocaded with silver. I was sorry that decency did not permit me to stop to consider them nearer. But that thought was lost upon my entrance into a large room, or rather pavilion, built round with gilded sashes, which were most of them thrown up, and the trees planted near them gave an agreeable shade, which hindered the sun from being troublesome. The jessamines and honeysuckles that twisted round their trunks shed a soft perfume, increased by a white marble fountain playing sweet water in the lower part of the room, which fell into three or four basins with a pleasing sound. The roof was painted with all sorts of flowers, falling out of gilded baskets, that seemed tumbling down. (What an artful

heightening of the beauty, by the idea of profusion!) On a sofa, raised three steps, and covered with fine Persian carpets, sat the Kiyaya's lady, leaning on cushions of white satin embroidered; and at her feet sat two young girls about twelve years old, lovely as angels, dressed perfectly rich, and almost covered with jewels. But they were hardly seen near the fair Fatima (for that was her name), so much her beauty effaced every thing I have seen; nay, all that has been called lovely either in England or Germany. I must own that I never saw anything so gloriously beautiful, nor can I recollect a face that would have been taken notice of near hers. She stood up to receive me, saluting me after their fashion, putting her hand to her heart with a sweetness full of majesty, that no court-breeding could ever give. She ordered cushions to be given me, and took care to place me in the corner, which is the place of honour. I confess, though the Greek lady before had given me a great opinion of her beauty, I was so struck with admiration that I could not for some time speak to her. That surprising harmony of features—that charming result of the whole—that exact proportion of body—that lovely bloom of complexion unsullied by art—the unutterable enchantment of her smile! But her eyes!—large and black, with all the soft languishment of the blue; every turn of her face discovering a new grace. She was dressed in a *caftán* of gold brocade, flowered with silver, very well fitted to her shape, and shewing to admiration the beauty of her bosom, only shaded by the thin gauze of her shift. Her drawers were pale pink; her waistcoat green and silver; her slippers white satin, finely embroidered; her lovely arms adorned with bracelets of diamonds; and her broad girdle set round with diamonds; upon her head a rich Turkish handkerchief of pink and silver; her own fine black hair hanging a great length in various tresses, and on one side of her head some bodkins of jewels. I am afraid you will accuse me of extravagance in this description. The greatest writers have spoken with great warmth of some celebrated pictures and statues. The workmanship of heaven certainly excels all our weak imitations, and I think has a much better claim to our praise. For my part, I am not ashamed to own I took more pleasure in looking on the beauteous Fatima than the finest piece of sculpture could have given me.

‘She told me the two girls at her feet were her daughters, though she appeared too young to be their mother. Her fair maids were ranged below the sofa to the number of twenty, and put me in mind of the ancient nymphs. I did not think all nature could have furnished such a scene of beauty. She made a sign to them to play and dance. Four of them immediately began to play some soft airs on instruments between a lute and a guitar, which they accompanied with their voices; while the others danced by turns. When the dance was over, four fair slaves came into the room with silver censers in their hands, and perfumed the air with amber, aloeswood, and other scents. After this they served me coffee upon their knees in the finest japan china, with *soucups* of silver gilt. The lovely Fatima entertained me all this while in the most polite, agreeable manner, calling me often *Guzél Sultanum*, or the *beautiful sultana*, and desiring my friendship with the best grace in the world, lamenting that she could not entertain me in my own language. When I took my leave, two maids brought in a fine silver basket of embroidered handkerchiefs. She begged I would

wear the richest for her sake, and gave the others to my woman and interpreters.'

There is scarcely anything, even in the far-famed 'Arabian Nights' Entertainments,' equal to this description in sensuous beauty; and most of her letters from Turkey breathe the same luxurious and poetic strain, at the same time that they are full of evidences of her reading and powers of satire.

'I read over your Homer here,' she writes to Pope, 'with an infinite pleasure, and found several little passages explained that I did not before entirely comprehend the beauty of; many of the customs, and much of the dress then in fashion, being yet retained. I don't wonder to find more remains here of an age so distant than is to be found in any other country, the Turks not taking that pains to introduce their own manners as has been generally practised by other nations that imagine themselves more polite. I can assure you that the princesses and great ladies pass their time at their looms, embroidering veils and robes, surrounded by their maids, who are always very numerous, in the same manner as we find Andromache and Helen described.'

Nor is she less at home in the matters of religion, government, and morals of the East. Indeed these letters, which seem to be addressed to the public rather than to particular correspondents, give us a far higher notion both of her genius and learning than anything else she ever wrote. Mr Wortley's name is seldom mentioned in them, and never in the way either of praise or blame; so that we are apt to forget his existence. On their return, they sailed through the Archipelago, touching at the coast of Africa; and having crossed the Mediterranean to Genoa, reached home through Lyons and Paris about the end of the year 1718, having been almost two years on their travels.

Soon after their return, Lady Mary set herself in good earnest to the task of introducing inoculation for smallpox. She had had good reason to dread the disease, having lost her only brother by it, as well as her own beautiful eyelashes. She always said that she meant the Flavia of one of her Town-Eclogues for herself, and had expressed in that poem her own sensations while slowly recovering, under the apprehension of being totally disfigured. With courageous love she began upon her own offspring, inoculating her daughter as soon as it was safe to do so; and having persevered, in spite of great opposition from the narrow jealousy of the Faculty and the vulgar clamour of the ignorant, she lived to see the inoculation quite triumphant, and to feel that she had been the means of preserving life as well as beauty to thousands. Philanthropists of our own day, who are inclined to retire in disgust from the war at all times to be waged with more or less of ignorance and prejudice, would do well to compare the reception which such blessed discoveries as those of the beneficial application of sulphuric ether or chloroform have lately met with in the world, with that encountered very little more than a century ago by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu in her attempt to introduce the practice of inoculation. The clamour raised against it, and of course against her, was beyond belief. Her descendant tells us, that 'the clergy descanted from their pulpits on the impiety of thus seeking to take events out of the hand

of Providence; and the common people were taught to hoot at her as an unnatural mother, who had risked the lives of her own children.' Lady Mary herself records, that 'the four great physicians deputed by government to watch the progress of her daughter's inoculation, betrayed not only such incredulity as to its success, but such an unwillingness to have it succeed—such an evident spirit of rancour and malignity—that she never cared to leave the child alone with them one second, lest it should in some secret way suffer from their interference.' It is to be hoped her maternal anxiety may have somewhat overrated the danger; but she seems to have been quite enough troubled and tormented in the cause to make us pardon her the expression of some disgust, and an occasional regret that even the prospect of future good to the world should have induced her to incur so much present personal evil.

But Lady Mary's hours were not all occupied in fighting the inoculation battle at this time. Her company seems to have been more than ever prized by the highest circles in London on account of her foreign travels; and for some years after her return, she lived in the very whirl of the gayest and brightest society. She renewed her intimacy with the wits and poets, speculated in the South Sea Scheme, wrote brilliant verses and letters, danced, laughed, satirised her acquaintances, and, in short, lived a life very much to her own taste—could it only have lasted! 'For my own part' (as she writes to her sister Lady Mar, who had gone to live in Paris, on account of some embarrassment of her affairs), 'I have some coteries where wit and pleasure reign, and I should not fail to amuse myself tolerably enough, but for the horrid quality of growing older and older every day, and my present joys are made imperfect by my fears for the future;' and again, in the highest good-humour, 'the town improves daily; all people seem to make the best of the talent God has given them.' Such sunshine was not, however, likely to be long unclouded; and accordingly we soon have such a sigh as this, dated Twickenham, 1721: 'London was never more gay than it is at present; but I don't know how, I would fain be ten years younger. I love flattery so well, I would fain have some circumstances of probability added to it.' But this was probably written on some morning when her eyes looked red, from having, as she says, 'been such a beast as to sit up late last night;' for never was she so much courted and admired as during these years.

Mr Pope had written many letters to her during the embassy, and soon after her return, had not only prevailed on her to sit to Sir Godfrey Kneller for a portrait, which was to embellish his villa at Twickenham, but had had the influence to persuade Mr Wortley to purchase a house there, that they might be his neighbours during the summer months. His notes at this time breathe the warmest and most anxious friendship. Her will is his law; he sees her every day; 'he knows not whether with more pleasure or more respect; submits to her in all things—nay, in the manner of all things; understands her as she would be understood, with a real respect and resignation when anything is denied, and a hearty gratitude when it is granted.' Alas! that such dear delights should be so dangerous!

How long it was before these glowing expressions of admiration and friendship burst into a flame of passion, so violent as to consume all

prudence and propriety on the poet's side, is not very clearly made out. Lady Mary seems pretty soon to have grown a little shy, for we find her in 1720 writing to her sister Mar from his near neighbourhood—'I see sometimes Mr Congreve, and *very seldom* Mr Pope, who continues to embellish his house. He has made a subterranean grotto, which he has furnished with looking-glasses, and *they tell me* it has a very good effect.' She transcribes at the same time a copy of verses addressed by Pope to Gay in her praise, adding, with some consciousness, 'I stifled them here, and beg they may die the same death at Paris, and never go farther than your closet.'

The lines are very beautiful; and as they are conclusive as to the poor poet's passion, we shall give them here. Only the last eight lines are published in his works:—

'Ah, friend, 'tis true—this truth you lovers know—
In vain my structures rise, my gardens grow;
In vain fair Thames reflects the double scenes
Of hanging mountains and of sloping greens:
Joy lives not here; to happier seats it flies,
And only dwells where Wortley casts her eyes.

What are the gay parterre, the chequered shade,
The morning bower, the evening colonnade,
But soft recesses of uneasy minds,
To sigh unheard in to the passing winds?
So the struck deer in some sequestered part
Lies down to die, the arrow at his heart;
There stretched unseen in coverts hid from day,
Bleeds drop by drop, and pants his life away.'

That some outbreak of his did occasion the quarrel between them, which was followed by so much unmanly vituperation on his part, and unwomanly abuse and contempt on hers, is no longer a matter of doubt: it is so set forth in the introductory anecdotes; and truly the heart sickens at the recital; and it would be difficult, indeed, to decide on which of the two the greater share of censure ought to fall. 'Her own statement was this—that at some ill-chosen time, when she least expected what romancers call a *declaration*, he made such passionate love to her, as, in spite of her utmost endeavours to be angry and look grave, provoked an immoderate fit of laughter; from which moment he became her implacable enemy.' Oh, oh! If she had been till that moment ignorant of the change in his sentiments towards her, her emotion would certainly not have been one of hard-hearted levity; and if she did understand the state of his feelings, of which we have little doubt, far less tact than that possessed by her clever ladyship would have enabled her to put an end for ever to his presumption before the possibility of a *declaration*. Pity she should have so completely forgotten her own smart triplet, written only a few years before—

'Let this great maxim be my virtue's guide—
In part she is to blame that has been tried;
He comes too near that comes to be denied.'

That delightful poet, Mr Leigh Hunt, in his notice of Lord Wharncliffe's Life of Lady Mary, has a passage on this subject which is at once so appropriate

and so characteristic of his own humane and most genial nature, that our readers will thank us for transcribing it. Having given this statement, which he calls 'a very tremendous one for all its levity,' he says: 'A pause comes upon the spirit and the tongue at hearing such an explanation as this—a pause in which no one of any imagination can help having a deep sense of the blackness of the mortification with which the poor, misshaped, applauded poet must have felt his lustre smitten, and his future recollections degraded. To say that he had any right to make love to her is one thing; yet to believe that her manners and cast of character, as well as the nature of the times and of the circles in which she moved, had given no licence, no encouragement, no pardoning hope to the presumption, is impossible; and to trample in this way upon the whole miserable body of his vanity and humility, upon all which the consciousness of acceptability and glory among his fellow-creatures had given to sustain himself, and all which in so poor, and dwarfed, and degrading a shape required so much to be sustained—assuredly it was inexcusable—it was inhuman. At all events, it would have been inexcusable had anything in poor human nature been inexcusable, and had a thousand things not encouraged the flattered beauty to resent a hope so presumptuous from one unlike herself. But if she was astonished, as she professed to be, at his thus trespassing beyond barriers which she had continually suffered to be approached, she might have been more humane in her astonishment. A little pity might at least have divided the moment with contempt. It was not necessary to be quite so cruel with one so insignificant. She had address; could she not have had recourse to a little of it under circumstances which would have done it such special honour? She had every advantage on her side; could not even this induce her to put a little more heart and consideration into her repulse? Oh, Lady Mary! A duke's daughter wert thou, and a beauty, and a wit, and a very triumphant and flattered personage, and covered with glory as with lute-string and diamonds; and yet false measure didst thou take of thy superiority, and didst not see how small thou becamest in the comparison, when thou didst thus trample under foot the poor little *immortal!*'

But if her inconsistent and harsh treatment of him is thus, by her own confession, made fully manifest, the littleness both of the man and his love are no less plainly and painfully apparent in the manner he afterwards allowed himself to write of her. The greatest of poets has told us, that

'Love is not love that alters when it alteration finds;'

and without putting such a love as that of our *little immortal* to so severe a test, we might surely expect a feeling which had slidden from a real admiration and respect into a strong though wrong passion, would have been one of the last likely to have found vent in bitter satire and personal slander and abuse; yet so it is. Alas! alas! that

'Poets themselves must fall, like those they sing.'

Lady Mary, however, holds on her gay course, without remorse, and in spite of the trampled writhings of her victim, though they were not without the power to sting. Her letters at this, the gayest period of her life,

are full of high spirits, brilliant sallies, and bold, scandalous anecdotes—far more often amusing than either true or delicate. No consideration of prudence or propriety ever seems to stop the full flow of her lively wit; though no doubt she feels that her sister Mar knows both her world and herself, when she ventures on such a gay effusion as the following, which we give as a specimen of her most brilliant style:—

‘October 31, 1723.

‘I write you at this time piping hot from the birth-night, my brain warmed with all the agreeable ideas that fine clothes, fine gentlemen, brisk tunes, and lively dances can raise there. It is to be hoped that my letter will entertain you; at least you will certainly have the freshest account of all passages on that glorious day. First, you must know that I led up the ball, which you'll stare at; but, what is more, I believe in my conscience I made one of the best figures there: to say truth, people are grown so extravagantly ugly, that we old beauties are forced to come out on show-days, to keep the court in countenance. I saw Mrs Murray there, through whose hands this epistle will be conveyed. I do not know whether she will make the same complaint to you that I do. Mrs West was with her, who is a great prude, having but two lovers at a time. I think those are Lord Haddington and Mr Lindsay—the one for use, the other for show.

‘The world improves in one virtue to a violent degree—I mean plain-dealing. Hypocrisy being, as the Scripture declares, a damnable sin, I hope our publicans and sinners will be saved by the open profession of the contrary virtue. I was told by a very good author, who is deep in the secret, that at this very minute there is a bill cooking up at a hunting-seat in Norfolk (Houghton, Mr, afterwards Sir Robert Walpole's, then prime minister), to have *not* taken out of the commandments, and clapped into the creed, the ensuing session of parliament. This bold attempt for the liberty of the subject is wholly projected by Mr Walpole, who proposed it to the Secret Committee in his parlour. William Young seconded it, and answered for all his acquaintance voting right to a man; Doddington very gravely objected, that the obstinacy of human nature was such, that he feared, when they had positive commands to do so, perhaps people would not commit adultery, and bear false witness against their neighbours, with the readiness and cheerfulness they do at present. This objection seemed to sink deep into the minds of the greatest politicians at the board; and I don't know whether the bill wont be dropped, though it is certain it might be carried on with great ease, the world being entirely *revenue de la bagatelle*; and honour, virtue, reputation, &c. which we used to hear of in our nursery, is as much laid aside and forgotten as crumpled ribbons. To speak plainly, I am very sorry for the forlorn state of matrimony, which is as much ridiculed by our young ladies as it used to be by young fellows; in short, both sexes have found the inconveniences of it, and the appellation of “rake” is as genteel in a woman as a man of quality: it is no scandal to say—“Miss —, the maid of honour, looks very well now she is up again; and poor Biddy Noel has never been quite well since her last confinement.” You may imagine we married women look very silly: we have nothing to excuse ourselves, but that it was done a great while ago, or we were very young when we did it.’

Occupied as she was with the pleasures of society at this mid-time of her life and zenith of her power, Lady Mary seems by no means to have been negligent as a mother. A fond or a very devoted and anxious mother she probably never was: it was scarcely in her nature to be so. But we have seen the deep interest she expressed in her son while yet an infant; and though he soon betrayed symptoms of the weakness and want of rectitude which afterwards caused his ruin, she was forbearing and reasonably indulgent, and most unwilling to abandon the hope of his improvement; while to Lady Bute, who appears always to have been safe-going and amiable, though certainly partaking more of her father's staid prudence than either her mother's brilliancy or her beauty, she seems then, as well as throughout her whole life, to have been attentive and affectionate. Interspersed with lively sallies expressive of her fears of growing old, or ugly, or, above all, *wise*, are frequent allusions, in her letters to her sister, of her daughter's progress, and the pleasure she takes in her society. 'With five thousand needles and pins running into my heart,' she says, 'I try to console myself with a small damsel, who is at present everything I like;' though she is quite aware she is far from being beautiful; for, after giving her sister an account of her scapegrace son's having run away, and being found at Oxford, she adds: 'It happens very luckily that the sobriety and discretion are of my daughter's side: I am sorry the ugliness is so too, for my son grows extremely handsome.'

In 1726 Lady Mary lost her father. The duke had, a few years before his death, married the Lady Belle Bentinck, daughter of the Duke of Portland, and one of the most admired beauties of London. Lady Mary thought she had married him with the hope of soon becoming a rich widow, and by no means regarded her with partiality. If she did, however, she had not long the expected benefit; for she only survived her husband two years. In the introductory anecdotes there is rather an interesting reminiscence of the duke by Lady Bute, which also gives a curious picture of bygone manners. 'Lady Bute remembered having seen her grandfather once only, but that in a manner likely to leave some impression on the mind of a child. Her mother was dressing, and she playing about the room, when there entered an elderly stranger (of dignified appearance, and still handsome) with the authoritative air of a person entitled to admittance at all times; upon which, to her great surprise, Lady Mary instantly starting up from the toilet-table, dishevelled as she was, fell on her knees to ask his blessing—a proof that even in the great and gay world this primitive custom was still universal.'

Her most intimate friends, after her quarrel with Pope (through which she seems to have lost the friendship of Swift, Gay, and others), were Lord Hervey, privy seal to George II., and his wife; the Countesses of Pomfret and Oxford; Lady Rich; Miss Shirret, afterwards Lady Walpole; and the famous Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, of whom she was one of the few lasting favourites. In the same poem in which Pope so grossly stigmatises Lady Mary, he speaks thus contemptuously of Lord Hervey's poetical genius:—

'The lines are weak, another's pleased to say,
Lord Fanny spins a thousand such a day.'

And when called to account in a copy of verses of which Lady Mary and Lord Hervey were jointly the authors, he meanly enough denies the infamous allusion to have been meant for her, and tries to silence them both by this equivocal compliment: 'I had no misunderstanding,' he says, 'with that lady till after I was the author of my own misfortune, in discontinuing her acquaintance. I may venture to own a truth, which cannot be unpleasant to either of you: I assure you my reason for so doing was merely that you had both too much wit for me, and that I could not do with mine many things which you could with yours.' It is more pleasing to find her corresponding with Dr Edward Young about assisting Savage the poet in his difficulties—in which, it is said, she was most liberal; and also giving Dr Young himself the benefit of her excellent judgment on his tragedy of 'The Brothers.' Of Henry Fielding she was at all times a sincere friend and cordial admirer, though it is a little painful to remark the humble distance from which he addresses her. They were cousins, being descended in the same degree from George, Earl of Desmond; and it does not fail to strike us as a sign of the backward days in which they lived, that such distance was felt to be necessary between a duke's daughter and one of her own blood, who was her equal both in genius and attainments, although only 'the poor son of the poor son of a younger brother.' However, he himself seems to have taken no offence at what hurts us. He dedicated to her his first comedy of 'Love in Several Masks,' and addressed and counselled her on many subjects; while she often expressed in private her regard for him, pitied his misfortunes, excused his failings, and admired his best writings, particularly 'Tom Jones,' in her own copy of which she wrote *ne plus ultra*. She was acquainted also with his beloved first wife, whose picture he drew in his 'Amelia,' and said that the glowing language he had employed did no more than justice to the delightful qualities of the original; or to her beauty, although that had suffered from the accident related in the novel—a frightful overturn, which had a little injured the bridge of her nose.

Such, for many years, was the life of Lady Mary Wortley in the world of fashion and literature. Her daughter, who married the Earl of Bute, never seems to have given her a moment's uneasiness; but the continued misconduct of her son was a bitter source of distress both to her and to his father. He was a man of showy person and superficial accomplishments; and his various adventures, both at home and abroad, were much talked of in his day, though, as his conduct was always weak and profligate, they must have sounded painfully on the ears of those who were the most interested. His first exploit of running away from school was followed by a long succession of follies, until he finally completed his ruin by marrying, while under age, one who is described as a low-born, low-bred woman, for whom he could scarcely have felt more than a momentary liking, since he forsook her in a few weeks, and never sought to see her again, although her life lasted nearly as long as his own.

We have seen that in her early letters Lady Mary often indicated a desire to live abroad, particularly in Italy; and the history sets forth that, having been confirmed in her preference by what she saw of that country on her return from Constantinople, she, in 1739, being then in declining

health, took the resolution of spending the remainder of her days there. She left London, therefore, in July, and going direct to Venice, remained in that interesting city for above a year, forming many connections with its noble inhabitants. She then made a short tour to Florence, for the purpose of meeting her friend Lady Pomfret; and having visited Rome, returned to spend the winter at Avignon or Chambery. She afterwards fixed her residence at Louvere, on the shores of the lake Isco, in the Venetian territory, whither she had at first gone on account of the mineral waters, which she found beneficial to her health. At that primitive but beautiful place she took possession of a deserted palace, and was almost deified by the simple inhabitants of the town, whom she instructed in bread-baking, butter-making, and other domestic arts. There she planned her garden, occupied herself with the interests of a country life, and was happy in the superintendence of her vineyard and silkworms. For many years she lived in great retirement, content with books for her society, and occasionally going to visit the cities of Genoa and Padua, till about the year 1758, when she quitted her solitude, and settled entirely at Venice, where, in spite of continual quarrels with Mr Murray, the political resident, she remained till the death of Mr Wortley in 1761.

The cause of this separation from her family, and long absence from her own country and the society she seems so much to have enjoyed, has been one of the much-debated points in Lady Mary's history. Let us hear what her descendants say in explanation of it in the 'Biographical Anecdotes:—' Why Lady Mary Wortley left her own country, and spent the last two-and-twenty years of her life in a foreign land, is a question which has been repeatedly asked, and never can be answered with certainty, for want of any positive evidence on the subject. It is very possible, however, that the solution of this supposed mystery, like that of some riddles which put the ingenuity of guessers to the furthest stretch, would prove so simple as to leave curiosity blank and baffled. Lady Mary, writing from Venice (as it appears, in the first year of her absence), tells Lady Pomfret that she had long been persuading Mr Wortley to go abroad, and at last, tired of delay, had set out alone, he promising to follow her, which as yet, parliamentary attendance and other business had prevented his doing; but, till she knew whether to expect him or not, she could not proceed to meet her (Lady Pomfret) at Rome. If this was the real truth—and there seems no reason to doubt it—we may easily conceive further delays to have taken place; and their reunion to have been so deferred from time to time, that, insensibly, living asunder became like the natural order of things, in which both acquiesced without any great reluctance. But if, on the contrary, it was only the colour they chose to give the affair; if the husband and wife—she in her fiftieth year, he several years older—had determined upon a separation, nothing can be more likely than they settled it quietly and deliberately between themselves, neither proclaiming it to the world nor consulting any third person; since their daughter was married, their son disjoined and alienated from them, and there existed nobody who had a right to call them to an account, or inquire into what was solely their own business. It admits of little doubt that their dispositions were unsuitable, and Mr Wortley had sensibly felt it even while a lover. When at length convinced that in their case the approach of age

would not have the harmonising effect which it has sometimes been known to produce upon minds originally but ill-assorted, he was the very man to think within himself—"If we cannot add to each other's happiness, why should we do the reverse? Let us be the friends at a distance which we could not hope to remain by continuing uneasily yoked together?" And that Lady Mary's wishes had always pointed to a foreign residence, is clearly to be inferred from a letter she wrote to him before their marriage, when it was in debate where they should live while confined to a very narrow income. How infinitely better would it be, she urges, to fix their abode in Italy, amidst every source of enjoyment, every object that could interest the mind and amuse the fancy, than to vegetate—she does not use the word, but one may detect the thought—in an obscure country retirement at home!

These arguments, it is allowed, rest upon surmise and conjecture; but there is proof that Lady Mary's departure from England was not by any means hasty or sudden; for in a letter to Lady Pomfret, dated the 2d of May 1739, she announces her design of going abroad that summer; and she did not begin her journey till the end of July, three months afterwards. Other letters are extant, affording equal proof that Mr Wortley and she parted upon the most friendly terms, and indeed as no couple could have done who had had any recent quarrel, or cause of quarrel. She wrote to him from Dartford, her first stage; again a few lines from Dover; and again the moment she arrived at Calais. Could this have passed, or would the petty details about servants, carriages, prices, &c. have been entered into between persons in a state of mutual displeasure? Not to mention that his preserving, docketing, and indorsing with his own hand even these slight notes, as well as all her subsequent letters, shews that he received nothing which came from her with indifference. His confidence in her was also very strongly testified by a transaction that took place when she had been abroad about two years. Believing that her influence and persuasions might still have some effect upon their unfortunate son, he entreated her to appoint a meeting with him, form a judgment of his present dispositions, and decide what course it would be best to take, either in furthering or opposing his future projects. On the head of money, too, she was to determine with how much he should be supplied, and very particularly enjoined to make him suppose it came, not from his father, but herself. These were full powers to delegate, such as every woman would not be trusted with in the families where conjugal union is supposed to reign most uninterruptedly.'

All this is properly and delicately expressed in the circumstances, and we are not inclined to quarrel with it for looking a little like what it is—the line of argument that would naturally occur to a counsel whose business it was to prove that certain parties were living in tolerable comfort together; at the same time that very, *very* suspicious marks of their disagreement were abundantly visible upon the faces of both. The opposite counsel would probably have drawn totally different conclusions even from the facts laid down. Viewing the matter from neutral ground, we are of the same opinion with the author of the 'Biographical Anecdotes,' in so far as regards the full and entire understanding there seems to have existed between Lady Mary and her husband. Hypocrisy towards each other was certainly

not the vice of either; but that she left him with any hope of his ever rejoining her, or remained in her unnatural banishment on any other than compulsory grounds, we do not see the smallest reason to believe. No doubt she tells Lady Pomfret that he is to follow her in six weeks, but never in any of the cold notices she was sending him, at the same time, of her health and movements—and which have far more the air of wary bulletins written by stipulation, than the careless communications to have been looked for between a couple merely indifferent to each other—is there the remotest allusion made to his rejoining her, which there certainly must have been had he ever intended or she expected it; and though once, and once only, in the course of her whole correspondence with her daughter, she offers to come home if she can be of any use to Lady Bute's 'father or her family,' there are, on the other hand, so many and such bitter allusions to herself as an alien and an exile, that we cannot for a moment suppose that this unnatural banishment was self-imposed. No! it is evident that the time had come when the same country was no longer to hold both wife and husband. He can leave his parliamentary duties when either health or inclination may dictate the change; but it is to some part of the continent, distant enough from the spot she inhabits, to which he cautiously directs his steps; and never again till after his death—though *immediately* after—does she find herself at liberty to revisit the land which contains every individual in whom she takes an interest.

But in considering Lady Mary's character as set forth in this extraordinary correspondence, the wonder is, rather that such a separation should have been so long delayed, than that it took place when it did; and the delay probably says more for Mr Wortley's patience and his desire to avoid *éclat* and public scandal, than for his nice sense of what was due to him according to the common sense of mankind. Whether Lady Mary were really capable of becoming the true wife and affectionate friend she knew very well how to picture, seems at best a little doubtful; but when we add to her natural temperament and disposition the trying circumstances in which she was placed, we at once expect the reverse that we find. One such embarrassing circumstance as that set forth in the appendix to Lord Wharnccliffe's book (which our readers must take our word for) as having occurred to her in 1721, however glossed over by a reference to the money-speculations so prevalent in all classes at the time, or the liberty of conduct allowed in certain circles of society, must have given Mr Wortley pretty sufficient grounds for seeking an early separation, had carelessness and the love of present ease and quiet not prevented him; and considering the manner of her life, and the license of tone she constantly allows herself in remarking upon other people, it would be very extraordinary indeed if her conduct during all these years had not afforded him further opportunities. We cannot doubt that it did; and her quiet acquiescence in the separation, when perhaps, 'without any recent quarrel or cause of quarrel,' he was at last, by her *habitual* indiscretion of tongue and behaviour, wearied out of his unmanly apathy, only shews her entire consciousness of the fact. The argument of his consulting her about their son, and allowing her to determine with how much money he should be supplied, goes no length against this view. She was the only person in the world equally interested with himself in the unfortunate young man; and he must have known enough of

her shrewdness, as well as of her being no spendthrift, to be fully aware that on such a subject she was not only the natural, but the safest adviser he could have called to the support of his own economical views. Nor need we wonder to find her 'entering into petty details about servants, carriages, prices,' &c. Since the separation was not to be a legal one, and was evidently wished to be as little as possible the subject of public gossip, some show of correspondence was necessary to satisfy inquiry; and in a false position like that in which they stood to each other, what could be more embarrassing than to find proper topics, or more natural than to seize on whatever was most obvious or ordinary? As may be expected in the circumstances, she loses no opportunity of letting him know how much she is thought of and courted wherever she goes—that being no doubt the pleasantest way of proving to him how entirely irreproachable must be her conduct. 'I am visited,' she writes from Venice, 'by the most considerable people of the town, and all the foreign ministers. They could not have shewn me more honour if I had been an ambassadress.' And again—'Lord Fitzwilliam arrived here three days ago; he came to see me the next day, as all the English do, who are much surprised at the civilities and the familiarities with which I am received by the noble ladies; and I own I have a little vanity in it.' And sometimes she is disposed to be complimentary to him as well as to herself—'It is impossible to be better treated—I may even say more courted—than I am here. I am very glad of your good fortune at London. You may remember I have always told you it was in your power to make the first figure in the House of Commons;' and more than once, in writing to her daughter, she shews her sense of his forbearance and handsome conduct towards her, by speaking highly of his character for good sense, firmness, and generosity; while his answers to her letters are characteristically curt and commonplace, treating chiefly of the weather and health, though shewing the kind of interest in her movements necessary to enable him to talk safely of her. 'I wish,' he asks '(if it be easy), you would be exact and clear in your facts, because I shall lay by carefully what you write of your travels.'

During this, Lady Mary's last residence abroad, she wrote a great many letters, by far the best and most interesting of which are those addressed to Lady Bute, and the worst to Sir James and Lady Stuart—recent and accidental acquaintances, to whom she writes in a flippant, empty, reckless manner, that is far from pleasing. To Lady Oxford, a formal, high-bred old lady, she adopts—perhaps unconsciously—a formal, lofty manner, full of grace and respectful professions of friendship; and to Lady Pomfret, who seems to have been learned, and somewhat exacting, she is full of compliments and excuses—not always quite sincere—interspersed with bits of antiquarian information and literature. But with Lady Bute she is always natural, and apparently open and confidential, expressing a real and motherly interest in her happiness and family concerns, and minutely describing her own manner of life, and her views, feelings, and opinions on every subject that occurs to her. When she has no longer a variety of interesting people to discuss, her vigorous and lively mind returns upon the past, or philosophises on the present and future; and she sometimes rises to an elevation of thought and sentiment that would seem fully to entitle her to our love and approbation, if we could either believe in

an entire change of nature, or had not learned, from painful experience, that people may often be capable of thinking, and even of feeling, finely and rightly, without a corresponding propriety of action. Lady Bute did not write in return so fully and frequently as was either satisfactory to her mother, or justifiable in the correct, dutiful daughter she is represented, and in all other respects, seems really to have been. That she neither entirely comprehended her mother intellectually, nor shewed a decent toleration and respect for the difference of interest and occupation inevitable between a mother and daughter so very differently situated, was evidently owing to limitation of mind rather than of affection; yet, when we see the real pleasure and resource Lady Mary found in her solitude in the works of imagination sent to her from England—inferior as that species of literature might be in her day as compared with the present—we scarcely forgive the commonplace daughter the *wise* contempt which must have called forth the following lively and philosophical rebuke:—

‘Daughter! daughter! don’t call names; you are always abusing my pleasures, which is what no mortal will bear. Trash, lumber, sad stuff, are the titles you give to my favourite amusement. If I call a white staff a stick of wood, a gold key gilded brass, and the ensigns of illustrious orders coloured strings, this may be philosophically true, but would be very ill received. We have all our playthings: happy are those that can be contented with those they can obtain. Those hours are spent in the wisest manner that can easiest shade the ills of life, and are the least productive of ill consequences. I think my time better employed in reading the adventures of imaginary people, than the Duchess of Marlborough, who passed the latter years of her life in paddling with her will, and contriving schemes of plaguing some, and extracting praises from others, to no purpose, eternally disappointed, and eternally fretting. The active scenes are over at my age. I indulge, with all the art I can, my taste for reading. If I would confine it to valuable books, they are almost as rare as valuable men. I must be content with what I can find. As I approach a second childhood, I endeavour to enter into the pleasures of it. Your youngest son is perhaps, at this very moment, riding on a poker with great delight, not at all regretting that it is not a gold one, and much less wishing it an Arabian horse, which he could not know how to manage. I am reading an idle tale, not expecting wit or truth in it, and am very glad that it is not metaphysics to puzzle my judgment, or history to mislead my opinion. He fortifies his health with exercise; I calm my cares by oblivion. The methods may appear low to busy people; but if he improves his strength, and I forget my infirmities, we both attain very desirable ends.’

It is impossible not to regret that one so alive to the charm there is, more or less, in all imaginative literature, should not have enjoyed it in the excellence to which the art of novel and romance writing has reached in our own day. To think of her surprise and delight on opening one of the book parcels Lady Bute so abused and sent, if, instead of some of the well-meaning but flat productions of Charlotte Lennox, or, still worse, some flimsy frivolity of Sally Fielding’s, she had lighted on the ‘Antiquary,’ or ‘Guy Mannering,’ how she would have wondered and exclaimed! and sat up all night, and, in total defiance of the organic laws, to which she in general paid such wholesome respect, would have devoured the entire three

volumes in one long and delicious meal! With her fine sense and lively imagination, she must at once have set her seal to the truth of the Great Northern Wizard. At the same time we cannot deny having a little misgiving that she would have had the very questionable taste to call Alexander Dumas her favourite among our living authors. Yes, the gorgeous beauty and sensualism of the wicked Margarine de Valois would too probably have dazzled her Epicurean fancy as much as the Sultana Fatima did her eyes. And these three dashing Musketeers—to whom she would have given her choice appellation of 'pretty fellows'—would, we fear, have been scarcely less attractive and delightful to her than to the princesses and other great ladies of their own orbit.

But we must hasten from such speculations to shew our heroine once more, on her return to her native land from this long exile, which is indeed her final appearance on the stage of life; and first, in Lady Louisa Stuart's account:—

'She survived her return home too short a time to afford much more matter for anecdotes. Those who could remember her arrival, spoke with delight of the clearness, vivacity, and raciness of her conversation, and the youthful vigour which seemed to animate her mind. She did not appear displeased at the general curiosity to see her, nor void of curiosity herself concerning the new things and people that her native country presented to her view after so long an absence: yet, had her life lasted half as many years as it did months, the probability is, that she would have gone abroad again; for her habits had become completely foreign in all those little circumstances, the sum of which must constitute the comfort or discomfort of every passing day. She was accustomed to foreign servants, and to the spaciousness of a foreign dwelling. Her description of the harpsichord-shaped house she inhabited in one of the streets bordering upon Hanover Square grew into a proverbial phrase: "I am most handsomely lodged," said she; "I have two very decent closets and a cupboard on each floor." This served to laugh at, but could not be a pleasant exchange for the Italian palazzo.

'However, all earthly good and evil were very soon terminated by a fatal malady, the growth of which she had long concealed. The fatigues she underwent in her journey to England tended to exasperate its symptoms; it increased rapidly; and before ten months were over, she died in the seventy-third year of her age.'

Horace Walpole, who was ever the bitter enemy of Lady Mary, probably because she had so often ridiculed and even scandalised his mother, and was, besides, the bosom friend of Miss Skerrit, his father's second wife, whom he detested, describes her in ridiculous terms as 'masquerading in a domino' when he saw her in Italy, and wearing what he calls a 'horseman's coat' on her return; insinuating, with his usual malice, that she must have had private and improper reasons for her eccentric costumes. How cruel this appears, when we find that she had suffered long, and with silent fortitude, from the fatal disease of cancer in the breast, which probably rendered the wearing of a loose dress absolutely necessary! She died on the 21st of August 1762.

Mr Hunt gives the following account of her last days, as having been

written by Mrs Montagu, who married her husband's cousin, to a friend at Naples. It is published among Mrs Montagu's collected letters:—

'You have lately returned us from Italy a very extraordinary personage—Lady Mary Wortley. When nature is at the trouble of making a very singular person, time does right in respecting it. Medals are preserved when common coin is worn out; and as great geniuses are rather matters of curiosity than use, this lady seems to be reserved for a wonder to more than one generation. She does not look older than when she went abroad; has more than the vivacity of fifteen; and a memory which is perhaps unique. Several people visited her out of curiosity, which she did not like. I visit her because her husband and mine were cousin-germans; and though she has not any foolish partiality for her husband and his relations, I was very graciously received, and, you may imagine, entertained by one who neither thinks, speaks, acts, nor dresses like anybody else. Her domestic establishment is made up of all nations; and when you get into her drawing-room, you imagine you are in the first storey of the Tower of Babel. A Hungarian servant takes your name at the door; he gives it to an Italian, who delivers it to a Frenchman; the Frenchman to a Swiss; and the Swiss to a Polander; so that by the time you get to her ladyship's presence, you have changed your name five times without the expense of an act of parliament.'

In a letter written after Lady Mary's death, the same writer says: 'Lady Mary W. Montagu returned to England, as it were, to finish where she had began. I wish she had given us an account of the events that filled the space between. She had a terrible distemper—the most virulent cancer ever heard of, which soon carried her off. I met her at my Lady Bute's in June, and she then looked well; in three weeks after, at my return to London, I heard she was given over. The hemlock kept her drowsy and free from pain; and the physicians thought, if it had been given early, it might have saved her.

'She left her son One guinea. He is too much of a sage to be concerned about money, I presume. When I first knew him a rake and a beau, I did not imagine he would addict himself to rabbinical learning, and then travel all over the East, the great itinerant *savant* of the world. One has read that the great believers in the transmigration of souls suppose a man who has been rapacious and cunning does penance in the shape of a fox; another, cruel and bloody, enters the body of a wolf; but I believe my poor cousin, in his pre-existent state, having broken all moral laws, has been sentenced to suffer in all the various characters of human life. He has run through them all successfully enough. His dispute with Mr Needham was communicated to me by a gentleman of the museum, and I think he will gain no laurels there; but he speaks as decisively as if he had been bred at Pharaoh's court in all the learning of the Egyptians. He has certainly very uncommon parts; but too much of the rapidity of his mother's genius.'

This gives rather a more favourable impression of young Wortley than is given either by his mother or her descendants. He seems to have been the most uncomfortable of sons—weak, flighty, and false; and neither of his parents was at all blind to his demerits. He was constantly plaguing them for money; and as Mr Wortley, senior, is said to have been immensely

rich—leaving at his death £300,000—the annuity of £300 to which he chose to restrict his son was a most inadequate allowance : a mistake, it meant to guard him from the temptation of expensive pleasures ; and a still graver error, if arising, which we suspect it chiefly did, from a desire not unfrequently manifested by both parents, either to hoard money, or to keep it for their own pleasures. The latter part of this extraordinary man's history is thus given by Lord Wharncliffe :—‘ It was not until a conviction of his being irreclaimable was forced upon Mr Wortley, that he adopted the severe measure of depriving him by his will of the succession to the family estate ; but even this step was not taken without a sufficient provision being made for him ; and in the event of his having an heir legitimately born, the estate was to return to that heir, to the exclusion of his sister Lady Bute's children. This provision in Mr Wortley's will he endeavoured to take advantage of in a manner which is highly characteristic. Mr Edward Wortley, early in life, was married in a way then not uncommon—namely, a Fleet marriage. With that wife he did not live long, and he had no issue. After his father's death, he lived several years in Egypt, and there is supposed to have professed the religion of Mohammed. In 1776 Mr E. Wortley, then living at Venice—his wife being dead—through the agency, as is supposed, of his friend Romney the painter, caused an advertisement to be inserted in the ‘ Public Advertiser ’ of April 16 in that year, in the following words :—‘ A gentleman who has filled two successive seats in parliament, is nearly sixty years of age, lives in great splendour and hospitality, and from whom a considerable estate must pass away if he dies without issue, hath no objection to marry a widow or single lady, provided the party be of genteel birth, polite manners, and is five or six months gone in her pregnancy. Letters directed to — Brecknock, Esq., at Will's Coffee-House, will be honoured with due attention, secrecy, and every mark of respect.’ ‘ It has always been believed in the family that this advertisement was successful, and that a woman having the qualifications required by it was actually sent to Paris to meet Mr E. Wortley, who got as far as Lyons on his way thither. There, however, while eating a beccafigue for supper, a bone stuck in his throat, and occasioned his death, thus putting an end to this honest scheme.’

Besides her letters, Lady Mary left many poems, a few trifling essays, and a short prose piece, entitled an ‘ Account of the Court of George I. at his Accession ; ’ which is written much in the manner of Horace Walpole's ‘ Reminiscences ’—gay, bold, and highly seasoned with scandalous gossip of the personal kind. Her poems have been well named *vers de société*, as they abound in lively images, and clever, irritating sarcasms on people and things around her : they had naturally very considerable popularity in her own day. But they are rhymed satire or rhymed wit, and that by no means of the most delicate sort, rather than real poetry, and have been already much longer forgotten than they were ever remembered. It is, therefore, on her letters that her fame as a writer entirely rests ; but these will not soon be forgotten. Besides the charm of their mere style—so clear, forcible, and easy, and yet so seldom inelegant ; so perfectly natural and off-hand, that it sounds oftener like the fresh, unfettered,

unconscious utterance of genius in conversation, than what is called composition even of the most familiar kind—they are full of clever insight, lively wit, and striking reflections. Unfortunately, many of them are also disfigured by a coarseness of expression and indelicacy of sentiment bordering on, or rather indeed altogether touching, the licentious; which no reference to the liberty permitted in a less refined age either reconciles us to, or will even induce us to pardon. Nothing but limitation of space prevents us from quoting largely from these inimitable productions.

We have already given specimens which seemed to illustrate her feelings and her life as it was passing. One or two more sentences we shall have room for, and they shall be of different kinds: the first is addressed to her husband in their early life, and may be called an exhortation to impudence:—‘I am glad you think of serving your friends: I hope it will put you in mind of serving yourself. I need not enlarge upon the advantages of money; everything we see and everything we hear puts us in remembrance of it. If it were possible to restore liberty to your country, or limit the encroachments of the prerogative, by reducing yourself to a garret, I should be pleased to share so glorious a prerogative with you; but as the world is, and will be, ’tis a sort of duty to be rich, that it may be in one’s power to do good—riches being another word for power; towards the obtaining of which the first necessary qualification is impudence, and (as Demosthenes said of pronunciation in oratory) the second is impudence, and the third still impudence! No modest man ever did or ever will make his fortune. Your friend Lord Halifax, R. Walpole, and all other remarkable instances of quick advancement, have been remarkably impudent. The ministry is like a play at court: there’s a little door to get in, and a great crowd without, shoving and thrusting who shall be foremost; people who knock others with their elbows, disregard a little kick of the shins, and still thrust heartily forwards, are sure of a good place. Your modest man stands behind in the crowd, and is shoved about by everybody, his clothes torn, almost squeezed to death, and sees a thousand get in before him that don’t make so good a figure as himself. If this letter is impertinent, it is founded upon an opinion of your merit, which, if it is a mistake, I would not be undeceived; it is my interest to believe (as I do) that you deserve everything, and are capable of everything; but nobody else will believe it if they see you get nothing.’

To her daughter she writes in this candid and reasonable tone of the relation between parent and child:—‘I am so far persuaded of the goodness of your heart, I have often had a mind to write you a consolatory epistle on my own death, which I believe will be some affliction, though my life is wholly useless to you. That part of it which we passed together you have reason to remember with gratitude, though I think you misplace it: you are no more obliged to me for bringing you into the world, than I am to you for coming into it, and I never made use of that commonplace (and, like most commonplace, false) argument as exacting any return of affection. There was a mutual necessity on us both to part at that time, and no obligation on either side. In the case of your infancy there was so great a mixture of instinct, I can scarce even put that in the number of the proofs I have given you of my love; but I confess I think it a great one if you compare my after conduct towards you with that of other

mothers, who generally look on children as devoted to their pleasures, and bound by duty to have no sentiments but what they please to give them; playthings at first, and afterwards the objects on which they may exercise their spleen, tyranny, or ill-humour. I have always thought of you in a different manner. Your happiness was my first wish, and the pursuit of all my actions, divested of all selfish interest so far. I think you ought, and believe you do, remember me as your real friend.'

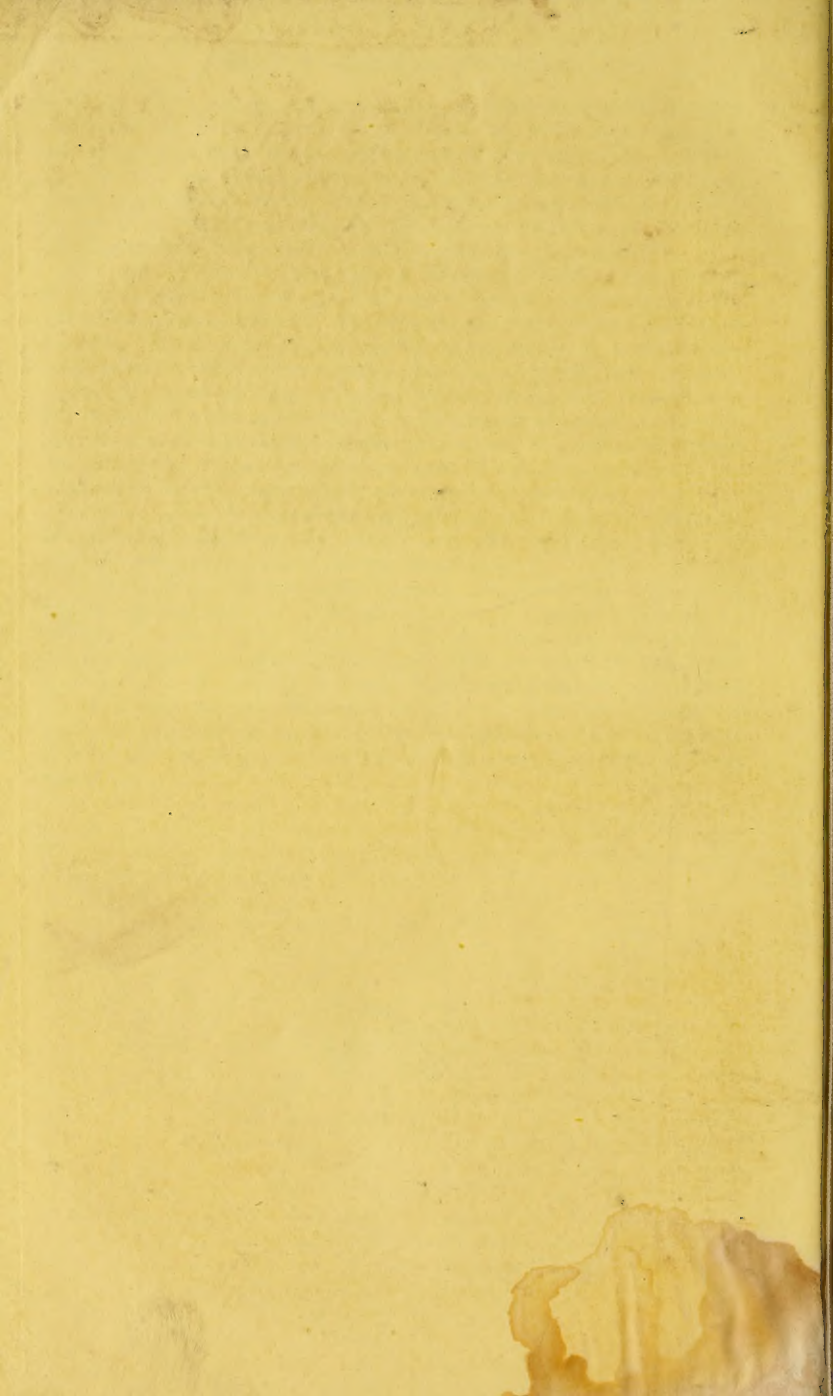
Only one more, on the philosophy of second childhood:—'Age, when it does not harden the heart and sour the temper, naturally returns to the milky disposition of infancy. Time has the same effect on the mind as on the face. The predominant passion, the strongest feature, becomes more conspicuous from the others retiring; the various views of life are abandoned, from want of ability to preserve them, as the fine complexion is lost in wrinkles; but as surely as a large nose grows longer, and a wide mouth wider, the tender child in your nursery will be a tender old woman, though perhaps reason may have restrained the appearance of it till the mind, relaxed, is no longer capable of concealing its weakness.'

To these hundreds more might be added in proof of her wit, sagacity, and power of satirical reviling, as well as of the less laudable licence in which, as we have just hinted, she too often indulged.

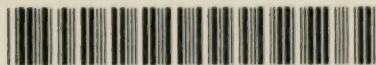
In taking leave of this remarkable woman, her whole character seems to rise up before us like one of Salvator's striking landscapes, full of power, and passion, and beauty; there are the same bright gleams of sunshine, gorgeous valleys, and purple summits, on which the eye would fain linger in delight, but dare not; for the lurid cloud is there, and the bowed trees are whispering that the hurricane is not far distant; while masses of impenetrable shade are suggestive to the imagination of rocks already riven by the lightning, and dark and gloomy caves the abodes of doleful creatures.







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